

THE ARTS

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Egyptian, XVIIIth Dynasty
Courtesy of the Brummer Galleries

CONTENTS

PAGE

FRONTISPIECE: JUNGLE SCENE *Henri Rousseau* 2

EDITORIAL 3

THE JOHN QUINN COLLECTION *Forbes Watson* 5

LEON HARTL *Lloyd Goodrich* 23

YOUNG AMERICA—REMO BUFANO *Mordecai Gorelik* 29

SOME UNUSUAL OLD MASTERS 33

NEW YORK EXHIBITIONS *Lloyd Goodrich* 37

BOSTON NOTES *Harley Perkins* 47

MINNEAPOLIS AND TITIAN *F. W.* 48

BOOKS—

PROFESSOR CARTER'S OUTLINE OF CHINESE HISTORY *Agnes E. Meyer* 49

THE ART OF ETCHING (E. S. Lumsden) *Ralph M. Pearson* 51

STUDIES IN SEVEN ARTS (Arthur Symons) *Harry Salpeter* 53

A LETTER TO THE EDITOR 56



JUNGLE SCENE
Quinn Collection

HENRI ROUSSEAU

THE ARTS

VOLUME IX JANUARY, 1926 NUMBER 1



THE RAISING OF LAZARUS NICOLAS FROMENT

Recently purchased by the Louvre

WHEN a portion of the John Quinn collection is placed on exhibition in New York during the last three weeks of the present month, about 65 paintings will be shown. Among them will be a certain number which any museum, desirous of acquiring contemporary art, would be glad to purchase.

To follow the career of the various works that formerly belonged to Mr. Quinn, and that now can be bought from the representative of the Quinn Estate, Mr. Joseph Brummer, will be instructive. How many of them will go into American museums? Surely a few of our museums are not reactionary toward contemporary art, and will dare by this time to select for purchase pictures which Mr. Quinn dared to buy five, ten or even fifteen years ago.

Mr. Quinn was advised by artists. Who advises our museums?

It is safe to predict that a majority of the pictures which might have been bought by our museums, had they enjoyed as much foresight as the late Mr. Quinn, for a comparatively small sum, will now cost them a more impressive price. Certainly such popular and actively heralded painters as Picasso will be "well protected" by such watchful protectors as Paul Rosenberg and others, and in general, it is safe to say that the offers made to Mr. Brummer by the Paris dealers for those artists whose financial destinies they direct, will be such that the purchasing committees of our museums will be obliged to dig deep if they wish to obtain specimens of the modern masterpieces that among lesser works Mr. Quinn owned. Yet,

our museums had exactly the same opportunity to purchase these pictures that Mr. Quinn had. They, too, could have entered the field ten or fifteen years ago, instead of allowing the few academic artists upon museum boards, to dissuade them and to play upon the prejudices of the trustees.

These facts, recognized by all who are familiar with the average museum's slowness in recognizing contemporary art, have brought up again the question of America's need of a museum of modern art. In discussing this question, the Luxembourg in Paris is always cited, but the history of the Luxembourg is, in general, the story of prejudice, grievous error and low conniving. It is a history which proves beyond argument that no modern museum, such as this rich country might easily support, should admit a state official or the official of a powerful art organization to have any power in the direction of its activities.

However, although the Luxembourg has been a veritable cesspool of intrigue, that fact should not be used as a determining argument against the idea of our creating a museum of modern art. There must be some way that such an institution could be safeguarded against falling into the hands of the organization men. That would be the first problem to solve before creating such a museum which, without doubt, sooner or later will come into being in this country.

The Metropolitan Museum, like the Louvre in Paris, already has too much to do in its many departments devoted to the ancient arts, both fine and decorative, to do justice to its department of modern art. It had the opportunity more than ten years ago to buy one of the finest Seurats in existence, but the purchasing committee was not up to such things then and let the opportunity pass, as it has let so many others, just such opportunities as might be grasped by a museum responsible only for the acquisition of modern art. Even the Tate Gallery in London was wise enough to obtain Seurat's Bathers.

The contemplated museum of modern art might act in time to secure such works of art for its own permanent collection, or it might act as a sort of trial museum for the centrally situated museums throughout the country. Established in New York, for example, it might receive for its support funds from all of the great museums throughout the country, buying modern art as it appeared and allowing its purchases gradually to sift through its portals into the permanent collections of the other museums, as time verified the selections that it would make if managed by a director freed from the interference of lay trustees.

It might be possible for such a museum to have at its disposal the financial assistance of other museums, and it would be necessary that it should be entirely free from the domination of those whose interest is chiefly archaeological or historical. This is merely a rough suggestion of how an institution might be formed which would be an immense saving to our larger museums.

Imagine, for example, that the entire Quinn collection had been purchased by such a museum when the prices of the pictures were very much lower than they are today. Some system could be worked out by which these pictures could be taken over by these all-round museums that contributed to the support of the modern museum, at the prices for which they were originally purchased, plus a proportion of the expense of carrying on the modern museum. The result would not be an expense but a saving. All told, the sum of money spent for modern art would be small compared to the prices which our museums frequently spend on poor examples of modern art because of entering the field too late.

Whether a proposed modern museum could be rescued from politics, whether it would be possible to secure for its director someone daring enough to purchase the works of modern artists before their fame had skyrocketed their prices, I cannot say. But no one will deny that either an institution of this kind should be created or some sort of trial annex should be added to our museums, in order that the funds which they secure from a generous public might not be as grossly wasted as they sometimes are.

FORBES WATSON.



THE THIRD CLASS WAGON HONORÉ DAUMIER

THE JOHN QUINN COLLECTION

By Forbes Watson

THE collection of John Quinn marks an epoch in the history of modern art in America. Mr. Quinn began his great collection roughly in the days when in America to be "modern" was to be a bold bad martyr. Whatever the number or quality of the pictures and prints which had come into his collection before the Armory Exhibition in New York, (February, 1913) the indisputable fact is that Mr. Quinn's affiliations with various artists who dominated the affairs of the Armory Exhibition, "made" him as a collector.

Perhaps more than any other American collector, Mr. Quinn ate, drank, argued, played and lived with artists actively engaged in promoting the cause of modern art, when modern art was truly "modern" and a cause. More than once he bought a painting or work of sculpture which he did not see until after it came into his possession. He did this to help the cause, or to help an individual artist, sometimes because he happened to be in the war and no one else was then buying his work, sometimes because he was a recognized member of the fraternity of the moderns. That was enough in those days to make an artist deserve the generosity of a patron.

Mr. Quinn's activities, in other words, were not those of the guardedly precious. Great as was his interest in books, for he made a large collection of first editions and manuscripts, his interest in art was far from bookish.

Had he not associated with a few Amer-



LA BOHEMIENNE ENDORMIE — HENRI ROUSSEAU

ican artists whose devotion to modern French art was somewhat one-sided, Mr. Quinn might have broadened the American department of his collection, which as I have said before, is significantly inadequate. And yet, it was this very association which accounts for the wisdom of so many of his acquisitions, and for the human contact that brought him nearer to the art which he enjoyed. The mistakes which he made are much more obvious today than they were ten years ago, and may be considered as agreeable proof of the fact that Mr. Quinn was humanly fallible.

Mr. Quinn's collection reflects accurately the fashion in taste of the excitable period in which he fought for modern art. His acquisition of the paintings by Augustus John and one or two others, may be regarded as reflections of his personal taste as well as the result of his genial friendship with the romantic Augustus. In obtaining the work of Derain, Matisse, Picasso, Seurat, even in his purchases of a single Ingres and a single Greco, neither of which can be called consummate, Mr. Quinn followed the lead of those "in the know" and of men who still take a very worshipful attitude toward the latest hints from Paris. These statements, however, should be qualified always by the memory that Mr. Quinn not only made companions of the works which he collected, but also of a number of the artists who created these works.

To estimate with anything like justice the John Quinn collection and to give it its due importance in the recent history of American art activities, it is necessary to remember that the period in which this collection was made was one of the most enthusiastically uncritical through which American art and artists have passed. The cause of modern art, or as the reactionaries would say, modernistic art, confused a great many youthful minds, and a considerable number of people accustomed to contemplate other phases of life with critical acumen, turned blind toward art.

On the one side were the conservatives deploring the fact that the young artists had gone mad, and on the other side were the



PORTRAIT OF CEZANNE'S FATHER (1874)
PAUL CEZANNE

young artists determined to be different at any cost, and condemning all art that was not different, while at the same time they praised a great deal of painting and sculpture that had nothing to recommend it except its obviously "modern" mannerisms.

Americans are inclined, when once awakened to a cause, to lose their critical senses. And it is only recently that the artists themselves who responded most eagerly to the new painting have recovered their balance and are doing work which is not only modern in the fashionable sense but which also has a personal viewpoint.

It was during this period of uncritical and enthusiastic battling for the cause of modern art that John Quinn acquired the most important examples in his collection. He was an Irishman, and he loved to fight, and the fight, together with the interesting companionship which it brought him, was as much of an inspiration to him as the aesthetic appreciation that he might have had for the works which he collected. Being, as I have already said, a very human gentleman, he was not above enjoying the increasing reputation that came to him as a patron of modern art.

To complete this short summary of the period in which the Quinn collection was made and of the man who made it, it might be stated that for John Quinn collecting was a life rather than a manifestation of acquisitive instincts. That being said, let us look for a moment at some of the paintings in this famous collection, which every student of modern art has wanted to see but few have seen until now.



RECLINING NUDE PABLO PICASSO



MME. CEZANNE

PAUL CEZANNE



NUDE, WITH GIRL HOLDING MIRROR
PABLO PICASSO



VIEW OF LONDON — ANDRE DERAIN

II

An outstanding painting in Mr. Quinn's collection is The Circus, by Georges Seurat, which was reproduced as the frontispiece in *The Arts* for March, 1923. In the same issue, incidentally, will be found the Three Models by Seurat, also belonging to the Quinn collection, The Lady Powdering, from the same collection, and two of the landscapes. Mr. Quinn, unfortunately, presented The Circus to the Louvre instead of to the Metropolitan Museum, and the official presentation will take place at the Art Center, where it will be put on exhibition for the last time in this country. For those who have approved of the gradual canonization of the art of Seurat, which has come about within recent years, The Circus and The Lady Powdering are extraordinarily brilliant specimens of Seurat's art, which is exceedingly well represented in this collection.

The pointillist method which entirely pervades The Circus does not strike us nowadays with the surprise with which those who first saw the picture were struck. On the contrary today we are impressed by a beautiful sense of calmness and wisdom in this painting rather than by its method. This method, in the hands of a lesser genius, often seems painfully laborious and methodical, but Seurat, through method, did not lose his superb sense of design, his feeling for movement and his surprising gift for witty characterization.

Few artists so devoted to a method, could have imbued their pictures with so much life, or could have combined with a sense of the local character of the place and the period



WINDOW ON THE PARK — ANDRÉ DERAIN

that quality so often attributed to Seurat of classical completion in design. If an American museum had taken advantage of the advice of almost any one of the more intelligent modern artists, it might now be the fortunate possessor of this painting.

Another painter whose fame has been created by the moderns, is Henri Rousseau. That his fame may waver considerably before it finally receives its definite place, can be admitted. However, in the Jungle Scene, reproduced herewith, Mr. Quinn owned one of the great Rousseaus. The picture called La Bohémienne Endormie, also reproduced, which shows a Bohemian lady asleep while a lion strolls up to look her over, is one of the strangest pictures imaginable. Its naiveté is excessive.

The Jungle Scene is a painting that ranks with the fine Rousseau in the Adolph Lewisohn collection. All of Rousseau's interest in the depiction of tropical foliage is seen in this picture, which is a superb decoration. One understands how it is that so many of our younger painters have become interested in the intertwining forms and shapes of large tropical fruits and foliage, but none of Rousseau's imitators has succeeded in giving the same spirit to their interpretation of this subject matter, because, until Rousseau came, this fertile subject was "unseen." He saw it first and its freshness remained only for him. His imitators too frequently have made it cute and stale.



ARTHUR SYMONS — AUGUSTUS JOHN



VASE OF FLOWERS — ODILON REDON

So far I have dealt with two of the greatest painters whose works are in the Quinn collection. Neither is well represented in an American museum. And that causes me once more to throw out the hint that some of our museum trustees would gain valuable information for their museums if they cultivated modern artists more.

A third extraordinary specimen of Mr. Quinn's collection is the early Cézanne portrait of the artist's father. It was painted in 1874, and in referring to it, it may be remembered that Cézanne died as late as 1906. For the student of Cézanne, this is an extra-



WOMAN SEATED IN A GARDEN
HENRI DE TOULOUSE-LAUTREC



THE PORT — MAURICE DE VLAMINCK

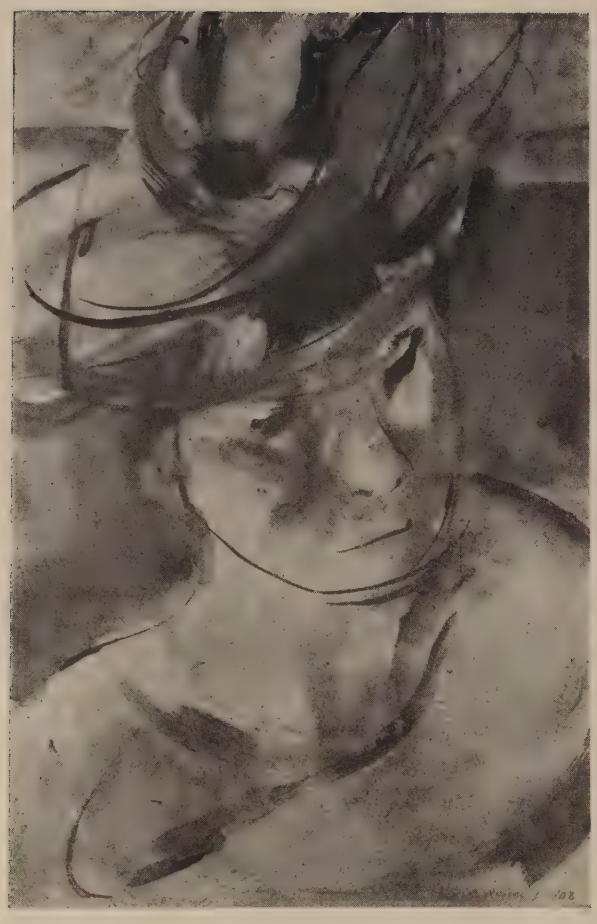
ordinary work. The academicians can have a very good time criticizing its obvious crudities. Indeed, the dumb and awkward struggle which Cézanne went through before finding his way, is terribly apparent in this painting. But how it makes the clever men look sick with cleverness!

The terrific concentration on the part of the painter, his effort to paint that red tile floor right, his clumsy painting of the legs, all are forgotten in the largeness of the vision and the tormented determined effort which impelled Cézanne to try to paint the thing he himself saw, rather than to try to memorize the tricks of other painters. Later and more accomplished Cézannes will also be found in the collection, but none more moving than this early tortured work.

Among the famous painters who have followed Cézanne, perhaps no artist is more completely represented in the Quinn collection than Picasso, several of whose works are reproduced herewith. Altogether, Mr. Quinn acquired something like 40 works by Picasso, and if Mr. Brummer carries out his present plans, these will be shown later on at the Brummer Galleries, and the American student of Picasso will have an opportunity to estimate Picasso's remarkable talent in a way that he has never had before.

On Picasso's abilities, on his ever changing point of view, it is not necessary to dwell at this time. Mr. Quinn did not like his work very much when he first began to purchase it, but he was well advised (the point is made once more) by the artists with whom he associated.

The fame of Picasso has reached such



WOMAN WITH A HAT GEORGES ROUAULT

dizzy heights, although comparatively speaking, he is still young, that it is extremely doubtful whether a correct estimate of his work will be made for some years to come. Paris is apt to react against a painter, even one who, like Picasso, has always succeeded in shocking the bourgeois, when his name becomes so eminent that even the bourgeois decides to invest in his works. And the material success which Picasso now enjoys is a kind of critical irritant to the younger artists.

He has one very youthful imitator, M. Pruna, and from time to time a great many contemporary artists, even men little younger than Picasso himself, have passed through an obvious Picasso phase. He himself has gone through so many phases that his career seems positively kaleidoscopic. An eclectic to his finger tips, wise beyond the ken of those simpler American, Anglo-Saxon, or Germanic artists, Picasso has been a blazing light, shining down upon the battling armies of lesser strugglers in the arts.

His work shows just what his eyes do. When you see the man personally, with those omnivorous eyes taking in everything about him he seems to have been able to swallow at a glance all of the art that has ever come to his attention, and to have taken hints from a thousand sources which he developed to his own purposes. His sophistication is overwhelming, and he has long since passed any capacity, if he ever had it, for unconsciousness.

When all of Mr. Quinn's Picassos are shown as a single exhibition, many a visitor will find it almost impossible to make up his mind what kind of human being this dazzling eclectic is. He has whirled from Toulouse-Lautrec through the mordant romances of circus and vaudeville subjects, through Cubism and negro art into a kind of romantic and often exaggerated neo-classicism. And only rarely does one feel that Mr. Picasso gets any more out of life itself than the excitement of the part which he plays of being a surprising knight of art, hurling an unexpected weapon from an unexpected angle at the bourgeois. That rare sensation may be enjoyed on looking at some of the amazingly able and determined examples of the art of Picasso which are included in the Quinn collection.

Another artist who will open the eyes of visitors to the Brummer Galleries, if all of the works by him belonging to Mr. Quinn are ever put on exhibition, is André Derain. Derain is a far less brilliant eclectic than Picasso, but he is an eclectic. His art is aesthetic. Whether he has the intricate business ability of Picasso, is doubtful. Still, he is enjoying a great material success, and probably some of the younger rebels would say of him, as they have said of Picasso, that he is "*mort sur le champ de battaille.*" As a matter of fact, Derain also, as artists go, is a young man; a very knowing young man who, although he looks over-much at art for the source of his inspiration and not enough, perhaps, at life, has inherent capacities that justify to a great extent his well managed reputation. Like Picasso, he has passed through many phases. Like Picasso his abilities are not to be denied.



WOMAN DRESSING HER HAIR PABLO PICASSO

Just how much he is responsible for the present day passion for brown color among those who would be in the fashion, cannot be proved. But often Mr. Derain is rather boring in color, rather stupid in his fashionable brown tones and in his frequently too obvious translations into the modernism of the moment of ideas which he has taken from primitive art rather than from life. In the present state of his development, it begins to look as if Mr. Derain, with all his talent and capacity, were taking success too seriously and his art not quite seriously enough; and apparently the material success that he is enjoying is tempting him to throw out from his studio a large number of drawings and paintings that are not solidifying his reputation.

Other names perfectly familiar to all followers of modern art which are represented in the Quinn collection, are Paul Gauguin and the later Vlaminck as well as Raoul Dufy. Dufy is one of the men who was swept into a kind of reputation by being in the movement. His is a thin talent. Mr. Quinn has also for those who love the work of Odilon Redon, a very beautiful series of paintings. A younger man not so well known to Americans whose growing fame has been well prepared, is the gifted Rouault; and jumping back to other days, we find in Mr. Quinn's collection two very different and equally extraordinary examples of the art of Toulouse-Lautrec as well as of the ar t of Toulouse-Lautrec as well as the paintings by Puvis de Chavannes remembered by all visitors to the Metropolitan Museum.

In the second instalment of this review the other artists in the Quinn collection will be discussed.

(*To be continued in February*)



GIRL WITH PARASOL RECLINING (*Drawing*)
ANDRE DUNOYER DE SEGONZAC



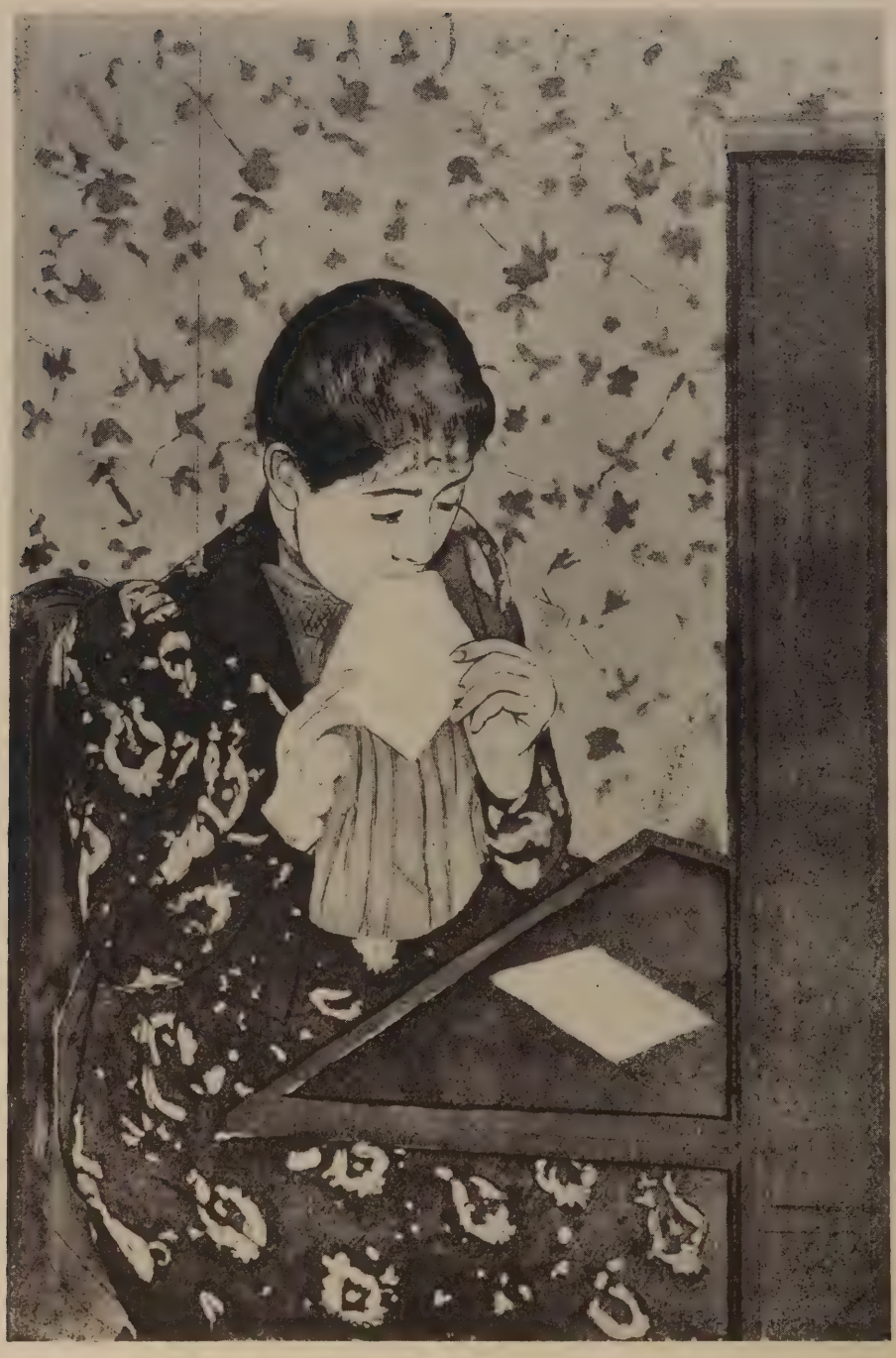
FEMME RETROUSSANT SA CHEMISE
HENRI DE TOULOUSE-LAUTREC



PROMENADE AU BORD DE LA MER, TAHITI
PAUL GAUGUIN



FEMME NUE PUVIS DE CHAVANNES



GIRL WITH LETTER (*Drypoint*) MARY CASSATT



BOUQUET DE CORSAGE LEON HARTL

LEON HARTL

By Lloyd Goodrich

IT is not often that the habitual frequenter of galleries and exhibitions has the pleasure of coming upon the work of an artist who is at the same time new to him and capable of arousing his admiration. The process of growth is slow, and the spectator usually has the doubtful privilege of following all its stages, so that by the time maturity is reached there is little of the element of surprise left.

For that reason, the discovery of the art of Leon Hartl is a particularly enjoyable experience. That so fine and delicate a talent should have remained hidden until now is remarkable in this day and generation, when few flowers waste their fragrance on the desert air.

This lack of recognition is due partly to the essential modesty of the artist's work and its intensely personal and individual character, but also in a large degree to the circumstances of his life. Having to devote most of his days to business, he has been able to spend only a small part of his time in painting. This has given his work a certain unprofessional character that is very attractive, but it has also prevented his acquiring that reputation which he unquestionably deserves.

The reader should not gather from the above, however, that Hartl's work is amateurish in the sense of being clumsy and heavy-handed. It is naive, but with a precise and delicate naiveté that is next door to extreme sophistication. While the conditions under which he paints and his own independence have prevented him from receiving any regular instruction, this circumstance has saved his work from the easy curves, the flashy color, and the manual dexterity which are acquired in the average art school. These academic clichés, the accumu-



HEAD—PALOTTE TRISTE
LEON HARTL

lated inheritance of centuries of bad teaching, are entirely absent from his painting.

The outstanding characteristic of his work is its lyrical feeling. His favorite subjects are flowers, bathers, the woods in spring; but there is nothing of the oversweet or the banal in his treatment of these themes. His lyricism, like that of the Florentine primitives, is united to asceticism, to a severe economy of means. With a few small flowers, intensely blue against the gray-green grass, he says more than inferior painters with acres of poppies.

Among his most attractive subjects are his landscapes, painted in the country around New York on Sundays or during summer vacations. They have an upland feeling, a sense of wildness and freedom, and a delicate fancy in the birds and figures of bathers which he introduces. The rendering of the leaves and flowers is careful and precise, but the drawing is always sensitive, without obvious tricks or shortcuts. The color is sometimes simple and quiet, sometimes high-pitched and subtle, but it is always color refined of all heaviness and murkiness.

We meet this same color quality in his flower-pieces, except that here it is very pure and intense, but with a severity that saves it from sweetness. In the handling of detail there is a rare feeling for the delicacy and fragility of flowers.

Going from one to another of his pictures one is struck with their range and variety. It is evident that his style has never hardened into a formula; each picture has been an individual problem to him. In certain cases one would scarcely know that they were the work of the same man, were it not for the delicate and refined vision that is back of them all.

It is this inability to accept a formula that is the most hopeful feature in Hartl's work. The great danger in an art so delicate is that it may lose vital contact with reality and degenerate into a mannerism, a making of charming but meaningless patterns. But Hartl's sincerity and love of life



PORTRAIT—PALOTTE LEON HARTL

would seem to guarantee that this will not happen. In spite of the delicacy and refinement of his work it has a vitality that should keep him from falling into the rut. In fact, he is already looking forward to a riper and more mature style and to the treatment of larger problems.

Of the external events in his life, there is little to say. Born in France of French-Austrian parentage, he came to this country before the war and has since made his living as an expert in analine dyes. Whatever time he has been able to rescue from business has been devoted to painting. His only public appearances previous to his recent exhibition at the Whitney Studio Club were two occasions when he sent paintings to the Independents.

As far as his artistic philosophy is concerned, one feels that he theorizes little and paints as he feels, trusting that if there is anything in him to express, it will get itself expressed. Of him it can be said with especial truth that his life is in his work.

EDITORIAL NOTE: *The illustrations accompanying this article are used by the courtesy of the Whitney Studio Club.*



LANDSCAPE, SPRING, N. J. LEON HARTL



GRANDE SOURCE—BEDFORD HILLS LEON HARTL



PETITE SOURCE—BEDFORD HILLS LEON HARTL



REMO BUFANO

YOUNG AMERICA—REMO BUFANO

By Mordecai Gorelik

Editorial Note: *The photographs accompanying this article are used through the courtesy of the League of Composers.*

In an apartment near Washington Square, among racks of dressed and undressed dolls, parts of dolls, sketches, working drawings, models, hardware, paint, sewing machines, plaster, paper and glue, the interviewer comes upon the various members of the Bufano household: the diminutive Remo himself, who with hammer and saw builds the skeletons of marionettes and binds their wire and leather muscles; Remo's small wife Florence, who presides over the family typewriter when she is not bossing the kitchen or bossing Remo on the puppet bench; Sparrow Bufano, the extra small tiger cat that climbs over everything; and Buttons Bufano, Sparrow's new kitten, actually smaller than its mother.

At the moment when he was interviewed Remo was particularly busy manufacturing a troupe of life-size and smaller marionettes for a performance of De Falla's *El Retablo de Maese Pedro,* which the League of Composers gave at the Town Hall recently. *El Retablo* is a modern Spanish opera with a theme similar to Pirandello's fantasies on identity; its libretto is based on the marionette episode in *Don Quixote* and its score was written especially for marionettes. In the recent production the singers sat in the orchestra and the acting was done by life-size marionettes manipulated by Remo and a dozen or so assistants. The marionettes represented Don Quixote (in full armor), Sancho Panza, the Marionette Man and several other characters. In the course of the play the figure representing the Marionette Man operated a little theatre containing other dolls three feet high. So that the small marionettes were operated by the large marionettes and the latter were operated by Remo; and Remo, I think, was operated by a gay and rowdy deity named Punch, who is a relative of Priapus and the Devil.

Remo must love his puppets even more than his marionettes, for his own repertory of plays is acted



DON QUIXOTE

by puppets. In case you don't know the difference between a marionette and a puppet, Remo, who is too gracious to be astonished at such ignorance, will show you that a marionette is a jointed doll hung on wires while a puppet is a flexible doll made like a glove which fits the operator's fingers, hand and wrist, and is manipulated from below. The size of puppets is necessarily limited: they are usually about two feet high; marionettes, however, may be any size from an inch to a mile.

Last year, moved possibly by spirit messages from Frankenstein, Remo built a marionette twelve feet high, a gangling, worried-looking individual painted a sorrowful green and wearing only a loin-cloth; this curious figure now stretches its carcass the full length of the long cabinet in which the members of the doll repertory company spend their vacations. I suspect that nobody loves the monster except Remo and Florence; but he was good practice for Remo.

It is not possible to walk through Remo's workshop without making friends with the dolls, even with the unfinished ones on the racks, the papier maché heads, excelsior stomachs and wooden hands and feet, parts of dolls not yet born. The most casual observer becomes aware of a poise that the dolls have, a kind of trance which alternates with moments of startling vivacity. Puppets are of an insouciant race that lives only to strut behind footlights; they are therefore incomparable actors. Pain of any kind never affects them, and they are quite apathetic about their individual fates. I have watched some of them go through all the throes of being born, from the time their limbs were pieced together until they lay back with their feet in a vice getting the last touches of filing done to their lead-weighted shoes; and in all that time nothing seemed to occupy their minds.

The puppet-master himself is more agile than his puppets but not much more introspective or aggressive. He strikes you as being one of those persons whose accomplishments have been thrust upon them. Remo belongs to a part of Young America which has been arriving here recently from non-Nordic places with unpronounceable names. When he was three years old his family left Italy for the Land of the Free, where they intended perhaps to keep a fruit stand or a shoe-shine parlor. They all had a safe voyage except Remo, who had an unsafe one. One day while he was sitting on the steerage deck with a big dish of macaroni in his lap the ship heaved sideways and Remo and the macaroni slid to the edge of the deck until the rail stopped him.

About two blocks south of the Bufano studio are the tenements of the local Italian section. From these tenements issue all those bad boys who demand to shine the shoes of the Greenwich Village sightseers and who monkey with automobile gears, climb up fire-escapes and break other people's windows and their own shinbones. In Remo's day some of these boys would be safely confined for a while in one of the several theatres where marionettes played. The imported Italian marionette companies of that time—they exist no longer—used large wooden, iron and brass marionettes; some of the dolls weighed as much as a hundred pounds.

Remo, then a little "Wop" aged seven years, was taken to one of these theatres and afterwards shown the sights back stage. Our hero was so inspired that about a year later he was ready to put on a show of his own. In spite of the fact that the show never came off it was a memorable occasion. Remo and another boy made two dozen tin marionettes, rehearsed a scriptless play full of fair ladies, valiant knights, ferocious serpents and desperate bandits, hired as their orchestra a boy who played an accordion, and secretly borrowed an attic belonging to another boy's father.

On the long-awaited opening night an audience had gathered and the orchestra had just completed the overture when in rushed the son of the father who owned the attic, yelling "Hey, better beat it. Pop found out we're using the garret and he's coming right up! And he's madder than hell!"

The father was a big Italian saloonkeeper; nobody wanted to meet him, and the entire performance including actors, audience and orchestra, scattered in all directions over the roofs.

After Remo left school he tried to get a job acting, but the theatrical managers didn't take to him, so that inevitably he went back to his dolls. At the time I met him, a few years ago, he was giving occasional performances at schools and clubs and



SCENE FROM "EL RETABLO DE MAESE PEDRO"



SCENE FROM "EL RETABLO DE MAESE PEDRO"

building stage properties as a side line. In the summer Bufano went on tour. He had a rusty Ford in which he packed his little collapsible theatre and his imperturbable puppets, and he went the round of hotels, camps and summer schools from Maine to Georgia. He liked traveling but the work was hard and discouraging and he was saddened by his audiences, which were composed usually of select, respectable people, of the kind who smile frozenly all the time but never laugh.

There was positively no excuse for not laughing at Remo's show. You'd have to go far to find anything funnier than the braggart Orlando Furioso or that twisting dragon Amoroso, the famous serpent with the voice of a kazoo; he was an affectionate dragon, and when he wasn't trying to snap off Orlando's head he was as playful as a calf. Nor could there be anything pleasanter than the foolish, plaintive Princess in *The Frog Prince* or the humbly adoring Bullfrog who wooed the princess with groans and gulps.

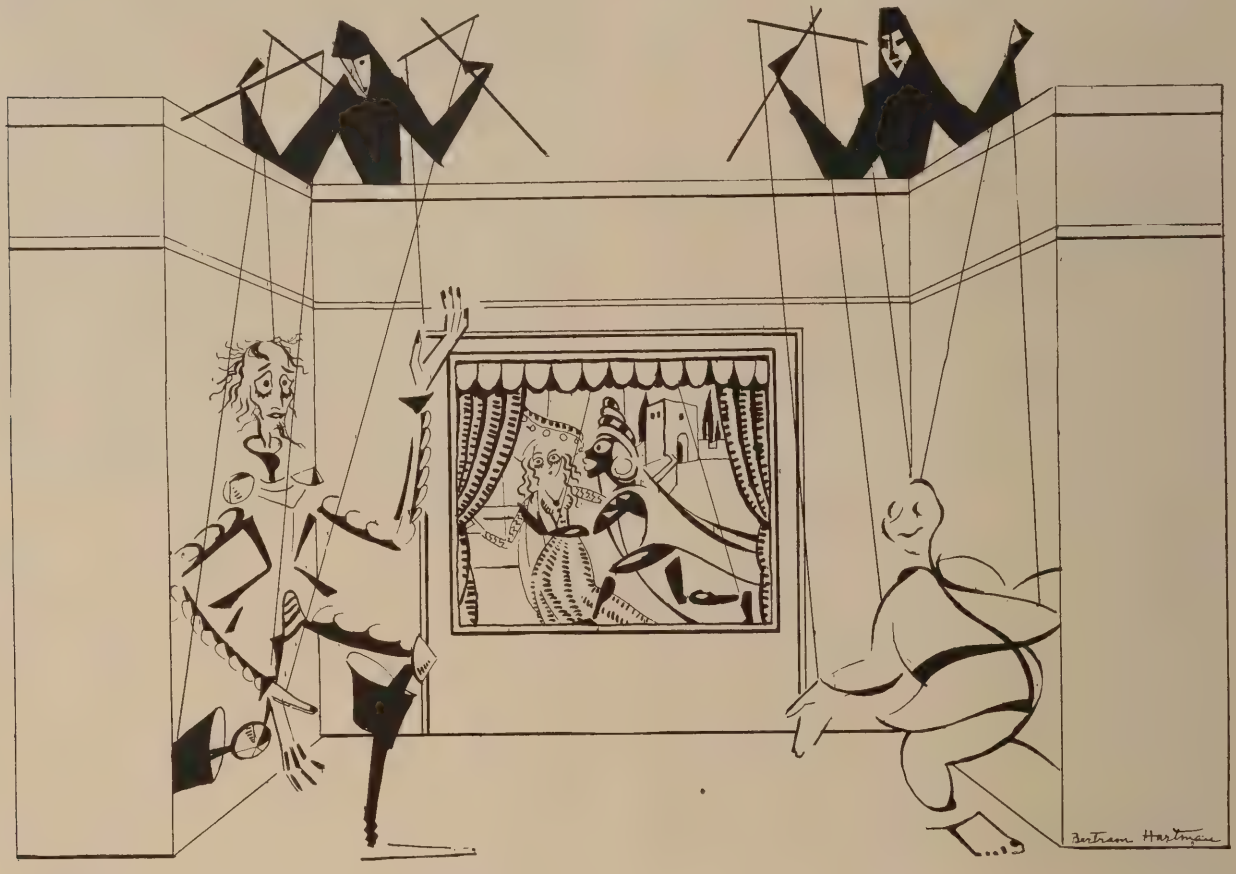
Remo scraped along from week to week with no notion where the next month's rent would come from, but nothing would hold up his experiments and rehearsals. Among the results of his experiments were some puppets with unusual talents: a

figure that opened and closed its mouth, another that rolled dice from a dice cup, another whose head separated from its body. Besides elaborating the script of *Orlando Furioso* he and his wife dramatized several more fairy tales and rehearsed *The Giant of the Enchanted Voice,* Schnitzler's *The Gallant Cassian* and a delectable Japanese fable called *Somebody Nothing.*

They and their dolls finally came to Broadway in the marionette prologue of Mrs. Fiske's *Wake Up Jonathan.* Afterwards they gave their own plays at special performances for Theatre Guild subscribers, and were called in during Reinhardt's and Geddes's experiments on *The Miracle.* Last season when they played in Brock Pemberton's production of *The Knife in the Wall,* a melodrama built around a marionette performance, the reviewers ignored the melodrama and spoke delightedly of the marionettes. For Rostand's *The Last Night of Don Juan,* produced at the Greenwich Village Theatre, the Bufanos made half a dozen puppets, sparkling carnival figures with a mixture of docility and sauciness such as no human actor could possibly combine.

It is Remo's policy, in fact, to encourage in his little stock company just those expressions which differentiate the puppets from human beings. He realizes that the great charm and value of his dolls is in the inhuman life they possess. The next addition to his repertory will be a dramatization of *Pinocchio,* but he hopes eventually to build marionettes which will not be shaped like human beings at all—little mechanisms which in structure and deportment will be the descendents of telephones, steam shovels or subway trains, and may be made of steel or glass. Mimicry of machine life is a dramatic possibility as yet scarcely touched upon, and one to which the talents of a puppeteer are especially adaptable.

Noisy and sure-fire successes are so characteristic of the theatre that much may be said for artists like Bufano whose naive interest is in his work. Usually what he produces is good; but whether he succeeds or fails in any particular instance the work is always a product of sincerity and always worth attention.



SCENE FROM "EL RETABLO DE MAESE PEDRO" DRAWING BY BERTRAM HARTMAN



PORTRAIT OF A WOMAN — THE MASTER OF ST. SEVERIN

Courtesy of Thomas Agnew and Sons

SOME UNUSUAL OLD MASTERS

WE are reproducing some paintings of unusual quality which have been on private view at Thomas Agnew and Sons. The most striking of these is the firm and clearcut Virgin and Child by Antonella da Messina, the painter who is reputed to have extracted the secret of the new method of painting from Jan van Eyck and afterwards introduced it into Italy. One can see Flemish influence in the realistic treatment of shadows and the careful painting of the headdress, but the face of the Virgin is wholly Southern. The Madonna and Child of the school of Filippo Lippi is more obviously the kind of picture that a visitor to a gallery expects to see when the word "Italian" is mentioned, but it is attractive in color. The portrait of a woman by the Master of St. Severin exhibits great beauty of workmanship and clearness of statement.

An unusually beautiful example of the early Venetian school is The Rape of Amymone by Jacopo Bellini. Vasari relates that when Jacopo's two sons surpassed their father in skill "he rejoiced greatly, ever encouraging them and showing them that he desired them to do as the Tuscans did, who gloried among themselves in making efforts to outstrip each other." In looking at this picture, however, one feels that the older painter did not fall so far behind in the essentials of his art as Vasari would have us believe.



THE RAPE OF AMYMONE — JACOPO BELLINI

Courtesy of Thomas Agnew and Sons



MADONNA AND CHILD — ANTONELLA DA MESSINA

Courtesy of Thomas Agnew and Sons



VIRGIN AND CHILD — FILIPPO LIPPI

Courtesy of Thomas Agnew and Sons



THE TEMPLE OF THE MIND
ALBERT P. RYDER
National Academy Centennial Exhibition

NEW YORK EXHIBITIONS

THE most imposing event of the past month in the New York art world was the Centennial Exhibition of the National Academy, a large and decidedly dull affair.

There is no doubt that the Academy missed an opportunity to do something really interesting with this exhibition. Supposedly it represented one hundred years of American art; actually the general effect was that of a regular Academy exhibition slightly enlarged.

Whatever one may think of the Academy at the present time, there can be no question that for the first seventy-five years of its existence it and the rebelling Society of American Artists, with which it was later merged, represented most of the vital art of this country. Why not have drawn more heavily upon these seventy-five years, and have subordinated the work of the living members, which after all can be seen at least twice a year in the regular Academy exhibitions, as well as in countless galleries? Not to make the most of such men as Homer, Eakins, Ryder, LaFarge, Sargent, and Inness seems like throwing away a perfectly good chance to shine as the Mother of Arts.

As it was, almost the only bright spots in the exhibition were those contributed by the few artists named above. Homer's "Eight Bells," Eakins' "Thinker" and Ryder's "Temple of the Mind" were the three outstanding pictures. One might add a fourth, LaFarge's "The Muse of Painting," but it does not wear as well as the others. Some of the older portraits were fine and effective, particularly the striking "Marquis de Lafayette" by the first president of the Academy, Samuel F. B. Morse.

Dutch Paintings at Knoedler's

Aside from the Centennial Exhibition, which really belongs under the head of social activities, the outstanding event was the loan exhibition of seventeenth century Dutch paintings at Knoedler's.

It is seldom that so many works of such quality belonging to one school are assembled, and although not all of the more prominent painters were included, there were enough to furnish a microcosm of the whole school. One could see its joviality and worldliness in Hals, its fidelity to everyday life in the Little Masters, its love of nature in Hobbema and Ruysdael, its depths in Rembrandt. The



MARQUESS OF LONDONDERRY JOHN LAVERY
Duveen Galleries

exhibition brought out forcibly the self-centred and self-sufficient character of Dutch art, its definitely realistic limitations, and its greatness within these limitations.

In so rich a collection it would be useless to pick out individual pictures for comment, but those which were particularly memorable were the two beautiful Vermeers, the remarkable Game of Skittles by de Hooch, and the Rembrandts.

Drawings by Old Masters

Next to the Knoedler exhibition in unusual quality was that of drawings by the old masters arranged by Marie Sterner and held at the Seligmann galleries. To a large extent this was also a loan exhibition, some of the finest examples having come from the J. Pierpont Morgan Library. Merely to read the list of artists was to realize the remarkable scope and quality of the exhibits, for practically every great name from the Flemish and Italian primitives to the early nineteenth century was included. A few of the particularly fine items were five drawings by Rowlandson, a beautiful preliminary design for a fresco by Bernardo Daddi, a delicate Memling, three drawings by Ingres, and some very interesting Flaxmans.

The Lavery Exhibition

Probably the most fashionable exhibition of the month was that of Sir John Lavery at Duveen's, which will be seen later in Boston, Palm Beach, Pittsburgh and Chicago. This was a heavily documented affair, for either the subject or the owner of almost every painting was a member of the British peerage, and this information of course had to be given in the catalogue. Even an innocent looking interior, with an indistinct figure at the far end of the room with his back turned, proved to be the Earl of Oxford and Asquith in his writing room.

It was quite proper to stress these noble associations, for Lavery's art leans heavily upon them. He has cleverness and a certain theatrical ability, but his work compares unfavorably with, for instance, Sargent's in soundness of draughtsmanship and depth of color. It is sweeter and flashier; but it is also thinner.

Covarrubias

The other extremity of the field of portrait art was occupied by the exhibition at the Dudensing galleries of the caricaturist, Miguel de Covar-



A JEW IN WHITE AND BLACK MARC CHAGALL
Reinhardt Galleries



THE MARQUIS DE LAFAYETTE
National Academy Centennial Exhibition SAMUEL F. B. MORSE



TWO SOULS — A. ARCHIPENKO
Reinhardt Galleries

rubias, whose work has been gladdening our eyes in the public prints for several months. Personally, we prefer Covarrubias' version of the Prince of Wales to that of Lavery. The former belongs to that rare species, the genuine caricaturist, a species which seems to flourish much more luxuriantly on the continent of Europe than in these United States. His use of the cubist technique and of "modern" color is ingenious.

Watercolors

An interesting phenomenon of the month was the prevalence of watercolors by Americans. Group exhibitions were held at Macbeth's, Kraushaar's and Daniel's, and at Alfred Stieglitz's new Intimate Gallery there was a collection of John Marin's work.

The Macbeth exhibition was the largest, over forty artists being represented, and although there were naturally many different types among them, the viewpoint as a whole might be described as conservative. There was no lack of technical excellence, but in many cases the technique seemed to have outrun the content. The strong realistic work of Edward Hopper was an exception, and at the other extreme the decorative arabesques of Maurice Prendergast. In the Winslow Homer, which was in the transitional style of his English period, I missed the tang of his native watercolors.

The Kraushaar group was smaller and more highly individualized. The work of Walkowitz, who is at his best in watercolor, showed his sensitive handling of the medium. That of Schnakenberg stood out for its firmness, its rich and dignified color, and its lack of splash and bravura. Richard Lahey's studies of the outskirts of cities were similarly sound in method.

The Intimate Gallery

The announcements of Alfred Stieglitz's new gallery were somewhat unusual. The Intimate Gallery, as it is called, is to be used for the inti-



TWO BATHERS — A. ARCHIPENKO
Reinhardt Galleries



THE BLESSED DAMOZEL — PEGGY BACON

Montross Galleries

mate study of seven Americans, including Marin, O'Keeffe, Dove, Hartley, Strand, and Stieglitz. By concentrating on this group, and by providing important examples of their work of all stages of development, it is hoped to broaden the appreciation of their art.



MRS. EDWARD L. DAVIS AND SON

JOHN S. SARGENT

Metropolitan Museum Memorial Exhibition

The gallery opened with an exhibition of John Marin's work, not hung in any formal way, but arranged so that the visitor could browse around and find the things that pleased him. The artist's work of all periods was included, and it was interesting to compare some of his first etchings with his latest watercolors, and particularly to compare a recent composition, "New York," with an earlier version of the same theme, noting the gain in power and definiteness.

The Sargent Memorial Exhibition

The Sargent Memorial Exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum opens to the public in the early part of January and will continue until the middle of February. Although only about half as large as the exhibition which recently closed at the Boston Museum, it is uniformly high in quality, representing some of his finest work in this country. Moreover, the paintings are arranged in a dignified and spacious manner which shows them to the best advantage.

One of the chief obstacles to the proper appreciation of Sargent has been the indiscriminate worship of his admirers. Probably no modern painter has been so overrated, the adulation reaching its climax a year or so ago in the astounding dictum of Professor Phelps to the effect that "if I were asked to name the greatest living American, I should unhesitatingly name John Singer Sargent" —a piece of hyperbole which one feels that Sargent himself would have been the first to deprecate.

In the present exhibition he is allowed to speak for himself, for all sides of his painting are represented with the exception of his murals. It is thus possible to see his work in a truer light, and the fair-minded spectator who has been driven to an attitude of hostility by the pæans of his admirers, will go away with an increased respect for his work, as well as with a fuller sense of his limitations.

The most important of these limitations, of course, was that he was fundamentally a portrait painter. His brilliant watercolors, of which there is a room full in the present exhibition, are not brilliant enough to hide their essential emptiness, and the same thing is true of his landscapes in oil. But in his finest portraits, of which there are several in the Memorial Exhibition, he showed his true genius, and on the strength of them he takes his place beside the English portraitists of the eighteenth century as the historian of his own age.

Arnold Friedman

Arnold Friedman, whose first one-man show was held at the Bourgeois galleries in December, makes his living in the postal service, and paints when he can. He is not a pleasant painter, and yet there is something in his pictures which brings one back to them. It is not difficult to detect the influence



MRS. MONTGOMERY SEARS JOHN S. SARGENT

Metropolitan Museum Memorial Exhibition

of Henri Rousseau, but Friedman has a distinct individuality. He is manifestly sincere, and his work has power of a shapeless, groping kind. In one or two of his paintings, particularly in the "Lake in the Berkshires," this power seems to have assumed more definite form.

James Chapin

James Chapin's latest paintings at the New Gallery showed a distinct advance in solidity and balance over those which he exhibited last year. His work has always possessed energy, but hitherto it has been a somewhat frantic energy which seemed to accomplish little. In his more recent paintings something more substantial seems to be emerging. His two portraits of country people are particularly honestly seen and painted, although unpleasantly cold in color.

Max Jacob

Max Jacob's story is that of a boulevardier turned monk, but except for the change in his subjects one would scarcely know it. He paints religious themes much as he used to paint soubrettes—in a delicate, wayward style which suggests Toulouse-Lautrec without the acid.

Most of the paintings exhibited at the Brummer galleries, however, were neither sacred nor profane. Many of them were landscapes in gouache, with the silvery color and the informal handling that is suited to the medium.

Peggy Bacon

Peggy Bacon, whose drawings and drypoints were exhibited at the Montross galleries, possesses the rare combination of a rich sense of humor and ex-



THE TUGBOAT — MAX JACOB
Brummer Galleries



NEW YORK — 1925 JOHN MARIN

Courtesy of Alfred Stieglitz, the Intimate Gallery



THE GAME OF SKITTLES — PETER DE HOOCH
M. Knoedler and Company

quisite technique. Her humor is many-sided, and always quite her own, but she never lets it become just illustration; half of the story is always in the delicate and witty drawing. She has a genius for detail, and the more one examines her drawings the more one finds; there is always something going on in a corner of the picture that is well worth attention.

F. Blumberg

The Neumann galleries introduced a new figure in F. Blumberg, a Russian woman artist who has recently arrived in America. Miss Blumberg's art is of a kind not much seen so far in this country, although it is quite likely that we will see more of it as time goes on—the modern Russian style. Of a strongly religious and philosophical cast, and highly symbolical in its mode of expression, it is not work that is calculated to attain any great popularity, especially since it has little appeal of form and color. But although Miss Blumberg's message is too subjective to be easily communicated, her almost tragic sincerity commands respect.

LLOYD GOODRICH.

BOSTON NOTES

ROUND AND ROUND THE HUB

WHEN we want to go some place....Can't afford to go to Europe....We go to New York But as for me, on the long run I like Boston much better....True, we have sharp east winds, but the atmosphere is juvenescent....Sometimes a few leading citizens slide out from under the lid and take surreptitious trips to the Metropolis. They go straight for the American and the French Moderns. Buy Demuths and Preston Dickinsons Strange reports come back of mystic rites inaugurated in their honor by the dealers—incense burning, hula-hula dancing—until that crucial moment when the bells of the cash register chime in another sale.....We are coming along.... Some of us have read Clive Bell and learned all about Significant Art. We have got the rules of the game: what names to use, when to use them... It is rather discouraging though, just as we get all set, to have Forbes Watson come out and create confusion with his Academic Modernism....The way people talk....You should have heard what one old lady said the other day. "Yes, my dear, the distortionists simply have to distort to fit peoples' distorted ideas"....Intelligent explanation Fertile Topic for fruitful conversation—"Do inhibitions make better exhibitions than emotion with a can tied to its tail?".....Where, let me ask, is the New Art which today could set all Manhattan and the outskirting regions by the teeth, make the critics howl?....It does not, I affirm, exist....Much, too much, art.....Paint a dish of lemons, put rings around them, use sour colors and hang the exhibit up right here at home and see what you get....Most everybody who is anybody will cut you off the calling list....However, the chances are they will go look at the picture and there may be some secret envy at such courage Try be a Modern ever so hard now in New York. Better vend cold hash than let yourself be found out—trying hard....Try be a Modern in New York and a Bostonian at the same time, and see what you don't get....The critics, if they go to the show, will yawn a great deal. The evidence won't make any difference...."O yes, very nice—but, of course, the influence"....They dub you a MacKnighter....It is "nobody home" to do that —all the time.....To see enthusiasm, you should attend a MacKnight opening. One will come soon. Perhaps I can get you an invitation, or you may be booked to come over, some do.... It will be somewhere about the Thirty-First Annual Doll and Richards has put on....Years ago they were as nearly rough-house affairs as our discreet social code would permit. The streets ran with blood, mostly from the Hoi Polloi—red, yellow, maroon, lots of violet as well as blue....Now only the Best Families attend....It is said to be the only time in the year they all meet. They are there, crowded together, knitting on the stairs, pressing against the velvet rope that is dropped with a thud at (fatal hour) exactly ten o'clock...."Are you ready? Go!"....Of course, the tallest get the pick; the short ones lose time looking under.... They all own MacKnights. Want more. Say he brings sunlight into their lives....Not expensive at that, considering the commotion made....In five minutes eight water colors are sold. By twenty past ten they are going at the rate of one a minute. In half an hour the show is practically sold out and Everybody is gone home....It is funny what a stir one man can make in a quiet town. He is an unobtrusive little man, too, who will not be dragged out of his retirement....You may meet him, a little round bag under his arm, on the way to the station. "Hello. Goodbye." He is off for Mexico, Canada or the Grand Canyon.....

There are shows enough and well attended: the Lavery show at Vose's, Zubiaurres at Casson's, French Decorative Arts at the Museum, Chinese paintings and old Bronzes coming to the Art Club. A real Boston institution, and worthy a visit, is the stained glass studio of Charles J. Connick. A sort of Guild affair, with craftsmen and craftswomen piecing brilliant bits of glass into handsome pattern and learning that church window saints do not have to look like the pretty girls on Ladies' Home Journal covers....Rheims, Chartres, for example....Sometimes a poet comes and talks to them. Sherwood Anderson, for one. A long table is spread and there is an impromptu banquet. Workshop clutter is lost sight of in the shadows. Light pricks its way in through a great window set on trial into the western wall.... There are some things and some people to make one love Boston.....

HARLEY PERKINS.

MINNEAPOLIS AND TITIAN



THE TEMPTATION OF CHRIST TITIAN

THE untutored millionaires responsible for the expenditure of "over $200,000" for the Temptation of Christ said to be by Titian, should be examined by alienists. (The price was announced as "over $200,000." The real price turned out to be $160,000, which is about $159,500 too much.) This may seem to be an unreasonable or exaggerated statement, particularly as the author of it has not been officially informed whether a millionaire or a pauper was responsible for this unfortunate purchase by the Minneapolis Museum. But by a process of deduction, it can be proved that one or more untutored millionaires must have been what are called the responsible parties.

That being the case, let us proceed to deduce. The very quality of this Titian, its bad composition, the extraordinarily badly painted right hand of the Christ, the feelingless and prettified head, is proof that no trained eye would have accepted this picture for a museum. Therefore, we venture to say that Mr. Russell Plimpton, the director of the Minneapolis Museum, and Mr. Alan Burroughs, curator of painting, did not play any part in bringing about the Museum's decision to waste such a sum of money on this painting.

One of the curious habits of the millionaire trustees of museums is to employ the best experts which they can obtain for the purpose of directing the affairs of the museum, and then either to ignore these experts or put them in such a difficult position that they cannot say no. The Titian in question was placed on exhibition in the Reinhardt Galleries in New York, and a great many of the leading artists in America went to see it. As yet, not a single intelligent artist has had one word to say to me in favor of this picture, and we wait in vain to hear from any of the distinguished experts in America a single word of commendation about this painting. When the picture was in the hands of its former German owner it was seen and rejected by more than one intelligent dealer.

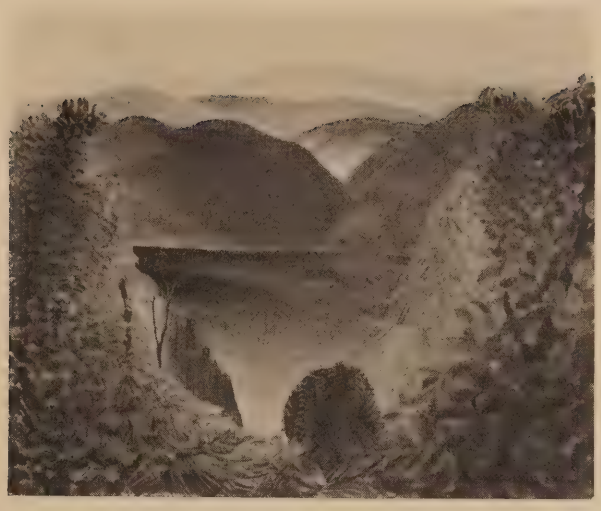
Mr. Alan Burroughs is the son of Mr. Bryson Burroughs, scholarly, experienced and gifted curator of painting at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and Mr. Russell Plimpton had part of his training at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. With such connections, therefore, the buying committee of the Minneapolis Museum of Art had at its disposal the best expert advice both from an æsthetic historical and museum point of view. If the Minneapolis Museum took advantage of this advice and still purchased a Titian for anything like the announced price, THE ARTS will present to the Minneapolis Museum a work of modern art.

Museums, we know, are not influenced by the decisions of paupers, however wise the paupers may be. It requires large sums of money to pay a museum's expenses, and one way to secure the help of the rich man is to reward him with the honorable position of being one of the museum's trustees. It is fair, consequently, to deduce that the untutored gentlemen, or gentleman, responsible for this purchase were not paupers.

One can fancy what a pleasant sense of self-righteousness it might give to a millionaire who had come down to New York to see the town, as the saying is, to return to his native city with a religious painting as obvious in sentiment as a colored lithograph. But it is not in such ways that museums become "important."

Other mishaps have also taken place in the Minneapolis Museum, but none of them, I venture to state, on the advice of its own experts.

F. W.



LAKE IN THE BERKSHIRES ARNOLD FRIEDMAN
Bourgeois Galleries

BOOKS

PROFESSOR CARTER'S OUTLINE OF CHINESE HISTORY

GINN and Company have just published a cursory outline of Chinese history by the late Professor Thomas Francis Carter under the title "Periods of Chinese History and Parallelism with that of the West." It is arranged in long parallel columns with the following headings: Important Names and Events of Western History; Character of Period and Parallelism with Western History; Literature; Chinese Dynasties; Art; Inventions; Important Names and Events of Chinese History. These columns are flanked on either side by dates in centuries beginning with 2800 B.C. and ending with 1900 A.D.

A good synopsis of this sort would have been of unquestionable value for undergraduate students, but it is difficult to believe that a scholar of Professor Carter's reputation could have produced anything as vague and inaccurate as the present publication. The task of selecting from Chinese history among the age-long succession of events those which would be most significant to the Occidental mind, is almost hopelessly difficult, but any selection would have value if the particular period were accurately and definitely described. Therefore, I shall not even attempt to quarrel with Professor Carter about the events that he has seen fit to enumerate. After all, if the mention of Mesopotamia, Egypt and Greece is entirely omitted from the European column, why quibble about anything that may be omitted from the Chinese column? But what I seriously object to is the repeated use in characterizing different periods of Chinese history of an outworn school-book vernacular about empires being "invigorated by new blood," and unexplained "rejuvenations" supposed to be the result of "outside influences." Again and again Professor Carter mechanically repeats the stereotyped phrases which are being constantly used in our Occidental text books on Chinese history or art and which mean literally nothing, when they are not definitely inaccurate.

The period of the Five Emperors, for example, is dismissed as purely legendary, and of the Hsia and Shang Dynasties "little is known except the names of kings," when, as a matter of fact, the Shu Ching, or Book of Chronicles (Bks 4, 6, 7-12), and the Shih Chi of Ssŭ-ma Ch'ien (Chaps. 2, 3) to say nothing of the innumerable quotations in all sorts of ancient works would supply enough material to fill a very large volume.

To say of the highly elaborated social structure of the Chou period that it corresponds to the dynasty of David in Israel is certainly meaningless. Nor was the country under the Chous divided, as Professor Carter states, after the rule of its founder, Wu-wang. The "golden-period," so-called, of the Chou dynasty, was under the later emperors, Ch'êng-

wang and K'ang-wang (1115-1053 B.C.) and the country was not really divided until 722 B.C.

The Han period fares no better. Under the Han emperors it is mentioned as an outstanding fact that literature "showed little originality and always looked back to the past"; and yet the famous Fu, or poetical-prose essay, was then perfected and three of the most famous forms of versification were introduced as well as many new styles in prose-writing.

But all this is pardonable in comparison with calling the Six Dynasties, that era between the third and sixth centuries, so momentous for China's whole future development, the "Dark Ages" and "a period of comparative silence," for there was probably more literary utterance of permanent significance to China during these years than at any other time. The period to be sure was filled with the din of arms, of heroic deeds, heroically sung, as well as of great compositions bewailing the fate of the war-torn country. At the same time it produced T'ao Yüan-ming, generally accepted as the greatest of Chinese poets; it defined the southern and northern styles in painting, and saw the birth of all the great art traditions; it was an age of mental freedom and creativeness, a period of original characters and magnificent literary compositions, a "romantic and poetical period" to quote the native scholars, that has dominated the Chinese imagination, Chinese behavior, and the entire gamut of their artistic production from that time down almost to the present day. Could Wang Hsi-chih, noted general, statesman, philosopher, calligraphist, poet and essayist ever have happened in any age that could be called "dark"? Mention must also be made of the "White Lotos Club," a group of sages who retired to the mountain fastnesses in order to retain their freedom of mind and to live an existence untrammelled by the rigorous social conventions. These men alone produced so many poems and essays of lasting value as to make a jest of any description of their period as being one of "literary silence."

Again, to use the words "Classical Renaissance" for the Sung period is entirely misleading, as it applies much more accurately to the anterior Han or to the Manchu period beginning with Kang-hsi. Under another column Professor Carter continues his somewhat contradictory description of the Sung dynasty by saying that it "closely approaches modern Europe in spirit." Which of the many modern Europes it is like, Professor Carter does not specify, but surely if the Sung period is to be compared with any moment in our development, it could only be with the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries which with their catholicity, their intellectualism, their still classic styles, much more nearly resemble the cultural atmosphere of the Chinese of Sung.

As for Professor Carter's column on art, it is so hazy and so inaccurate as to be unworthy of mention. Again he repeats mechanically some of the pet phrases of Occidental writers. I object especially to calling poor Ku K'ai-chih, whose name is so often taken in vain, the "father of Chinese painting," as there were half a dozen equally distinguished artists that antedate him, and to speak of Chinese sculpture when the reference quite obviously is only to Buddhist sculpture, is an error that no one should permit himself.

In the literary column my quarrels are many, but the outstanding crime lies in dismissing the "Book of Changes" as a "primitive book of divination." To describe in such a way the most elaborate and intricate cosmology which any civilization has ever evolved, is to misunderstand entirely the early thought and philosophy of China.

With no definite dates mentioned anywhere else it is difficult to understand why three dates should be inserted on the history of printing, especially as two of them can be questioned. The first printed book, for example, is dated 868 by Professor Carter, and yet Chinese authorities claim that the first mention of a printed book is in the writings of Liu Pin, the State Historian of T'ang, in his preface to his "Instructions for My Family," where he speaks of having seen a printed book for the first time in the year 883. The date of 953, which Professor Carter mentions for the printing of the Classics, is undoubtedly too late. The Shu Kingdom before its fall in 924 had already printed the Classics, for we read in the T'ang History that the T'ang king, Ming-tsung, ordered Li O, his academician, to have the Classics engraved "after the model of the Shu make." There is further evidence of the existence of printed books in the Shu Kingdom, for we also read that its Premier, Wu, gave millions of his own money for the establishment of schools, and for the printing of the nine Classics. In 932, moreover, the National Academy was instructed to bring out another printed edition of the nine Classics. In other words, there are at least two reliable dates before the one given by Professor Carter.

Another important error that must be mentioned is that of placing the "South-pointing Chariot," or compass, between the fifth and sixth centuries, whereas the great genius, scientist and inventor, Chang Hêng, is distinctly mentioned in the History of Early Sung (Bk. 18, p. 4) as having made

this "South-pointing Chariot" somewhere between 78 and 139 A.D. It may have existed even earlier as less reliable references to previous dates are found.

A more satisfying and more scholarly presentation of contemporary events in Occidental and Oriental history and art has already appeared in a "Synopsis of History with Special Reference to the Arts" by Mr. John E. Lodge, Curator at the Freer Gallery of Art, Smithsonian Institution. This publication is set up in much the same form as Professor Carter's but it is more detailed, the parallel facts are more salient because they are selected with a greater knowledge of the historical panorama, and each event is accompanied by an exact date. Mr. Lodge's outline gives the student a vivid and accurate presentation of comparative history, whereas Professor Carter only blurs the picture and at times actually distorts it. AGNES E. MEYER.

THE ART OF ETCHING. By E. S. LUMSDEN. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co., 1925.

A reviewer quite naturally uses the book he is reviewing as a sort of looking-glass in which he can gaze from a new angle at his own pet theories. And, unless he is a superman, the mirror instead of the theories is rather likely to get the praise or blame for the quality of the image. This reviewer certainly is no exception to that rule, if it is a rule. His pet theory is concerned with design in pictures (the word design being stretched to mean the structural unity and harmony assumed to belong to a symphony or a cathedral) and he confesses that he picked up the book with the design chip on his shoulder.

First, on running through the illustrations, of which a number reproduce the author's own etchings, the hasty verdict was—representative etcher—Whistler disciple with slight variations—the book, therefore, valuable only as a technical Baedeker. On reading the text, however, some interesting additional facts emerged. Mr. Lumsden, though he admits himself to be an emancipated follower, is "on" to Whistler—has taken off Pennell's rosy spectacles and sees him in much the same perspective as do those in whom a growing understanding of the intricacies of three dimensional design organization has exposed the esthetic poverty of "suggestive" copying. He sees the "master" at his best in his early plates such as "Annie L." and "La Mère Gerard" which has more of Rembrandt's "universal feeling for humanity." The author also says that Whistler developed along wrong lines, thus agreeing, apparently unknowingly, with

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Charles Marriott's similar but much more analytical conclusion ("Modern Movements in Painting," chapter on Whistler). Mr. Lumsden further states that Whistler's later suggestive method as in the Venice set, was "easy and artistic" but "if followed to its logical conclusion could only lead to chaos and confusion." Also he courageously takes bull Pennell by the horns and denies the latter's edict that Whistler's carelessness in printing proved him to be a great artist, by saying: "It proves nothing of the sort. It proves he was either lazy or a bad printer, and we know he wasn't lazy." Whereupon, having been so bold, he is seized with sudden panic for fear he may have offended someone, as he usually is after any adverse criticism, and naively "hopes no one will think he is trying to belittle Whistler's later work which has beauty even if no humanity."

He sees Rembrandt as the greatest etcher and recognizes that back of his humanity was a "thought-out composition" that greatly enriched the work, and that the lack of this planning knowledge is the weakness of Whistler and his imitators. He discusses at length the relative merits of the red-hot seizing of an action or accidental arrangement of light and shade from nature as compared to the more leisurely method of working from sketches in the studio, with his own vote for the latter course—again in spite of Pennell. But the whole book shows—his own work as well as his inclusions of other work and his comments on it—that his knowledge of the "thought-out composition" which he approves is only fragmentary. He has learned nothing, apparently, from cubism or any phase of the "modern movement," he approves the soundness of the present British etchers who have not been derailed by it, thinks Haden's "Agamemnon" one of the "greatest masterpieces of all etching," comments on the design of Benson (who is the only American etcher besides Pennell that he has heard of), McBey and Blampied. All of these conclusions, except the one on Rembrandt, are so at variance with those which my pet theory of the looking-glass allows me that I can only call the mirror supplied by Mr. Lumsden limited in vision. This decision is reached in spite of the fact that a necessary agreement with his appraisal of Pennell as a "pictorial reporter" of "dogmatic and partisan utterances" weighs heavily in the opposite scale. (Mr. Lumsden later soft-pedals this bold remark also with compensating praise.)

The first part of the book, by the way, is given to an elaborate and detailed statement of tools,

processes, materials, care of prints, paper, etc., all of which may be of use to the amateur etcher and is probably overvalued by the collector who thinks of art in terms of technique. Again from the writer's viewpoint, there are too many beginners and collectors who already know too much about the craft and too little about the art. That may be no valid reason for not printing it all again, but it does raise the question, "why?"

Part III is a boiled down history of etching and the last section on modern work calls Benson and Bauer "among the great etchers" and stresses Brangwyn, Forain, Augustus John, Percy Smith, C. R. W. Nevison, Laura Knight, John Everett, Muirhead Bone, Strang and Cameron. All of whom are British but two. The author gives no place to what is happening in France or Germany today though these two countries are the most prolific among the nations in significant work on copper. In other words a British reformed disciple of Whistler is looking in the "right" direction and giving a great amount of excellent information and advice which is strictly limited in its scope to the British horizon.

RALPH M. PEARSON.

STUDIES IN SEVEN ARTS. By ARTHUR SYMONS. New York: E. P. Dutton and Co. $3.50.

We do not know whether the poet dominates the critic in Arthur Symons, or the critic the poet, but this volume, as others of his we have read, makes it manifest that the poet impregnates the critic, converting what might, in another, be sterile judgment, into lovely, self-sufficient prose. The seven arts will contend vainly for the undivided allegiance of Symons, for he has given it to prose, serving the seven arts better than might seven men who considered exclusively the objects of their devotion and neglected their instruments of interpretation and communication. In Mr. Symons two beautiful qualities go hand in hand—an awareness of diverse beauties, in kind and degree, and a gloriously happy facility of communication.

He makes criticism, interpretation, a delight. It is sometimes in danger of becoming sensuous so that one may lose the thought in the expression, yet they who lose themselves in Symons rather than in that which Symons is interpreting—be it Whistler or Watts, Rodin or Cathedrals, Beethoven or Wagner—are in truth those who, parched by the conventional type of criticism, are slaking their thirst in a cool and fragrant oasis. That delight is a tribute to Symons and a reflection upon the harsh-



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ness, slovenliness and ugliness of contemporary critical writing. There is a beautiful aptness in his writings, or, if you are an enemy of Symons, you may say, a lulling flow of words which cannot deceive the cognoscenti. By and large, however, it must become evident that behind Mr. Symons's love of expression is a sincere desire to communicate the thought for the expression of which so much care is taken. What you cannot gainsay, be you friend or foe, subjectivist or objectivist in criticism, is that Symons communicates his personal delight through the channels of that impersonal thing called criticism.

In any other critic, excepting Huneker and such giants as Goethe and Wagner, any attempt to include the seven arts in his purview would smack of insolence, but Mr. Symons proves the justness of his claims to all of the provinces. He makes criticism almost an eighth art, the art of guidance (even guidance inherent in creating enthusiasms) without which so much in the major arts would remain, in the mind of the hearer and the beholder, unformed and unfinished. We know that, against his will, a guide may drive us away from the destination to which he is directing us, but Symons, on the contrary, instils in us the desire to approach at a more rapid pace, at the same time making us wish to linger upon his exposition, so rich and rare in itself.

"Studies in Seven Arts" is a revised and enlarged edition of a work which appeared during the early part of this century and contains thirteen new essays, among them being "Rembrandt," "From Stevens to Sargent," "A Decorator in Venice," "The Lesson of Millais," "Dutch Pictures," "Ideas of Richard Wagner." In this book are essays written before this reviewer was born and even the added essays were written so many years ago that one wonders by what accident or perversity the grace of book covers was so long withheld from them. And one wonders also why reproductions of paintings and examples of sculpture were not included in a book dealing largely with painting and sculpture.

Mr. Symons has written so extensively of prose and verse and literary movements elsewhere (as witness "William Blake," "Charles Baudelaire," "Studies in Elizabethan Drama," "Studies in Prose and Verse," "The Symbolist Movement in Literature" and "The Romantic Movement in English Poetry") that he has confined (sic!) himself in this volume to these seven (?) arts: "painting, sculpture, architecture, music, handicraft, the stage (in which I include drama, acting, pantomime, scenery,

costume and lighting), and, separate from these, dancing."

The critic perceives the objects of his study and of his enthusiasms clearly and whole. There is no echo of another in his writings, he does not "recall" anyone else. He strikes off his observations with a pithiness that is almost matchless—a poet's pithiness. To us, a subject may be vast, a personality too baffling for resolution, yet Mr. Symons, in his first sentences, makes evident so sure a grasp (with whatever travail arrived at) that they constitute, to us anyway, a provocative invitation to enter into the body of the essay.

Thus, in "Cathedrals": "I can never realize that Cologne Cathedral was meant to be Catholic, or was built for a nation then Catholic. It has the chilliness of Protestantism, all the colour scraped off the visible world; an inspiration, undoubtedly, but towards a colourless height in Heaven." Thus, of Beethoven: "The foundation of Beethoven's art is . . . a great innocence. It is the unconscious innocence of the child and the instructed innocence of the saint." Thus, of Duse, of whom he writes with beautiful understanding throughout: "Eleanora Duse is a great artist, the type of the artist, and it is only by accident that she is an actress. Circumstances having made her an actress, she is the greatest of living actresses; [this was written before her death] she would have been equally great in any other art. She is an actress through being the antithesis of the actress," and thus, in "Pantomime and the Poetic Drama," one of the best of the brief essays: "Pantomime is thinking overheard. It begins and ends before words have formed themselves, in a deeper consciousness than that of speech. And it addresses itself by the artful limitations of its craft, to universal human experience, knowing that the moment it departs from those broad lines it will become unintelligible." Is that not pat and clear and luminous?

"The World as Ballet," another short essay, is as brilliant and charged with definitions: "The dance is life, animal life having its own way passionately. Part of the natural madness which men were once wise enough to include in religion, began with the worship of the disturbing deities, the gods of ecstasy, for whom wantonness and wine, and all things in which energy passes into an ideal excess, were sacred. It was cast out of religion when religion cast out nature, for, like nature itself, it is a thing of evil to those who renounce instincts." But this quotation from the fine essay on Raphael and we shall "end quotes." "His [Raphael's]

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genius for the perfect achievement of what is normal, which saves him from error or eccentricity, and also from ecstasy, can be carried, at times, so far that it seems to create with the 'effortless energy of an archangel' faultless beings, who have the tranquillity of statues and their untroubled continuance."

These quotations barely skim the surface. It would be difficult—even if desirable—within the limits of a review to attempt to exhaust the possibilities of pleasure inherent in the reading of a critic so aware in perceptions, so gifted in expression. By these quotations, however, one may justly test Symons. There are, for instance, his descriptions of Whistler as man and of Duse, as woman, which bring "Studies in Seven Arts" outside the pale of confined criticism into the open air of humanity. I cannot resist quoting this description of Whistler:

> I never saw anyone so feverishly alive as this little, old man, with his bright, withered cheeks, over which the skin was drawn tightly, his darting eyes under their prickly bushes of eyebrow, his fantastically creased black and white curls of hair, his bitter and subtle mouth, and, above all, his exquisite hands, never at rest.

For me, this recreates the man.

Harry Salpeter.

A LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Mr. Curtis B. Camp, President of the Chicago Galleries Association, Replies to The Arts

To the Editor of The Arts:

I have read your criticism of the Chicago Galleries Association in the November issue of The Arts, and as a result I enclose my check for $5.00 subscription to The Arts magazine to begin with the December number.

Constructive criticism will do more for the Chicago Galleries Association, and destructive criticism more to it, than anything else. That is, you have it very largely in your power as an art critic, and through the columns of your magazine, by ridicule, to retard the usefulness of the Association, or if you choose, by constructive criticism to assist us in our efforts to do something useful and constructive. And as you recognize, ridicule is the most destructive of weapons, and I think also the most cowardly. From a sportsman's standpoint, it is like shooting the rabbit sitting.

I am reminded of Mark Twain's comment when he says:

"Take the ass for instance. He is the embodiment of all Christian virtues, meekness, gentleness, patience, etc., but see what ridicule has brought him to. Nowadays when we call a man an ass, instead of feeling complimented, he is left in doubt."

If I could have an opportunity to talk to you across the table for a few minutes, I am sure I could satisfy you that it was a desirable thing in organizing the Galleries to promise our laymen good pictures for their money, and I think I could satisfy you that the statement that we have a group of the best artists in the world in the Middle West and Western States was also a good statement to put in our prospectus. Your own picture of the Chicago Collector shows that he sorely needs somebody with courage enough to tell him this, and to keep on telling it to him. But these are non-essentials. What has it got to do with the thing we are trying to accomplish, if we did make this statement about our artists to the public? Some of the young artists we are both anxious to assist may prove it some day.

But coming now to essentials, we have this organization backed by thirty of the best business men and art lovers in Chicago as Trustees, and at the present time by one hundred and twenty-five laymen of equal standing. We have one of the best locations in Chicago, of which I enclose a layout, and upon which we have taken a six-year lease. We have a Circulating Department, of which I enclose a folder, that has wonderful possibilities as an art missionary and educator. In short, we have the machinery for doing big things in the Central and Western States, which if successful, may lead to similar movements in other parts of the country. The movement is big enough in possibilities to merit the cooperation of us all.

And I want to assure you that the Chicago Galleries Association will not be dominated or controlled by the Art Institute, the Friends of American Art, the Arts Club, or by any other organization or group. It has no ax to grind and no commitments to any one, and its Board of Trustees are interested in operating along the constructive lines that you have pointed out. That is, we want to help the young artist of ability who has not yet arrived, more than we want to help the skilled craftsman who has arrived, and if you will send me the names of any of the young artists you refer to who have ability, I am looking for them to invite them to become members of the Association.

But there is one essential point in your article in which you have misrepresented the Galleries, and through which you have probably done some harm to the institution. I refer to your comments on the Jury System, page 224, beginning with the fourth paragraph from the bottom, et seq. You criticise us for doing the thing that we were particularly careful not to do, and that we have avoided doing, as shown by a number of statements in our prospectus. See page 10, Paragraphs 3 and 4, and Paragraph 2, page 19, all of which specifically state that the pictures are selected by the lay members. And see also "Distribution of Works of Art to Lay Members," pages 16 to 18. These references make it very clear that under our plan the Jury does not first award the prizes, and the laymen then select

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their pictures from among those selected for prize awards by the Jury, which you assume, but just the reverse of this. The laymen first select the twenty-five pictures that they want from each show (which is in accordance with your theory of letting the public buy or choose the kind of art they want), and then the jury *must* award the prizes to these pictures that have been thus selected by the lay members. The plan makes it very clear that the Jury is there only to advise with the lay members in case they want advice in making their choice of these twenty-five pictures, but not to *choose* them, and award the prizes after the pictures are chosen. See specifically paragraph top of page 18.

We do not therefore follow "the jury system," as you say, and history does not have to have a "violent change" as you suggest, nor any change at all for this plan to work. The Jury for *selecting* these prize pictures are our lay members, and the Jury of experts *must* award the prizes to the pictures thus selected.

It is necessary to have the prize, because when we take a picture of an artist for one of our lay members we must and should give him something for it, and this we do by giving him a consideration consisting of part cash and part honor for having had his picture selected by a layman in a competitive exhibition. Your comments upon this essential point show a misapprehension of the plan, which I am at a loss to understand in view of the plain and definite statements of the prospectus.

I cannot just appreciate your statement that we should turn the management of the Chicago Galleries Association over to "some young artist." If the artists were capable of managing this institution they would have done something of this kind for themselves long ago. The fact is that artists very seldom agree among themselves upon questions of art, its sale or its handling.

The Circulating Department, like the main department of the Galleries, will have examples of so-called conservative as well as modern art. But you know it is the kind that some critics would call merely good craftsmanship, that is more apt to appeal to the uninitiated, and it is not until after they have grown into, through and out of this kind of art that they are able to appreciate the portrait that has a potato for an ear or a triangular face with no nose. In other words, the appreciation of art is a slow growth, but we have in the Circulating Department a vehicle that will put the kind of art they want initially in their homes and keep it moving so that the educational process may work. And when we sell a picture from the Circulating Department, we benefit the purchaser much more than we do the artist, because if the picture is only of the skilled craftsman type, it means that that purchaser has started along lines that will lead upward in his art education and appreciation.

With kind regards, I am

Very truly yours,

CURTIS B. CAMP.

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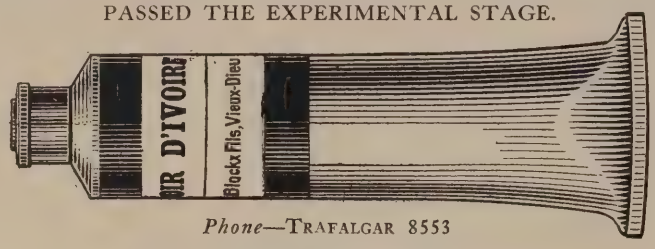
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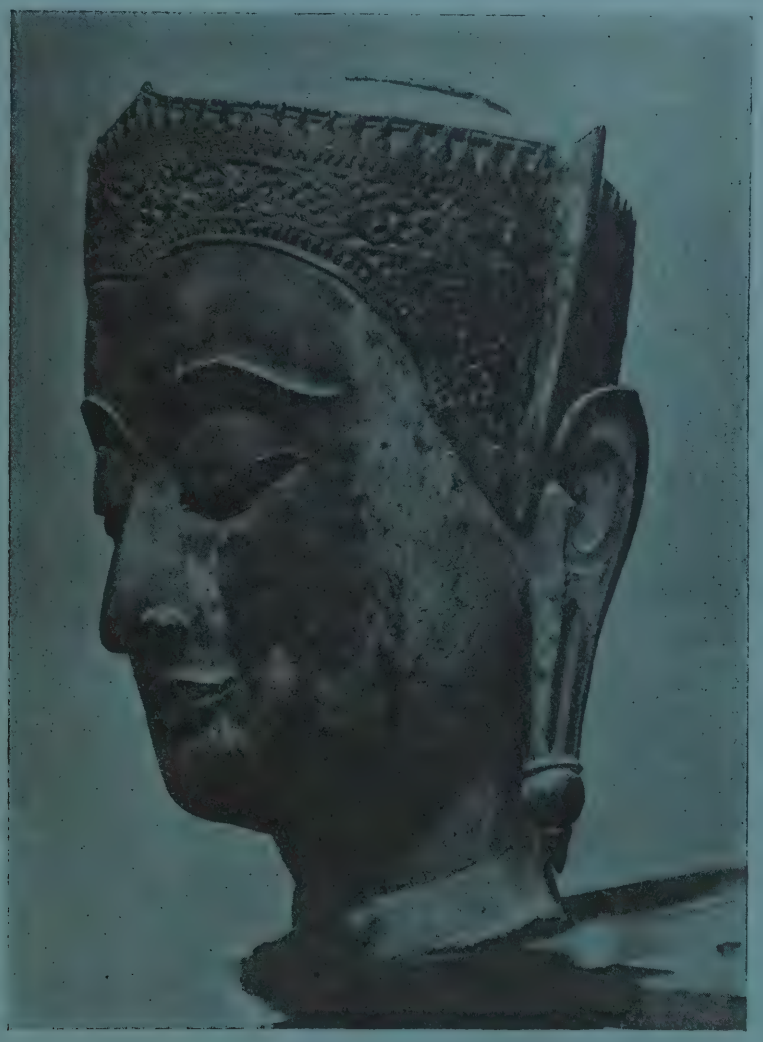
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CONTENTS

PAGE

FRONTISPIECE: FIGURE PAINTING *Pablo Picasso* 60

EDITORIAL 61

ADVENTURES IN MUSEUM BUYING *Eric Brown* 63

STRAVINSKY'S "NOCES VILLAGEOISES" *Alfredo Casella* 73

THE JOHN QUINN COLLECTION—III *Forbes Watson* 77

KHMER AND SIAMESE SCULPTURE 93

NEW YORK EXHIBITIONS *L. G. and F. W.* 97

PARIS LETTER *Jacques Mauny* 107

BOSTON NOTES *Harley Perkins* 109

BOOKS—

THE PRACTICAL BOOK OF TAPESTRIES (By George Leland Hunter) .. *Frances Morris* 110

WILLIAM BLAKE IN THIS WORLD (By Harold Bruce) *H. E. Schnakenberg* 113

ETCHERS AND ETCHING (By Joseph Pennell) *Wm. M. Ivins, Jr.* 115

JOHN S. SARGENT (By William Howe Downes) *L. G.* 115

THE PICTURE GALLERY OF THE VIENNA ART MUSEUM (By Gustav Glück) 117

CONFESSIONS OF A DEALER (By Thomas Rohan) 117

A LETTER TO THE EDITOR 117

CONTRIBUTORS

ERIC BROWN is Director of the National Gallery of Canada at Ottawa. An article by him on painting methods and the preservation of paintings, a subject on which he is an authority, will appear in a later issue of THE ARTS.

ALFREDO CASELLA is a distinguished pianist and a writer on music for the leading French and Italian publications. He is the founder of the *Corporatione delle Musiche Nuove* of Rome, the Italian section of the International Society for Contemporary Music.

WM. M. IVINS, JR., is Curator of Prints at the Metropolitan Museum of Art and has contributed articles on the graphic arts and on questions of æsthetics to THE ARTS.

HARLEY PERKINS is art critic of *The Boston Transcript* and also writes from his own experience as a painter. He has done notable work as Chairman of the Exhibition Committee of the Boston Art Club.

JACQUES MAUNY is one of the younger French painters and has contributed articles to the leading French art magazines.

FRANCES MORRIS is Associate Curator of Decorative Arts at the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

H. E. SCHNAKENBERG is well known to readers of THE ARTS not only as a prominent artist, but as a sympathetic writer on artistic subjects.

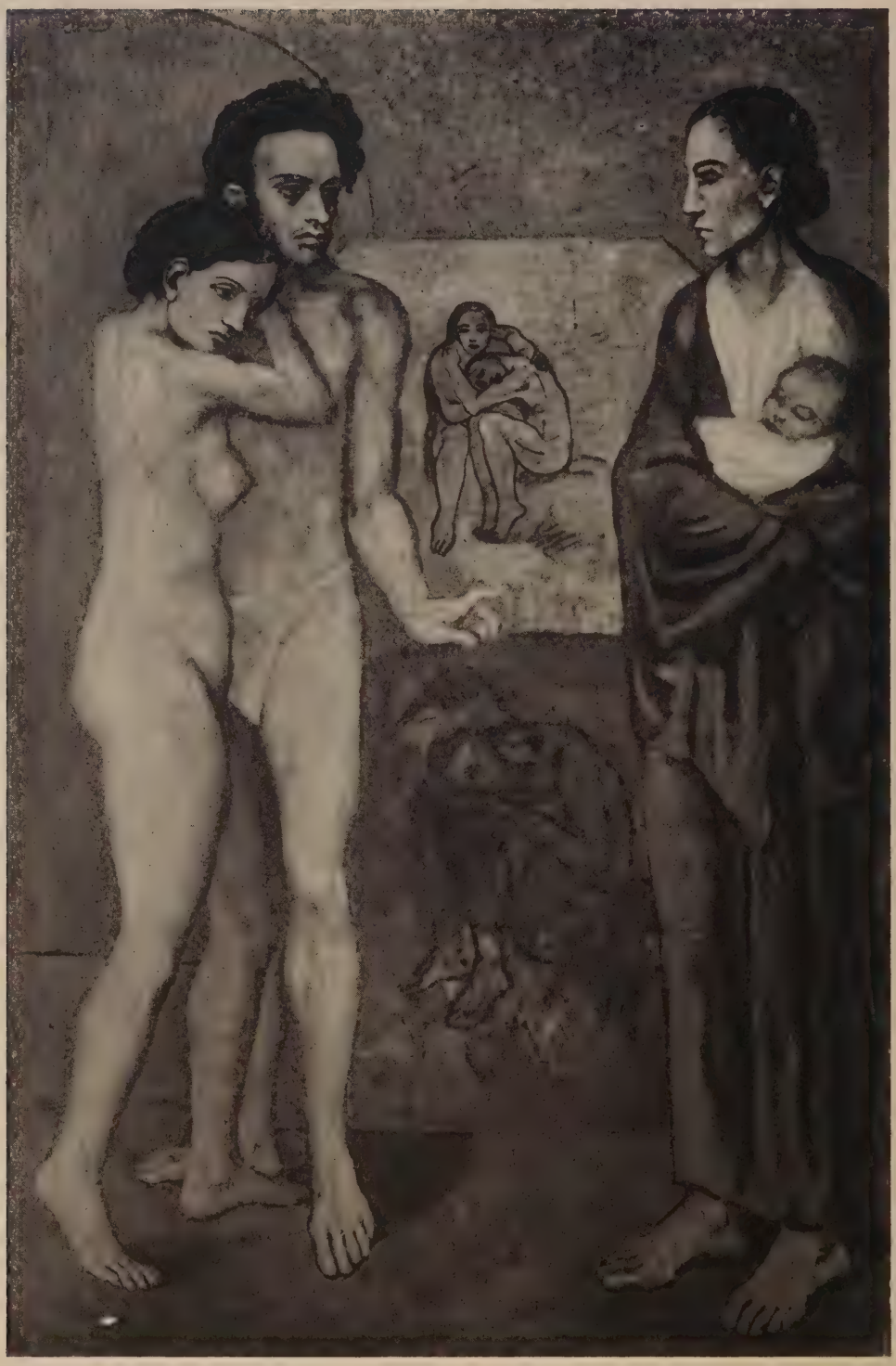


FIGURE PAINTING PABLO PICASSO

Courtesy of the Thannhauser Galleries, Lucerne and Munich

THE ARTS

VOLUME IX FEBRUARY, 1926 NUMBER 2

THE exhibition of paintings and sculpture belonging to the late John Quinn which closed at the Art Center in New York January 30th, again made it evident that something must be done about the word modern or soon no two people will use it with the same meaning. At best a loose word, it has a miserable way of insinuating itself into the manuscripts of writers upon contemporary art just because it is such a disreputably convenient term.

When it is used indiscriminately to include works of today and works of the last generation as it was so often in the reviews of the John Quinn collection, particularly in those of the academic critics, the word becomes too vague to be useful. One of our most dogmatic conservatives wrote in horrid anger about paintings purchased by Mr. Quinn almost 15 years ago, and in some cases created by their authors 5 years before Mr. Quinn saw them, as if these pictures had been painted yesterday.

It is quite common for the academically minded to discuss works that are fully a quarter of a century old as if the paint on them had hardly dried. One academic critic, referring with breezy antipathy to the dissonance and modernism of Mr. Quinn's collection, included by implication among the grievously modern works Seurat's Circus, which the collector bequeathed to the Louvre. Yet Seurat was born in 1859 and died in 1891, and the Circus will soon be 40 years of age. In one sense of the word modern, Seurat is modern, just as everything this side of the Middle Ages may be called modern, if the perspective established is sufficiently distant; but once the word is narrowed to define the immediate revolution of today, how can it also be used as a term of reproach to include such an accepted figure as Seurat, whose work to contemporary eyes certainly looks far from revolutionary.

One of the paintings by Cézanne in Mr. Quinn's collection was painted 52 years ago, and turning to the younger men like Picasso and Matisse, our good conservative critics railed against pictures by them in the Quinn collection which were painted, as I have said, 15 or 20 years ago, and which to anyone at all in sympathy with contemporary thought have long since ceased to have a radical appearance.

Perhaps the reason why so many writers on art, who are devoted to the academic, have such vague notions about the history of what they call modern art is due in part to the dilatory tactics of our museums in acquiring contemporary art that is genuinely representative of the best work being done. One can really gather from the pictures owned by the Metropolitan Museum and painted within the past 100 years, only a most partial conception of the history of art during the past 100 years, and for the most part, in the other museums throughout the country, many of whom imitate the policy of the Metropolitan and follow its lead, the gaps in the history of European painting between 1826 and 1926 are still greater.

The official academic critics are hurting the academic cause by their ignorance of contemporary art. It seems as if the museums, if only for the sake of the Academy, might do something about educating their own pet critics.

FORBES WATSON



PORTRAIT OF A MAN IN BLACK MORONI

ADVENTURES IN MUSEUM BUYING

By Eric Brown

Director of the National Gallery of Canada

NOWADAYS when limitless private fortunes and a rapidly growing number of public institutions are bidding fast and furiously, if not always intelligently, for the great art of the world, it has become impossible any longer to specialize, at any rate in the products of the past.

The art gallery of modest means and few benefactors might as well cry for the moon as to say "I will have the best of this or that school," even comparatively recent ones, and then proceed to concentrate on its acquisition. The museum which wants to build up a sound and comprehensive collection of the art of the ages—and this is still a feasible thing to do, if one is content with the less spectacular—must take its chances as they come from anywhere and everywhere and be properly grateful, in fact wildly jubilant, whenever anything of first quality and comparatively low price "swims within its ken." In spite of the terrible temptation offered by some masterpiece of the ages, it does not pay to burden a small annual grant with a purchase which takes fifty to seventy-five per cent. of the whole; even if it can be spread over more than one year, the number of opportunities lost in the interim are too great to make it worth while, unless a row of benefactors stands ready to make up the deficiency.

The drift of great art to America today is enormous and the increase of prices in the process is enormous too, and while private collectors in the western world may hold a quantity of first rate art in fluidity for a time, sooner or later public spirit steps in, the local or national museum inherits and that is the end—except, of course, for the museum.

The National Gallery of Canada has always been in the economic condition that I have described. Its grants have always been modest and its benefactors very few and far between and yet it has been able to build up a collection of pictures not large in number, but admittedly high in quality, at prices which, while they would no doubt make the artistic Croesus smile superciliously, would, I believe, frequently make his less opulent competitors green with envy. It would, therefore, perhaps be not uninteresting to make a rapid survey of a couple of years' purchases for this Canadian gallery and to note their diversity.

Where to start is not a very easy matter to decide. Perhaps it would be as well to take the Italian pictures first and work north into Flanders and end in Elizabethan England.

Of the Italian pictures, undoubtedly the most important is the large nine by eight feet "Christ with Angels" by Paolo Veronese. Apart from its artistic significance, which is great, its acquisition was something of an adventure with exciting periods and a happy ending, which is far from always being the case where the quest is a picture, particularly an old master.

The picture, as it now exists, is the central part of a large composition, probably an altar piece, as two other portions, including saints and donors, neither of which fits directly on the Canadian portion, are in the possession of the National Gallery of Scotland and the Dulwich Gallery. The irregularity of the oval top too is curious and must have resulted from the shape of the original space, as the original line of nail holes which fastened it to its stretcher runs continuously round it. It had been evened up by some past restorer but the repaint was more offensive than an unbalanced spandrel, so it was removed to the great improvement of the picture.

The work is of Veronese's earlier years and is ascribed entirely to his own hand, a particularly interesting quality, in view of the enormous productions, both numerically and physically, of his later years. Canvas must have been scarce and small of weave for no less than nine pieces are joined to make the whole picture, a fact which did not add to the enjoyment of relining it.

The remarkable ingenuity and facility of its composition, its powerful draughtsman-



PORTRAIT OF A GENTLEMAN SEBASTIANO DEL PIOMBO



CHRIST WITH ANGELS VERONESE

ship, and the range and splendour of its color, stamp it as an unusually interesting example of the artist's work and of the so-called religious painting of the Venetian Renaissance at its most opulent and irreligious period.

The adventure of its acquisition lay in the fact that it was supposed to have been ruined with salt water and was thus secured for a song. In reality, it was not seriously damaged and today it is probably in better condition in respect to solidity and brilliancy of pigment and certainly in respect to its chances of permanency than it has been at any time since a generation after it was painted. This was a case where the genuine and rare restorer knew what to do and the National Gallery was fortunate to possess his services.

Not very far away from Venice is Bergamo and there Giambattista Moroni was born and lived his quiet sixteenth century life and painted his incomparable portraits without knowing much of either fame or fortune, unless Titian's reputed advice to prospective Bergamese sitters to go back home and have their portraits painted by one of the greatest artists in Italy, one Moroni, can be construed as such. He knew little of the Venetian sumptuousness of color either, and his portraits are remarkable for extreme economy of means, simple design, powerful

characterization and the utmost restraint of utterance.

The "Portrait of a Man in Black" is not one which has ever been very well known to the public, although great artists of such totally dissimilar tastes as Sir John Millais and Sir Edward Poynter, both Presidents of the Royal Academy, were loud in their praises of it and the former tried hard to buy it. It comes from the Lord Wimborne and Manfrini collection and figured in an Old Master Exhibition at the Royal Academy in 1881. Judicious cleaning and proper treatment have revealed a most powerful and fascinating example of the artist's work, worthy to hang, as it did last year, beside "The Tailor" and "The Lawyer" in the National Gallery in London and losing nothing by the comparison. The picture is practically colorless, as moderns count color: black, white, yellow ochre, a hint of carmine and a trace of green in the background and the wizardry of genius to do the rest.

Moroni is a rare painter nowadays. Besides two full length portraits at Bergamo, a "Scholar" at the Louvre, the so-called "Titian's Schoolmaster" in the Widener collection and a few others, notably those in the Metropolitan Museum in New York, he is perhaps best studied at the National Gallery in London where "The Tailor" and "The Lawyer" and the full length "Nobleman in Armour" have brought him immortality.

In Venice also, but fifty years or so earlier, painted Sebastiano Luciani, called Fra Sebastiano del Piombo after his sinecure as Keeper of the Papal Seals. He was a person of influence, but what was most rare, a great painter to boot. Starting in the Bellini



BAPTISM OF CHRIST *Attributed to* BENEDETTO DA CASTIGLIONE



HEAD OF AN OLD WOMAN RUBENS

workshop, leaving it for the admiration of Cima, forgetting Cima in adoration of the great Giorgione, his fellow student, he finally, after a stay in Rome following Giorgione's death, flung himself at the feet of the great Florentine Michelangelo and stayed there to collaborate with him in rivalry of Raphael in his "Raising of Lazarus," now in the London National Gallery.

As a portrait painter, Sebastiano was an undoubted genius and individualist, the greatest rival to Raphael, his contemporary, to whom for a time ignorance attributed many of his finest works. The "Portrait of a Man," recently acquired for Canada, is a comparatively early work and obviously of the Venetian period, when color was color and Giorgione was his ideal. The picture is in tempera on wood panel, now reduced to a minimum and cemented on to an aluminum plate in order to stand the extreme dryness of our winter atmosphere.

Its characterization of the full-fleshed and self-conscious gentleman who seems to have just realized the social obligation of preserving his facial lineaments for posterity, is masterly, and the Giorgionesque landscape

seen through the window is wholly characteristic and delightful. The color is somewhat hot, as in most of his work of this period, but without varnish, as it is now, the brushwork is as fresh and brilliant as the day it was done. The picture came from the Royal collection of Hanover at its recent dispersal.

It is so exceedingly rare that any of the pictures brought into an art gallery by the casual owner ever turns out to possess the least possible value, as I am sure any director will testify, that a really interesting picture acquired in this way is something of an event and improves one's faith in mankind. A small, obviously seventeenth century Italian picture, a "Baptism of Christ," was a recent example of this. It had certainly been through a fire, it was flapping loose from its stretcher and stained with the neglect of ages, but its few undiscolored parts gave promise of something more interesting than usual, and the promise was more than fulfilled, for like the Veronese it turned out to be sound enough underneath, a magnificent tribute to the craftsmanship of the good old artistic days, and today it hangs on the walls a brilliant and well composed picture, quite possibly by the Genoese Benedetto da Castiglione (1616-1670), who painted figures with landscapes and animals and was one of the brightest lights of a generation to which Tiepolo owes a good deal of his most solid qualities.

The tale must turn north. Flanders laid the foundation of the English school and there were few greater in its late fifteenth and early sixteenth centuries than Jan Gossaert, called Mabuse; in fact with Quentin Matsys he fairly shares the pinnacle of it. Mabuse went to Italy and, according to gossip, if not scandal, was one of the first to bring to Flanders the habit, then supposed to be peculiar to Italy, of "painting nudities." Whether he could justly claim that honour or not, he certainly painted the nude. His work partakes abundantly of Italian breadth of style and since he never lost his exquisite Flemish finish and perception of character, the combination brought him nothing but a blessing. This particular "Portrait of a Man Wearing the Collar of the Golden Fleece" came quite recently from a private collection and for a time certain qualities in the painting of the head, which seems to be worked in a different form of tempera from the rest, suggested the French Clouet school; but the pronounced Mabuse-like characteristics in the painting of the hands have definitely ascribed it and have shown it to be an extremely vivid and fine example of his portraiture.

Rubens, either as a decorator, a subject or a portrait painter needs no comment, but the class in which this particular "Portrait of an Old Woman," acquired this year, must be placed, is sufficiently limited to give it something of a special place, even in his enormous volume of work. It is obviously an example of his most free and intimate manner of studying a model who was later to appear in his important compositions. Probably the portrait of an old servant, the head appears in many of his pictures, notably at the tail of the disreputable procession in "The Triumph of Silenus" at the National Gallery. There is an entire absence of any striving for effect in this picture. The head, thinly painted on a wood panel, is studied for knowledge alone and possesses a directness and revelation of his method which is seldom so visible in his more pretentious work.

Technically it is marvelous for its fluidity of brushwork, the transparence of its shadows and the ability to see right into the heart of the facts of construction and character. It is amusing to wonder if the respectable old dame ever saw herself rioting in the retinue of Silenus and his satyrs and whether she viewed it with horror or equanimity.

Until quite recently there was a complete mystery about those excellent portraits very much in the Holbein manner which continued to be painted in England for a generation or more after that artist's death, and it was not until Mr. Lionel Cust's investigations, which were published in the Walpole Society's publications in 1912-13, that the mystery was by way of being solved and a new and remarkable painter rescued from anonymity or at least obscurity.

Mr. Cust's discovery was that the "HE" monogram with which certain of these portraits were signed was undoubtedly the monogram of Hans Eworth, Hauance Eyworth or even Ewottes and other phonetic variants.



MARY NEVILL, BARONESS DACRE HANS EWORTH



PORTRAIT OF A MAN — JAN GOSSAERT, *called* MABUSE

who arrived in England from Antwerp in 1543, the year of Holbein's death, and continued to paint portraits of nobility and gentry very much in Holbein's manner and with all the precision and insight into character which were the Flemish heritage.

The subject of the portrait is obviously such a character that it is interesting to know that she was the daughter of George, Lord Abergavenny, a still flourishing English family, and was married the first of three times to an unfortunate person, one Thomas Fiennes, ninth Lord Dacre, who was born in 1517 and whose only claim to fame was his hanging at Tyburn very soon after his marriage on the very doubtful evidence, backed by some malice on the part of Henry VIII, of having been concerned in a poaching affray which ended in the death of a gamekeeper—which goes to show that the classes were not absolutely triumphant even in sixteenth century England. Not the least interesting part of the picture is the inset miniature of this poaching husband which is all that now remains of a lost portrait by Holbein.

The portrait of Mary Nevill is generally conceded to mark Hans Eworth's highest achievement and certainly in its rendering of character and in its beauty of detail it reaches a high place in sixteenth century Flemish-English portraiture.

If I have not left the best until the last, I have certainly left something very good. Anthonis Mor, as he was christened at Utrecht, to become Antonio Moro in Spain, where he went to paint the portrait of Philip II, and Sir Anthony More when Queen Mary knighted him in England, was one of the greatest Flemish painters of the period just prior to the struggle of the Netherlands which ended in the overthrow of the Spanish yoke. Jan van Scorel was his master but the latter's influence was negligible and it was not long before his art was individual and mature enough to make him the painter of kings and queens and the intimate of all the great in the land.

Cardinal Granvelle, the subject of one of his finest portraits, introduced him to his royal master in Spain and there, so the story runs, he came within an ace of disaster by rapping or smearing the august hand with his brush when it became too intimate with his painting arm during a sitting. Perhaps he was advised to leave; certainly he departed to England in order to paint Queen Mary for her Spanish fiancé Philip, and never returned, staying in London year after year to paint the grandees of England, finally returning to Flanders with a record of portraits numbering half the great personages of his day.

There was no doubt about his fame while he lived, even though Holbein was in London too and his own work was apt to be uneven at times. He painted Sir Thomas Gresham several times, magnificently in this picture and in one at the Petrograd Hermitage and not so well at the London National Portrait Gallery; and there are still others privately owned.

There is no boasting in saying that this particular portrait is among his very best, among his three or four best the connoisseurs have said. It possesses extraordinary penetration of character, breadth of design and economy of means. The freedom of arrangement and dignity of manner show what he had learnt from Titian in Spain, even if the Venetian magnificence of color is not attempted. There is no portrait in the National Gallery by Sir Anthony More except a small head of very fair quality and the exhibition of this portrait in the same room with it last year created great interest and suggested a serious gap.

Sir Thomas Gresham bulks large in Elizabethan history. He was confidential adviser in turn to Henry VIII, Mary, and Elizabeth, and was knighted by the last. He was Henry's special agent in Antwerp for a number of years. He founded the London Royal Exchange and was honoured as one of the greatest merchant princes of his spacious times, bold, shrewd and honest withal, as his face suggests, and since he holds one in his hand, perhaps at the moment interested in oranges which had been introduced into England about that time.

What is more interesting than the history of painting unless it is the painting of history? The sitters live by the artist and the artist lives through his sitters, and we learn by both.



SIR THOMAS GRESHAM SIR ANTHONY MORE

STRAVINSKY'S "NOCES VILLAGEOISES"

By Alfredo Casella

THIS remarkable work which the International Composer's Guild of New York is preparing to present to the American public this winter for the first time, was conceived about the same time as the "Sacre du Printemps," that is to say, about 1912 or 1913. But it did not attain its final and actual form until 1917. Stravinsky made the most radical changes in the score between its conception and its completion. The "Noces Villageoises" (which is now called simply "Les Noces") was first planned for an orchestra and chorus, but when, after "The Nightingale" (1914), Stravinsky deliberately gave up the use of a large orchestra and confined himself to a chamber orchestra, the problem of the form of "Les Noces"—a work whose character and scenic largeness could not be accommodated to an orchestra of smaller size—became extremely difficult to solve. But the mark of a man of genius is to know how, when he finds himself in a dilemma, to find some way out which no one else would have been able to discover. And it was thus that, no longer wishing to use a large orchestra and not being able on the other hand to use a chamber orchestra, Stravinsky solved the problem of "Les Noces" by doing away with both, and re-writing the entire score for chorus, solo voices, four pianos and percussion instruments. We shall see shortly how this was possible, and what was the technique and the character of this disconcerting — and yet perfect — creation in sound.

"Les Noces" (subtitled "scenes chorégraphiques russes avec chant et musique") is divided into four scenes: The Bride's Home; The Bridegroom's Home; The Bride's Departure; The Wedding Feast. The work might also be sub-titled "ballet-cantata." The poetic text was composed by Stravinsky himself under the inspiration of the Russian folk style. It must be said that, as in most of the other vocal works of the same composer, the words have very little importance in relation to the action, having chiefly a purely phonetic function (in reality rather analogous to that of the bad poetry of



IGOR STRAVINSKY

the librettos of eighty or a hundred years ago).

In the same way as the "Sacre du Printemps," "Les Noces" is inspired by the most ancient Russian rites. In the former, these rites are agricultural; primitive men celebrate the return of spring, and the joy of nature in the springtime fires the spirit of prehistoric mankind. One can describe this drama as "biological," for its true scenic action results from the fixed phenomena of nature and not from man. In "Les Noces," this same humanity celebrates other rites, those of marriage. One might say that in the second drama, man sings instead of nature. But both works have one striking feature in

common, which is that the humanity which takes part in the action is essentially undefined, collective, and gregarious. Like the venerable Sage, the Ancestors, or the Chosen Virgin of "Sacre du Printemps," the Fathers, the Mothers, the Bride, and the Bridegroom of "Les Noces" are essentially abstract, nameless and symbolic types. It is not necessary to point out how much this theatrical conception is opposed to romantic æsthetics, which are invariably based upon



NOCES *Drawing by* N. GONTCHAROVA

the individuality of the personage represented and on the emotion resulting from the quality of the feelings allotted by the author to this same personage.

The action of "Les Noces" is of the most simple kind. One could almost say that nothing happens on the stage during the drama. But the constantly shifting life of the crowd creates a dynamic background of high intensity, much like that which animates the swarming canvases of Peter Brueghel. Against this background the real drama is played—the double drama of all weddings: that of the old parents, whose existence reaches its real end that night; and that of the young husband and wife, to whom, on the other hand, life opens up all its agonizing mystery. The beauty of this poetical conception has few equals in the history of the theatre of all ages. And it is impossible, in simple words, to tell what nobility, what depths, what heights are reached by many of the pages of this music, such as for example the lamentations of the two mothers which end the third scene, or the admirable, lighthearted song of the baritones, with which the work closes in an atmosphere of gentleness and serenity—pages unequalled in any other dramatic work. We are indeed far from the romantic or veristic "love duet." Whereas in the operas of the past century the audience was invited even to enter the lovers' room and to be present at their lovemaking, in "Les Noces" the door of the nuptial chamber closes modestly after the couple, and the music then seems to fade away gently into the infinite mystery of nature and of all things.

I have already said that "Les Noces" should be called a ballet-cantata. The animating principle of the work is indeed based on the coexistence of a purely mimic element on the stage, and a purely musical element in the usual place of the orchestra. This dramatic conception is not entirely new. It has already been tried out for certain performances such as, for example, that of Rimsky-Korsakov's "Coq d'Or," by the Diaghilef ballet in 1912. But in that case it was a question of the application of a new principle to an old opera, which was absolutely different from "Les Noces," where the singing is almost constantly collective and does not express any precise action. It is necessary to go far back into the history of music to discover a precedent for Stravinsky's work, and one finds it in the extraordinary *commedia harmonica* of Orazio Vecchi, "Amfiparnaso," dated 1594. In this astonishing work the chorus, placed at the back or the sides of the scene, commented on or described the mimic action which took place on the stage, just as in Stravinsky's ballet. It is indeed curious to observe that the same æsthetic idea sometimes has to wait long centuries before being taken up again and developed by another creator.

"Les Noces" is essentially a vocal work. The chorus, from which solo voices sometimes emerge, sings from beginning to end without stopping. The choral polyphony is

conceived in a typically Russian style, that is to say it partakes at the same time of the character of orthodox religious singing and of the national folk melody. Although counterpoint is constantly used—and by the hand of a master—in this choral writing the impression which one receives is rather that of *monody,* owing to the simplicity of the final effect. The pianos and the percussion instruments scan the singing rhythmically, the former adding to the voices a tone which is primarily metallic, and the percussion instruments adding on the other hand more colorful tones to the polyphonic background. Harmony seems almost absent from the work; not that it does not exist, but the manner in which it is conceived subordinates it to such an extent to the melody of the voices and to the rhythmic dynamism of the pianos and the percussion instruments, that the work seems to be almost exclusively composed of melody and rhythm. Everyone knows the prodigious creative genius of Stravinsky in the domain of rhythm. A critic once said that he was the only person in the world who could write a "rhythmic symphony" for the whistles and the steam-hammers of a modern industrial city. This vision will perhaps be realized some day by the composer of "Sacre du Printemps." In any case, it is enough, for the greatness of his name, to have suggested to us, at the beginning of this "century of the machine," the foretaste of such music.

Just as in the other theatrical works of Stravinsky, music reigns here as a proud autocrat. It does not deign to comment on a given action, but itself creates this action. Stravinsky's music is anything but anecdotal; on the contrary it is essentially constructive. It proceeds from nothing but itself, and has no ends except those which are purely musical. The cold and lucid and always active will of the Russian master seems to some to be the negation of lyricism. And in fact it is the negation of romantic subjectivism. But, after all, this question of the original emotion of the creator is of rather slight importance. Before the beauty of "Les Noces," before the human emotion which this splendid spectacle radiates, it is of little moment to know whether or not Stravinsky was moved at the moment of creation. Before a beautiful building, it does not occur to anyone to ask himself such a question concerning the architect. Also it is about time to stop excavating so indiscreetly —and so uselessly—in the most intimate feelings of the musical creator. But we cannot aspire to free ourselves so easily from the intellectual burden left to us by a hundred and fifty years of thought. And it will have to be many years before the general public will again be accustomed to consider music for itself and not for its relation to other arts.

"Les Noces" closes the first period of Stravinsky's production, the period which has been called "Russian" by comparison with that inaugurated by "L'Histoire du Soldat" (1918). I believe that "Les Noces" is the most perfect work created by Stravinsky in all this first period. And without doubt it was this marvelous perfection which was the cause of Stravinsky's later evolution toward a style quite different and, so to speak, denationalized. Doubtless an artist less great than he, could have lived long years on this first style, which is even now the only one that the public of all countries has understood in the great Russian's work. But Stravinsky has preferred to sacrifice immediate success and follow a new path. Arrived at the same age and at a similar turning-point, Rossini gave up composing forever. Stravinsky has felt within him the strength necessary to renew himself. That is a great example of artistic courage, which should be pondered by many young people who are too anxious to become celebrated.



RAPHAEL AND LA FORNARINA — INGRES



MASK OF MRS. EPSTEIN JACOB EPSTEIN

THE JOHN QUINN COLLECTION

PART III

By Forbes Watson

Editorial Note: *Parts I and II of the review of the John Quinn Collection appeared in the January* Arts *together with 19 reproductions. A number of other works belonging to the late John Quinn have been reproduced in various issues of* The Arts *and more reproductions from the Quinn Collection will appear in future issues to accompany special articles devoted to certain individual French artists.*

In the first parts of this review printed in January, it was explained that the John Quinn collection derived much of its importance from the fact that Mr. Quinn associated with various eminent modern artists during the period between 1911 and 1925, and by this association was brought into even closer contact with the work of the more intrepid artists of that period than he otherwise would have been.

Two painters, Jean Auguste Dominique Ingres (1780 to 1867) and Domenico Theotocopuli (1550 to 1614), known as El Greco, as widely separated in temperament as any two men could possibly be, have in their different ways appealed strongly to the imaginations of the artists during the period in which John Quinn's collection was assembled. And Mr. Quinn, following the taste of the period, acquired an example of each one of these artists' works. By Ingres he possesses the painting called Raphael and La Fornarina, and by El Greco one of the versions

which that great master did of Christ and the Money Changers. In the first part of the period in which Quinn made his collection, El Greco in particular appealed to the modern artist. Having the sacred quality of being an old master, he was also a painter of such religious force and fervid temperament that his genius broke through all academic formulae and he created with the medium of oil paint biblical compositions so flaming in quality that often the figures in his canvases seemed to be about to leave the earth and be carried on the emotional wings of El Greco's genius into heaven. The cult of El Greco supplied the modern artist of that time with the inspiration necessary to enable him to break down the realistic bonds which the schools had set upon painting, and at the same time furnished him with an imposing precedent against mere naturalism.

This was strong and dangerous medicine for those artists who were not gifted with a balancing amount of self-criticism. Consequently a flood of drawings and paintings which were more emotional in appearance than in inspiration, swept over the world. Movements today when they gain any real prestige, particularly in France, attract a horde of imitative painters, who with little to say for themselves, depend upon catching hold of the latest fashion in painting to bring themselves before the public, so that it required a surprisingly short number of years to make the artists realize that although Cézanne and El Greco were each in his different period pre-eminent painters, nothing very vital could be accomplished by imitating them.

Cézanne's dicta about making every spot on the canvas "work" were invaluable for those artists intelligent and self critical enough to follow them, but a sort of school of superficial Cézanne imitators arose, who,



THE PARIS CASINO — CHARLES CONDER



MODEL JULES PASCIN



THE SPANISH GIRL HENRI MATISSE

without understanding the underlying principle of Cézanne's work learned how to give to their paintings a certain superficial modernistic dress based upon a surface study of Cézanne's work. And when the exhibitions began to be filled with these Cézannesque imitations, the leaders of the modern movement were also reviving a cooler and more exact model of drawing and painting, namely, the great classic master Ingres. These two painters, Ingres and El Greco, are the symbols of two interesting revolutions, and as someone said, there is no evolution in art without revolution.

A painter who does not belong among the moderns or their idols of other days, who is represented in the John Quinn collection, is Gilbert Stuart. The painting of Laura Dennison was painted by Stuart at the age of 17 and was purchased by Mr. Quinn from a family which had owned the picture ever since it was painted. Curiously enough, it attaches itself to the later phases of American modern painting because it is not one of Stuart's sophisticated portraits in the grand manner, but has the simplicity of a "primitive" American; and among modern American artists today the primitive Americans are held in very high esteem.

Quinn purchased at one time or another a large number of paintings and drawings by that cosmopolitan phenomenon Jules Pascin, who, by a strange set of circumstances is today officially an American citizen. Pascin was born in Bulgaria and much of his early work was done for the comic Munich newspaper Simplicissimus, which reproduced a large number of his drawings done at an



CHESS PLAYERS MARCEL DUCHAMP



THE HARLEQUIN WALT KUHN

age when most Americans are merely students. Later Pascin lived for some years in France. During several years of the war he could be observed with his strange large eyes, not entirely unlike Picasso's, and his funny bowler hat, wandering along the streets of New York.

Pascin draws as other men talk. He would make a trip to Havana and return literally with hundreds of drawings, and in the old dust-ridden studio that he once occupied on West 14th Street, the floor was littered with countless sketches and drawings. A strange wilful genius who looked upon the world, on the streets, the cafés and the parks and all the waiflike figures of the underworld with a kind of whimsical satire, Pascin drew and painted an astonishing list of the sights, moral and immoral, with which his wayward wanderings brought him into contact. His work appealed strongly to John Quinn as it might to anyone who by nature was fretted by Anglo Saxon conventions. Pascin is the antithesis of the Anglo Saxons. He looks upon the world without a suspicion of moralizing. Obviously, no one who has turned over a large number of Pascin's drawings, could expect him to be anything but bored by respectability.

One of the paintings reproduced in this issue of THE ARTS, the Spanish Girl, by Henri Matisse, has played a strange part in stirring up the Americans' interest in modern art. When first shown in New York, a number of the academicians panted and frothed with rage, but as it reappeared from time to time, it seemed to win increasing applause. In fact, when it was placed on exhibition a few years ago at the DeZayas gallery, one up and coming young artist, wishing to be a step ahead of the fashion, said that he did not like Matisse any more because Matisse had so much good taste that he was practically as tame as Whistler.

During the days of the Armory show and the first large independent exhibition that followed the Armory show, the French artist most closely allied to those immediately concerned with the propagation of modernism in New York was Marcel Duchamp. It was his Nude Descending the Staircase that made the great sensation and was the great *succès de scandale* at the Armory show. The ex-

ample of his work, here reproduced, antedates Duchamp's abstract painting, and if further evidence were needed, this would suffice to show the absurdity of the old claim, sometimes repeated by academic critics even today, that abstract art was a retreat wherein the modern artist hid his inabilities to paint and draw.

For in the Chess Players by Marcel Duchamp, we have a picture which evidently could not have been painted by anyone who did not have both talent and sophistication. The Nude Descending the Staircase finally went to the Walter Arensburg collection, and the friends of Marcel Duchamp, over whom he exercised a peculiar personal fascination, still make pilgrimages to admire his abstract work. By them he is ranked as one of the great innovators, and they gave to him a position which, up to the present, has not been given to him by those who were not personally his friends.

Marcel Duchamp is one of a family whose names were connected with the modern movement. One of his brothers called himself Duchamp-Villon, and by him are reproduced the Gallic Cock (page 106), and the Seated Woman, both definitely modern in their preoccupation with form, simplification, design and rhythm. Another brother, Jacques Villon, also contributed paintings to the Armory exhibition.

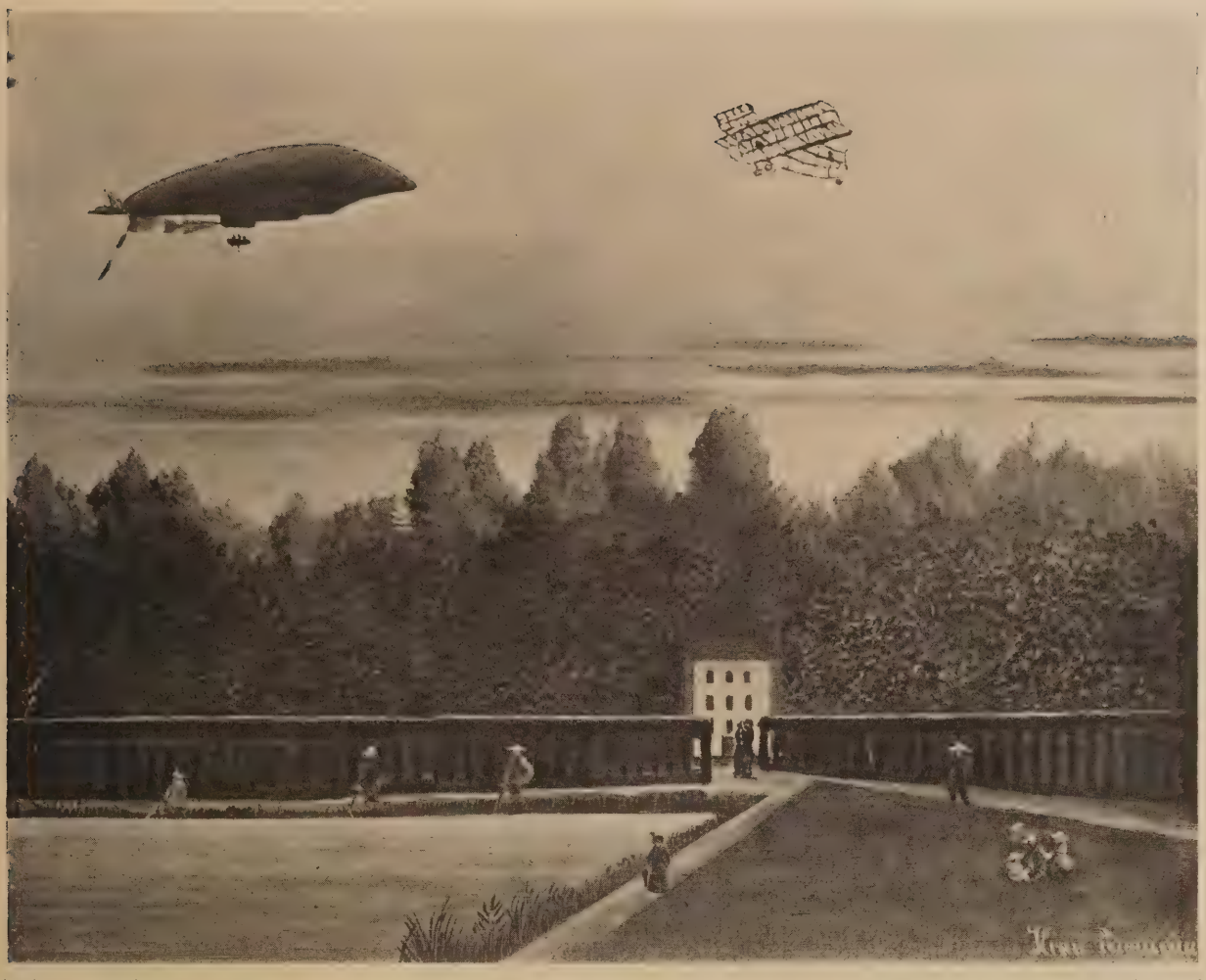
Mr. Quinn was long a friend of Augustus John, and from him he acquired a very large number of drawings and paintings. Quick tempered and sometimes too dictatorial, Mr. Quinn's friendships were frequently temporarily and often permanently broken. During a period in which he was reported to be angry with John, he suddenly took steps to throw his large collection of paintings by the English artist on the market. Whether the sale actually took place or not, at least Mr. Quinn disposed of a good many of John's pictures, and gradually as his taste became more and more dominated by Paris, he began to feel that he was outgrowing his fondness for contemporary English painting. Among the British artists who continue to be represented in the Quinn collection was J. D. Innes, a painter little known in America and not destined, to judge by the specimens in the Quinn collection, ever to win an internationally im-



SEATED WOMAN DUCHAMP-VILLON



LAURA DENNISON GILBERT STUART



THE DIRIGIBLE HENRI ROUSSEAU

pressive reputation among the leading artists of the day.

Jacob Epstein, an American by birth but a London artist by adoption, was another of the lesser figures who are disproportionately represented in the Quinn collection. It is much more easy to scandalize London than New York, and after looking at the specimens of sculpture by Epstein in the Quinn collection, it is only by recalling the great success of scandal which Whistler years ago won with the English public, that it is possible to realize why the English should ever have made the fuss about Epstein that culminated in the row over the Hudson Memorial. Exceedingly clever and lacking completely in unconsciousness, Epstein does not deserve a tithe of the reputation that he has made. He is the typical modern eclectic, whose sculpture is more dominated by the breezes of fashion in taste than by any inner conviction.

Very much more of the genius for sculpture is felt in such a work as the Nude Woman Kneeling, by Manuel Manolo, an early friend of Picasso, who is said to have lived through a period of extreme poverty during which he and Picasso fought the battle together. Manolo has produced nothing like the volume of work that the super-human energy of Picasso has brought forth. From time to time a drawing or a small statue has appeared in the DeZayas gallery and from time to time some exceptional work has been seen in other exhibitions, but comparatively speaking, for the American public he is unknown and it is, therefore, all the more pleasant to know that his small statue of a woman



GARN LAKE — J. D. INNES



NUDE RECLINING — HENRI MATISSE



MATERNITY PABLO PICASSO



TWO FRIENDS ALEXANDRE BLANCHET



NUDE WOMAN KNEELING · MANUEL MANOLO



BEHEADING OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST PUVIS DE CHAVANNES
Loaned to the Metropolitan Museum of Art

kneeling was one of the first works to be sold from the Quinn collection.

Whatever one may think of the Nude Reclining, by Henri Matisse, it still has the power to irritate frantically the academic critics. Certainly, compared with the splendid large still life which Mr. Quinn owned, this is a minor work. It has more than its fair share of affectation, and the drawing is certainly far from classic. Yet it is vivid, and though unevenly painted, a sense of life pervades its rhythms.

Quite the opposite ideal of painting is seen in the early Puvis de Chavannes, the Beheading of St. John the Baptist, which is familiar to visitors to the Metropolitan Museum, where it has been for some years on loan. An early work, it was much admired by the hordes of visitors who flocked through the Armory show where it was exhibited. But the whirligig of taste has brought about a definite coolness among the artists toward the work of Puvis de Chavannes, and while the academicians grant to the famous French decorator the position of being the finest mural painter of the 19th century, a position which the modernists of his day claimed for him, the modernists of today turn up their noses at such a claim. They neither feel a great antipathy nor a great enthusiasm for the work of Puvis.

Belonging to the English section of Mr. Quinn's collection is the work of Charles Conder. Conder lived frequently and much in Paris and is said to have been at times quite a wild young man. His art was entirely freed from Anglo Saxon influences and seems to have been based upon the French painting



THE WATERFALL MAURICE B. PRENDERGAST

of the 18th century, while evidently he must also have admired the drawings of Constantin Guys. Decidedly an art of the boudoir and of the fan, his painting was gay, delightful and decorative.

One of the younger followers of Cézanne, whose reputation does not seem to have grown as much as his early promise would suggest is Alexandre Blanchet. In the painting of Two Friends, which is reproduced herewith and which Mr. Quinn purchased at least ten years ago, one has a very typical example of the modern painting of that period. The forms are seen simply and the design is carefully studied. It is well composed and both in drawing and in color has the strength of simplicity.

The Dirigible, by Henri Rousseau, is not one of that naïve master's pre-eminent works, yet who that looks at it can fail to see how much Rousseau has been the cause of the present day quest of naïve effects?

Another painting reproduced is the Harlequin, by Walt Kuhn. It was right that Mr. Quinn should own a certain number of paintings by Mr. Kuhn. They were friends for many years; both were absorbed in the new movements, Kuhn as a painter, Quinn as a collector, and it is probably fair to say, though the remark is made without authority, that Walt Kuhn was one of the artists who first helped to open Mr. Quinn's eyes to Matisse, Picasso, Derain and the other modern French painters.



CHRIST AND THE MONEY CHANGERS
EL GRECO



HEAD OF A BUDDHA LOPBURI PERIOD
Courtesy of C. T. Loo and Company

KHMER AND SIAMESE SCULPTURE

ON this and the two following pages we are reproducing some fine examples of Khmer and Siamese sculpture which were recently exhibited by C. T. Loo at the Wildenstein Galleries. The two earliest pieces are typical of the classical period of Khmer art not only in such details as the wide and thick-lipped mouths and full features, but also in their strongly naturalistic bent and the breadth and serenity of their style.

The head reproduced on this page is of the Lopburi period, eleventh to fourteenth centuries A. D., the transition period between Khmer and later Siamese art. The face still shows the largeness of the Khmer style, but the Siamese influence is apparent in the more delicate and nervous type of features—the thin-lipped mouth, the slender, aquiline nose, the curved and raised eyebrows. Together with this increase in refinement there is noticeable, particularly in the treatment of the hair, a more conventional and stylized method, which foreshadows the extreme conventionality and artificiality of later Siamese work.



BUDDHA NAGA — KHMER, 10th Century A. D.
Courtesy of C. T. Loo and Company



HEAD OF A BUDDHA — KHMER, 10th Century A. D.
Courtesy of C. T. Loo and Company



THE STAIRCASE — CHARLES SHEELER

Neumann Gallery



THE HUDSON AT WEST CAMP — SAMUEL HALPERT
Kraushaar Galleries

NEW YORK EXHIBITIONS

JANUARY was distinctly a "modern" month in the New York galleries. The pace was set by the Quinn Collection exhibition at the Art Center, attended by nearly two thousand people a day. Following at its heels came the much discussed Chagall show at Reinhardt's; the New Society at the Anderson Galleries; Maillol at Brummer's; and at the end of the month the Tri-national Exhibition at Wildenstein's. In addition to these, the works of many individuals were shown; and in the exhibition of contemporary Italian art one had the chance of becoming acquainted with our vociferous friends the futurists.

Chagall and Archipenko

Marc Chagall's work is a strange blend of Russian legends, of Oriental fantasy, of subconscious imagery, of genuine talent, and of the simple human desire to create a sensation.

He loves to paint pictures which look all right at the first glance but which on closer observation turn out to be all wrong—to take a harmless looking painting and introduce something startling and unexpected—people with their heads turned around the wrong way, figures flying through the air, objects terrifyingly larger than their natural size. (In passing, we might note that his most Freudian work is not included in the present exhibition.) All of this is amusing the first time one sees it, but after the novelty wears off there is not much left.

Chagall is undoubtedly a painter of considerable gifts. No one who looks at his Evening Idyl or the two views from his window, can deny him a large measure of sensitiveness and charm. His color sense is far more subtle than that of most Russian painters. But one feels that he is not making the most of his talents. In Paris, we understand, he has a great following among the *surréalistes,* who believe that art should come directly from the unconscious, with as little conscious control as possible. This is an excellent theory; but it is difficult to believe that Chagall's work proceeds from anything very much deeper than what the psychologists would call the foreconscious.



HOUSE BY A RAILROAD — EDWARD HOPPER
New Society of Artists

The excitement created by the Chagall exhibition rather tended to obscure Archipenko's sculpture, which was shown at the same time. His latest work has a realistic tendency, particularly in some of the portrait heads, where an interesting use was made of color.

The New Society

The New Society's exhibition this year was enlivened by the presence of several works by non-members who had been invited to exhibit, and one of these works was probably the most striking picture in the exhibition—Edward Hopper's House by a Railroad. Without attempting to be anything more than a simple and direct portrait of an ugly house in an ugly place, it succeeded in being one of the most poignant and desolating pieces of realism that we have ever seen.

Another guest exhibitor was Andrew Dasburg, who showed a fine still life which in its color scheme and design was evidently inspired by Indian pottery. Thomas Benton, also a non-member, exhibited some of his satirical studies of rural characters.

Among the works of the members, Speicher's portrait of a girl stood out as one of the ripest and most mature pictures in the exhibition. Its attraction was not an affair of surface qualities; it had breadth and repose.

The Italian Exhibition

The exhibition of modern Italian art at the Grand Central galleries was remarkably well-balanced, especially in view of the fact that it was under official auspices. From the older men all the way to the futurists, each side was well represented.

Of the older generation the most prominent names were those of Boldini and Mancini, and it must be said that after seeing their work it was easier to understand why the futurists are as they are. Surely the only word that could be used to describe Boldini's work is "cheap". Beside him even Mancini seems dignified, in spite of his elaborately tricky technique. Among these older men—in spirit if not in years—the work of the late Armando Spadini stood out as the most appealing.

At the other extremity were the futurists, to whom a separate room was devoted—very tactfully, for their creations could certainly not be hung alongside those of the more conservative men without violence. And yet there was not so much difference as appeared on the surface between the hysterical conventionality of Boldini and the hysterical unconventionality of Balla, Depero and Prampolini. Judging by the examples in the exhibition, the latter would seem to be more productive of manifestos beginning "We are young and violently revolutionary" than of work with any lasting vitality.

In between the two camps lay the most solid and vital work, as well as that which seemed most distinctively native in spirit. In the paintings of men like Oppi, Cadorin, Donghi and Casorati there was a dignity and repose that was lacking in either the older academic painters or the futurists. This younger generation is neo-classic; it looks to the past (what modern Italian artist could escape that fate?) but it has a realistic bent which saves it from becoming archæological. Of all this group Donghi seemed to have the most genuine gift. His pictures



POLLY-MARY — EUGENE SPEICHER
New Society of Artists



SPRING MAILLOL

of domestic scenes, with their straightforward vision and severe line and color, were very attractive. In him realism predominates and the neo-classic element shows itself only in the severity of his style. Oppi exhibited only two paintings, but one of them, the Breton Girl, was one of the finest things in the exhibition.

The sculpture section was more or less dominated by the tortured and highly affected work of Adolfo Wildt.

Italian art has a powerful handicap to overcome in what some people would call "the heritage of a glorious past." It is this burden against which the futurists are struggling so violently and so ineffectively. Personally, I feel that the younger group represented by Donghi and Oppi has solved the problem most successfully by looking at the life about them and at the same time recognizing that they are bound to the past.

One of the interesting things about the exhibition was that with the exception of Modigliani there was little sign of any Parisian influence.

Arthur Dove

Scattered among the more orthodox abstract works of Arthur Dove at the Intimate Gallery were some strange new creations of his. Framed in a sort of shadowbox with a glass front would be some pieces of an old blue shirt, a section of a bamboo pole, a burnt log—the whole being entitled "A Fisherman." Others seemed like cross-sections of the bottom of the sea; while one which was dominated by a pair of scales and the cold stare of a magnifying glass was recognizable as "An Intellectual" even before the title was read. It is evident that Mr. Dove's intentions are less serious and more satiric than those of the followers of Picasso who use somewhat similar methods.

His work in paint has the same sense of design and the same tawny, earthy color schemes that have marked it previously.

Maillol

The Maillol exhibition, shown under the auspices of Mr. A. C. Goodyear, was not large in quantity but high in quality, considering the comparatively limited output of the sculptor and the difficulty of obtaining examples of his work nowadays.

Perhaps the outstanding pieces of the exhibition were the Spring and the Summer, part of the series of the Four Seasons. The two formed an interesting contrast, for the Summer is one of Maillol's richest and most mature works, whereas the Spring

is quite unusual—a slender, youthful figure, modeled with intense delicacy and subtlety. Another of the finest of the larger pieces was the Torso of a Young Woman; this was the only large bronze, but the plasters had been given such excellent patinas that their surfaces were almost as agreeable as bronze.

Among the most characteristic and beautiful of Maillol's works are the bronze and plaster statuettes which were his first creations in sculpture. The exhibition contained a number of these, as well as of his marvelous drawings, which in their way are as fine as his sculpture. In them we can see something of the processes by which he arrives at that rounded comprehension of form which makes it possible for us to look at his sculpture from any angle and find it complete.

The sensation which one carried away from the exhibition was that of an art independent of current fashions and making no effort to be anything but itself.

EDITORIAL NOTE: *In* THE ARTS, *of February, 1924, will be found a very fully illustrated essay on the art of Maillol, and in the issue of July, 1925, a summary of his conversations with a close friend and the suggestive comments of a pupil.*

Samuel Halpert

Back in 1913 Samuel Halpert was one of the wild men who were trying to destroy all order and decency in art. People went to his exhibitions and were shocked, or convulsed with mirth, according to their temperaments. His recent exhibition at Kraushaar's, however, brought out the basic solidity and commonsense of his art. Somewhat stolid, a little labored, occasionally uninspired, it is still work that commands respect by its straightforwardness and lack of tricks, and by its striving for sound construction. When to these qualities he adds sensitive composition and color, as in The Hudson at West Camp and some of his Paris subjects, the result is well out of the ordinary.

Alfred Maurer

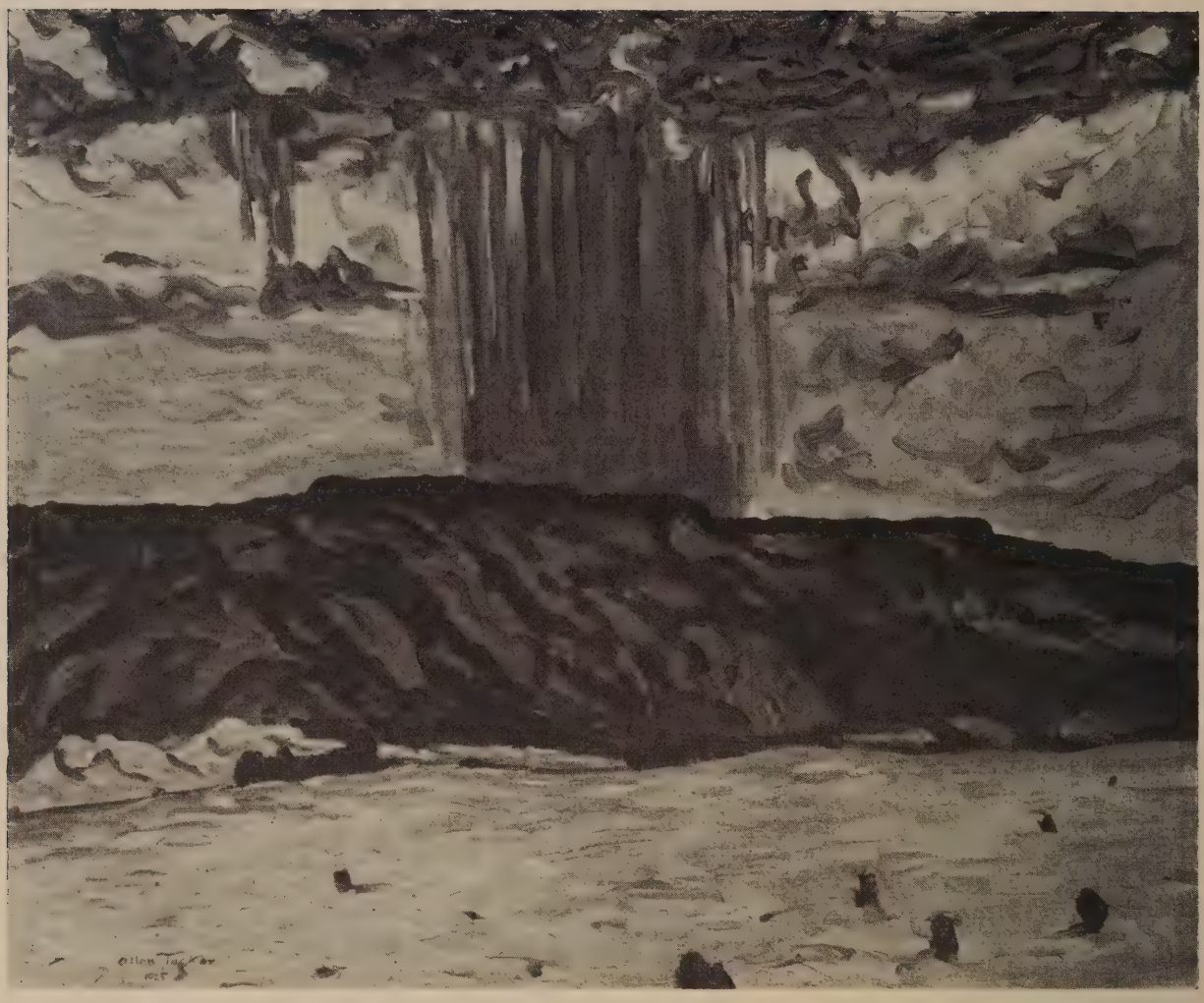
Another artist who was modern long before the Armory show is Alfred Maurer, whose paintings have been on exhibition at the Weyhe gallery. His is a lyrical talent not overburdened with subtlety but refreshing in his frank delight in bright color and movement.

The Neumann Galleries

In the third group exhibition at the Neumann galleries a landscape by Ernest Fiene stood out for



SUMMER MAILLOL



CLOUD BURST (Black Mesa) ALLEN TUCKER
Rehn Galleries

its definite and precise pattern. A newcomer to the gallery is M. Soyer, who also exhibited several watercolors at the Whitney Studio Club. His opulent blond color sense and feeling for pigment are distinctive, but also rather dangerous unless united to sterner qualities.

The Whitney Studio Club

An exhibition of watercolors by members of the Whitney Studio Club brought together not only such familiar names as Halpert, Fiene, Hayley Lever, and Maurice Becker, but also several younger men whose work is more rarely seen. The average of talent was remarkably high. In certain cases the technique was not fully matured, but this did not deter the painters from putting down what they thought and felt.

Sheeler and Lozowick

Charles Sheeler, who for many years has been expressing himself in the mediums of photography and watercolor, has taken up oil painting again. His recent work in oil, which was exhibited at the Neumann galleries, shows the influence of his photographic work in its intense concentration on the visual reality of objects, which leads him to see and paint aspects of the outside world that no other painter seems to attempt. It is exceedingly interesting work, which makes little direct appeal to the emotions but which has its own peculiar fascination.

One of the remarkable features of Mr. Sheeler's work is the sense of space in his pictures—a quality curiously like that of the Italian painters of the

Umbrian school, whose paintings seem like windows opening out upon the world. And as in their case, this sense of space is not united to any great feeling of bulk and weight. Mr. Sheeler's meticulous craftsmanship is still a little overcautious, so that the objects in his pictures have a tendency to appear as shapes with sharp edges rather than forms in the round. This, however, is a minor matter; the important fact is that this recent work shows an intensely individual gift which owes more to the study of reality than to other men's pictures.

Louis Lozowick, whose paintings and drawings occupied another room at the Neumann galleries, is an artist somewhat in the modern German style, whose favorite subjects are the prominent features of our industrial civilization—skyscrapers, factories, machinery. It is insensitive work which has a tendency to overpower the spectator by its mere accumulation of lines and forms, but it has undoubted energy, and we will watch the artist's future development with interest.



DRAWING MAILLOL



BRETON GIRL UBALDO OPPI
Italian Exhibition

Bradley Walker Tomlin

Bradley Walker Tomlin, whose first one-man exhibition was held at the Montross galleries, is evidently of an experimental turn of mind. He uses any number of mediums, and does not confine himself to any particular type of subject. His work gives one the feeling of a great deal of energy that has not yet found its individual channel of expression, which is a refreshing quality in comparison with the work of men who have found themselves too early. It is significant that his best pictures are of still-life and flowers where he has possibly had an opportunity to study the model more intensively.

Thomas Benton

At the recently opened Artist's Gallery, at 51 East 60th Street, the work of Thomas H. Benton was shown. Mr. Benton is an artist of great energy and serious aims, which sometimes dominate his work to the detriment of the more natural and instinctive qualities. Personally, I enjoy most his smaller and more casual paintings, especially those



DYKEMAN STREET CHURCH — ERNEST FIENE
Neumann Gallery

in which he gives free rein to his sense of the grotesque. In his more ambitious pictures one is apt to be too conscious of the theoretical background.

L. G.

Morisot and Guillaumin

A rare enjoyment was offered at the Durand-Ruel Galleries, in the exhibition of pictures by Guillaumin and Berthe Morisot.

Mlle. Morisot's work is scarce and probably any other firm would have had difficulty in assembling even the ten canvases that made up the group of her pictures. The fact that her work is so seldom seen made it all the more delightful.

It is sometimes said, with disparaging intention, that Morisot's painting would never have come into being but for her association with Manet, that her art is merely a feminine and lesser imitation of his, and so forth. This is rather like disparaging the perfume of a flower because the flower would not have existed without water. Undoubtedly the terms in which her talent found expression were largely determined by the movement in which both she and Manet played their parts; but that detracts nothing from her rare and delicate quality as an *artist.*

The word charm has become such a battered and overworked term that it is all but impossible to use it any more; and yet what other word is there that can convey any sense of the loveliness, the seductive grace and tact of Morisot's painting? To expect portentous force or ponderous weight from her art would be like asking the meadow lark to sing Wagner. Her expression was lyric, spontaneous, joyous, but with a certain exquisite reserve, not too exuberant, never emphatic. She must have been a delightful woman.

Guillaumin's pictures, it seems to me, would have looked better if they were not hung in the same room with Morisot's. Beside her method of subtle suggestions his landscape looked very explicit, if not downright literal. His too equal emphasis lends a touch of heaviness to his designs. But for all that



YOUNG WOMAN IN HER BOUDOIR — BERTHE MORISOT

Durand-Ruel Galleries

Guillaumin's talent is an authentic one. It has not yet, perhaps, been fairly appreciated, at least in America, by those who have accorded such full recognition to the other artists with whom his youth was associated.

Guillaumin's work, like Morisot's, is not very frequently encountered in exhibitions, and the opportunity to see it was one that should not have been missed.

A Note on Allen Tucker

The first impression received from the exhibition of paintings and water colors by Allen Tucker, which was held at the Rehn Galleries, was an exhilarating sense of life. Each picture radiated the vitality that experience only serves to increase in an artist who does not know what it means to compromise with his own native instinct for veracity and his own distinctive feeling for style.

The group of pictures created a delightful effect as a whole. The canvases hung extremely well together, making in their sum total a definite statement, clear and consistent, of a highly personal vision. One reason for the agreeably stimulating effect of the show as a whole was that it contained plenty of variety. Portraits mingled on good terms with landscapes, and all spoke for an artist who has always seen the world with his own eyes, and who brings to the work always a fresh vigor of attack. Unlike many a veteran exhibitor, Mr. Tucker has never grown bored with painting, and if he ever painted a perfunctory canvas I have never seen it.

Some of the most successful of the landscapes were painted in New Mexico, a field new to Mr. Tucker's experience. Many American artists of late years have found an appeal to their imagination in the scenes of the Southwestern desert. Some have seen it as merely picturesque; others have responded to its literary connotations, making of the material a kind of illustration of the drama of Indian and pioneer life. None has approached the romantic land with a more independent spirit than Mr. Tucker, none has given of it a more original interpretation. He has succeeded in vividly conveying the thrill that he received from its fierce sunlight, and its dramatic contrasts.

F. W.



GALLIC COCK (*Plaster*) R. DUCHAMP-VILLON
Quinn Collection



RECENT PAINTING — PABLO PICASSO
"The Art of Today" Exhibition, Paris

PARIS LETTER

ARTISTS from every corner of the world arrive daily in Paris in order to give exhibitions of their work. This army of newcomers knows well that any unknown artist from anywhere may become in one day the man everyone is talking about. In the Paris of 1926 despised and starving geniuses would be hard to discover; they are just what everybody is looking for.

For the benefit of those who wish to enter this competition, it might be advisable to publish the regulations. In the first place, striking originality is required. The work must be easily noticed by anyone driving in a car along Rue La Boetie. It simply must *not* be a little like so and so. The newcomer may hail from Berlin or Honolulu or even from Paris—in which case he will be somewhat handicapped—he may be a retired professor or a farmhand, but he must be one hundred percent himself.

If this first ordeal is successfully overcome, and if the newcomer has a sound, reliable output, he will become an investment. The shareholders, his clients, will not say "I enjoy your work immensely," but "I am sure your paintings will be worth a great deal of money soon." There is now a large proportion of the public which follows happenings in the art world exactly as others follow the races at Longchamps.

But although individualism in art appears at first sight to be one of the marks of our modern era, there are always a few leaders with great crowds of followers. The difference between the school of Bracque and that of Ingres lies in the fact that the pupils of the latter used to work in the master's studio, while the followers of Bracque probably never met him, and received their tuition by merely looking at his pictures or photographs of them. One of the results of modern conditions is to promote the development of schools of art by mail.

Therefore, instead of visiting all the exhibitions, the observer may very well confine his attention to the "artistic lighthouses." If the lighthouse throws out a green light, a considerable area will be green; or red, if the rays are red.

Giants like Picasso are not to be found every day, and so everything but real paintings by real painters has been exhibited lately to attract bored visitors. At the Galerie Visconti a retired sailor, Désir Maisonneuve, exhibits masks made with sea shells which he brought back from his cruises.

Technical knowledge not being required nowadays, it is not surprising to find a "Salon of Authors from Victor Hugo to Jean Cocteau" consisting of drawings and paintings by famous writers. The most interesting examples were those of the formidable genius Victor Hugo, the loftiest "lighthouse" of romanticism. He made tumultuous water colors by crushing inkstains between two sheets of paper and working them up into tragic forests, medieval castles and cities, with astounding cleverness.

The whole advanced world of art has been sitting for their portraits to Marie Vassilieff, the Russian dollmaker. Among her sitters are Guillaume Apollinaire, Cocteau, Rolf de Maré, Picasso, Matisse, Léger as well as Count Wrangel and Trotsky.

Mme. Halicka, a Polish artist, has been exhibiting pictures which are evidently inspired by some of the early researches of Picasso and Bracque when they were using different materials in their pictures, except that she uses photographs, pieces of cloth, and paper with the grain of wood or marble, not for creating abstract constructions, but for making little scenes which might have been composed for some penny arcade. If this practice spreads, the artist of the future will not waste his time imitating materials and surfaces, but will provide himself with printed paper representing the sky, clouds, water, etc., and also a large assortment of photographs of figures. The work of the artist will then consist merely of putting these materials together.

In our artistic firmament we occasionally witness the flare of a Russian rocket, but it vanishes very soon. The start of Count André de Lanskoy, who recently held an exhibition at the Galerie Bing, is very attractive. Like all the sons of wild Russia, Lanskoy is very fond of colors. His interiors are extremely tasteful and contain a very flavorous mixture of red, pink, salmon, cream and chocolate hues.

The great exhibition room of Bernheim Jeune, where Maurice de Vlaminck's pictures are hung, seems to be full of wind, leaves, mud and snow. There is no privacy in this art; everything is absolutely public. Vlaminck himself is like a powerful machine; no doubt he could, on short notice, fill two or three more rooms if requested by wireless from New York or Amsterdam. He gives you the same sensation as a good reliable automobile flying along on a suburban road between two showers. There is a successful boldness in some of these large canvases which is really extraordinary.

"The Art of Today", an important exhibition held in Rue la Ville l'Evêque, includes representatives of the "non-imitative plastic arts" from almost every country. The preface to the catalogue asks us not to look for any subject in the art of today. "Since 1914," we are told, "the subject has been almost completely eliminated from painting so as to free lyricism from the entanglements of reality."

We did not need any such pre-conceived theories to enjoy Picasso's latest painting, which shows a new stage in his evolution and a very rich one. So many artists have uneasy periods which cause anguish to their admirers, but not so with Picasso of Malaga. This canvas seems to have been done with a big stencil and the effect of the bright, thick colors is intense.

The one-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Charles Garnier, architect of the Paris Opera House, is being celebrated by an exhibition in the Pavillon de Marsan at the Louvre. Charles Garnier was a very great architect. His fantastic opera house reminds one more of Piranesi than of Palladio, and nowadays we find it over-decorated, like that palace made of pralines with columns of foie gras and decorations of candied fruits that we read of in the fairy tale, but for all that the Paris Opera House on a gala night with all the lights lit and the Republican Guard on the steps is a gorgeous sight.

Another part of the exhibition is occupied by rough models executed by the sculptor Carpeaux for the Opera House. "Dancing", his most famous group, placed in front of the building, unfortunately is covered with streaks of dirt, but it is one of the great masterpieces of French sculpture.

JACQUES MAUNY.

BOSTON NOTES

BOSTON is appealed to when a railroad is to be financed; but, like other places, not much money for the arts. . . When it is raised, groups of persons spend it in group ways. . . Another Canaletto or a picture that looks like a Canaletto, is bought for the Museum. Bad bas-reliefs are ordered to commemorate good men. . . Better keep still, sit



LANDSCAPE MARC CHAGALL
Collection of Mr. Reinhardt

pretty. . . Same here as in other places. . . In the meantime how is the young artist to find hope and encouragement? Small chance. A tight lid. . . What about an Independent Show? . . . Horrors! No jury, no embargo on awfulness! . . . Heaven protect our Commonwealth! . . . There have always been artists in this vicinity. Joseph Badger did some of the finest of Colonial portraits here. . . Gilbert Stuart, cantankerous from the gout and complaining that "Academies are symptoms of art in distress," painted his last canvases here. . . Maurice Prendergast used to sketch the children riding on the swan boats in the Garden. . . Today the art schools are crowded. There are scores of painters and sculptors. . . There is getting to be little room for fishermen or fish at nearby Provincetown, Gloucester and Marblehead. . . But no general exhibition to which the artists can send and no place big enough to hold it. . . The last one attempted was two years ago at the Museum. 750 works were sent in; 150, of which the usual percentage were invited, were hung. The Copley Society, which sponsored it, used to have a grand exhibition hall in the midst of a cluster of studios but now it has only rented rooms and hopes for a future building of its own, some time. . . Lives on its history. . . When the fence was taken away from the Common it was not thrown away. With New England thrift a use was found for it. It was placed about a group of local artists. . . The Guild was formed—a close corporation. . . Only the best. . . When one dies the next-best is admitted. . . . Splendid financial plan for the few and no chances for unfavorable comparisons.

Talent crops up in unexpected places. Cannot be kept down. . . Out in South Hadley, Colin Scott, who spent most of his life developing intelligent plans for educating young folks, took to painting in odd moments for the sheer fun he got. The memorial show of his landscapes at the Twentieth Century Club has proved that he found at least sunlight.

We are provincial, so they say. . . Why not live up to our reputation? There is dignity in being provincial. . . The world is getting too small and everybody in it alike. . . The Museum has suddenly taken an interest in contemporary art—the foreign kind of course—is importing shows. Let them come. After courses of salami and pâté-de-foie-gras perhaps we will be glad to have some corned beef and home-grown cabbage. . . The craze for Colonial things is a healthy reaction. These old things were a sincere expression on the part of our forefathers to make beauty out of the pines and maples that grew beside their doors. . . New England is full of lovely souvenirs of early days, real incentives to the painters of today—who do not indulge in veneers. From Portland comes an old sketch of fruit that looks like a veritable Cézanne, so primitive is it. From the Cape comes a clumsy wooden panel painted by a sign maker but bearing the stamp of archaic beauty. . . It is time for another Revolution with minute men in ambush.

HARLEY PERKINS.



THE MUMPERS (*Quinn Collection*) AUGUSTUS JOHN

BOOKS

THE PRACTICAL BOOK OF TAPESTRIES, by GEORGE LELAND HUNTER. With 8 illustrations in color and 220 in doubletone. Philadelphia & London, J. B. Lippincott Company, 1925. ($10.00.)

In these days when a bewildering frenzy seems to have seized the populace, and on every side American urban homes are being demolished to make way for towering buildings honeycombed with low-studded box-like apartments, it is refreshing to realize that there yet remain to us some few conservative dwellings with sufficient wall space to accommodate tapestries such as are described in Mr. Hunter's latest publication on this interesting subject.

Tapestries really belong to a more romantic age than the one in which we are now living. As a treasured feature of the feudal household they served as a background for the chivalry of medieval days when life was lived in draughty castles peopled with knights and ladies who dwelt in picturesque discomfort, just as in a later age they became a palatial setting for the stately court functions of kings and princes whose patronage of the arts bequeathed to this generation so rich a heritage. But today these glorious weaves seem sadly out of key as a setting for our modern syncopated civilization that has cast aside all tradition in art and letters and demands nothing but the eccentric.

Any specialized work, therefore, that tends to focus the attention, if only for a moment, upon the beauty of perfected technique as illustrated in the works of the old masters, helps to stabilize the taste of the younger generation that is developing in this transitional stage of unrest.

The present volume, which is one of a series issued by the publisher, is described by Mr. Hunter in his opening paragraph as "a practical book." He claims that it is based not on other books, but on tapestries that he has seen and known; and he sticks closely to his text throughout the 280 pages of his work.

In the subject matter, treated in twenty-two chapters, the material classed under Primitive tapestries comprises a group of Coptic, Saracenic and Byzantine works which are illustrated by examples from museums and private collections. Aside from the Cairo Museum piece dating from the fifteenth century B. C. and bearing the name of Amenhotep II the most important example illustrated is the splendid Coptic lunette owned by D. G. Kelekian of New York, an Egyptian weave of the Greco-Roman period dating from the early years of the Christian era. The nimbed head of the "Blessed Vesta" crowned with a wreath of pomegranate motives and wearing pendent earrings, recalls in its composition figures in Byzantine enamels of the Pala d'oro of San Marco, Venice. As representing the Saracenic period the author has chosen well in selecting the beautiful tenth century fragment from the Victoria and Albert collection. Nor should the illustration of the Lyons fragment of the St. Gereon tapestry pass without notice, a document full of interest to the student of tenth century ornament.

In the five chapters devoted to the discussion of

Gothic tapestries, the subjects are grouped under Early Gothic; religious and allegorical, historical and romantic; Gothic country life and tapestries rich with gold.

In the early Gothic section, the fourteenth century King Arthur tapestry owned by Mr. Clarence Mackay, is given the place of honor with a colored plate of a detail showing the remarkable head of the King in this masterpiece. A doubletone plate gives the whole composition which is exceptionally fine in the drawing of its architectural details. This piece Mr. Hunter quite properly ranks with the famous Apocalypse series of the Angers Cathedral made in Paris by Nicolas Bataille in the second half of the fourteenth century for the Duke of Anjou, brother of Charles V, king of France, and dates from the same period.

This group includes also the beautiful Annunciation owned by Mrs. Harold Pratt; a piece that is exquisite in the details of its composition—the delicately chiseled musical cherub above the portal, the jar with its lilies and the mille fleurs with occasional flame motives in the landscape that serve as a background for the angel hastening to the presence of Mary who is shown amid the surroundings of a simple Gothic interior. Of the twenty plates illustrating Late Gothic weaves of religious subjects, three are from private collections; the very splendid Prodigal Son tapestry belonging to Mrs. Nicolas F. Brady and two from the famous Salvation series owned by William R. Hearst—the third of the series, also illustrated, is in the Louvre.

The color plate that precedes the chapter describing Historical and Romantic subjects is a detail—the head of King Priam—from the Hector and Andromede piece in Mr. Mackay's collection. This tapestry was formerly in the Dollfus Collection. Of this important series Mr. Hunter has furnished a number of interesting plates and much detailed information. Another tapestry of this series, privately owned, is the "Ulysses and Diomedes at the Court of Priam" in the collection of Mr. Edson Bradley. In all of these the rich apparel and jeweled head dresses and trappings reflect the extravagant luxury indulged in by the Dukes of Burgundy and their brilliant courts.

Of greatest charm are the Gothic subjects comprised in the section entitled, "Country Life," a group that includes the superb Unicorn Series owned by Mr. Rockefeller—six tapestries illustrating the Hunt of the Unicorn, dating from the end of the fifteenth century, about 1480. The subjects of the six are "The Start," "The Fountain," which

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is illustrated, "Crossing the Chareute," "Wounding the Dog," "Death of the Unicorn," "The Unicorn in Captivity," also illustrated. This set hung for centuries in the Chateau de Verteuil of the La Rochefoucauld family in western France between Poitiers and Angoulême. The finished technique of the weaving and its texture give to the flesh tints of the personages in this series a life-like bloom attainable in no other medium. In the piece illustrated—the Fountain—of which detail groups are also shown, this is very marked and the care with which the weaver has followed the lines of each carefully drawn feature suggests that the figures may have been taken from life. The circular arrangement of the figures in a thickly wooded landscape is strangely reminiscent of the Fra Angelico Paradiso—while the Unicorn, kneeling by the stream, illustrates the tradition that the other animals of the forest would not drink until he had first purified the pool by plunging his horn into the water. This series in the beauty and naïveté of its composition holds all the charm of the inimitable Cluny set with its delectable lady, unicorn and attendant lion.

Pre-eminent among the Gothic tapestries woven with gold, in private collections, are the superb Mazarin tapestry of Mr. Widener, formerly in the Morgan Collection, the Charlemagne of Mr. Blumenthal, and Mr. Philip Lehman's Veronica, also from the Knole-Morgan Collection, full descriptions of which are included with many illustrations and enlarged details. From Mr. Lehman's collection also is the Last Supper—a marvelously beautiful Renaissance piece in which the figure of Christ is a superb masterpiece.

The chapters devoted to the Gobelins, Flemish, Beauvais and Aubusson works cover possibly less fascinating ground, but serve admirably as a guide to further study in a broader field and lead the way to the interesting material and illustration that make up the following chapters devoted to German, Swiss, Italian, English, Spanish and Russian tapestries, to each of which countries the author has furnished sufficient matter to give a very general idea of the subject as a whole.

Unlike most books on the subject the author has taken no brief for any particular school or country, but has compiled in this and in his previous volume of 1912 a fund of valuable data for students who may become interested in the field in which he has chosen to specialize, and has as well placed on record the many masterpieces preserved in America's private collections.

Frances Morris.

WILLIAM BLAKE IN THIS WORLD. By HAROLD BRUCE. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Co., 1925. ($3.00.)

Of all the humans who have soared to giddy heights of fancy, into regions least known to ordinary man, William Blake is, without a doubt, the most difficult to bring to earth. His death occurred less than a hundred years ago but through the writings of numerous biographers both during his life and down to the present day, a figure has evolved almost as apocryphal as the creatures of Blake's own imagining. This figure has become so much one of legend that Harold Bruce's "William Blake in This World" comes now as a freshening gust of air into the fog of accumulated fictions. The author announces that "To try to sift fact from romance, to try to erase the details of Blake's life not backed by competent, material, and relevant evidence, will be to blur a smooth and highly finished portrait, and to substitute a flawed and imperfect one, with lines sometimes dim, wavering or blotted out. But this portrait, traced by Blake's own words and by the memories of those who knew him, however flawed and imperfect it turns out to be, has certain sharply clear lines, and is at least a likeness of him as he was."

But even in this most honest of biographical proceedings the man that was Blake remains illusive. His birth on this material sphere of ours still seems one of those mysterious accidents that cannot be explained. Mr. Bruce may find baseless Mrs. Blake's account of her husband's first sight of God when "He put His head to the window and set you a-screaming," but we read later on that Blake was quite convinced of the high quality of one of his drawings because "the Virgin Mary appeared to me and told me it was very fine." We are told not to believe that on another occasion in childhood he saw a whole tree full of angels but first hand accounts vouch for the sittings that the famous and great, long since dead, nightly gave to Blake. Indeed it must make most envious some of our celebrity hunting artists to think that Blake was so little hampered by the bondage of time and space that Richard Coeur de Lion, Edward the First, Herod and even the Devil chose him to record their likenesses for posterity. And who of the most modern could be so convinced that he had painted the soul of a flea so successfully that even its family would be satisfied?

But it is in no way Mr. Bruce's aim to discredit the supernatural attributes that Blake claimed for himself. There would be left but the



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merest dry facts of a more or less commonplace existence if all this were deleted. And after all Blake himself rather disarms criticism by writing "Does a firm persuasion that a thing is so make it so?" and answered his own question, "All poets believe that it does." We understand so little of the causation of such flaming genius as was Blake's that there can be no reason for us to balk at another thing we do not understand, the supernatural, and raise the cry of "Madman!" after one who is so completely convinced of the existence of the world of spirits. And many philosophers have taught us that ideas and thoughts have a reality as actual as any of the forms which matter takes about us.

Mr. Bruce builds up for us as real a figure of William Blake as we will probably ever get. He gives the evidence which he has selected as most trustworthy from a mass of sources of which he gives a valuable table at the end of the volume. He calls forth as witnesses to many of Blake's ideas extremely well-chosen extracts from letters, from the poems and, perhaps of most importance, from the turgid Prophetic Books; for few indeed have the temerity to venture into the tortuous mazes of their involved ecstasy.

Even as Mr. Bruce has been desirous of avoiding the romantic fabling of the older biographers of Blake, so has he kept from all the forms in which it is fashionable to write a biography at the present time. He makes no novel of his subject's life as Maurois did of Shelley's, he performs no psychological analyzing as Van Wyck Brooks might have done and he suffuses it with none of the cynical inconsequence of a Strachey. He allows Blake to stand largely by his own utterances and accomplishments with commentary interludes, often startlingly apt. With what beauty Mr. Bruce touches in the following upon the problems that are so important in the life of any one of us who dreams:

"The moods obey a rhythm the beat of which is alternating and extreme, swinging the dancer from pits of melancholy to a dwelling for immortals. . . . This violent oscillation has a secondary rhythm, known to man, by which the near becomes sore travail, and the far a land unannoyed, and that far land reached becomes travail again, and what once was near and now is past and far becomes a rest from perturbation."

When we close this book we may find ourselves musing that, true as undoubtedly is the material that Mr. Bruce records as evidence of Blake's

earthly existence, true also Blake was unto himself when he wrote in a note book of stray thoughts:—

"The Angel who presided at my birth
Said: Little creature framed of joy and mirth,
Go, live without the help of anything on earth."

H. E. Schnakenberg.

Etchers and Etching, by Joseph Pennell, N. A. (Third Edition). New York: The Macmillan Company, 1925. ($10.00.)

Mr. Pennell's opinions about American knowledge, intelligence and taste in matters of art are well known. The strongest evidence for their truth that has yet been adduced is the fact that this book by him has now gone into its third edition. No further comment is necessary except the warning to intending purchasers that whereas the previous editions contained original prints by the author, this last, and, as the Germans would say, "verbessert," edition contains none.

Wm. M. Ivins, Jr.

Editorial Note: *The second edition of this book was reviewed by Mr. Ivins in the May. 1925, issue of* The Arts.

John S. Sargent: His Life and Work. By William Howe Downes. Boston: Little, Brown and Company, 1925. ($8.00)

Readers of Mr. Downes' able and thorough book on Winslow Homer will be somewhat disappointed with the general plan of his latest work, for only a little more than a third of the volume is devoted to the account of Sargent's life, the balance consisting of a catalogue of his works, with descriptions and comments.

As an account of Sargent the man, this first section strikes one as inadequate. Unlike his work, Sargent was retiring to the point of shyness, and was known at all intimately by only a few people; but known by them as a man of great personal charm. Mr. Downes is quite right in emphasizing the painter's modesty, generosity, and industriousness; but it does not seem necessary in the process to make him, as he tends to do, a sort of lay figure of all the virtues.

For example, he dismisses the many tales of the artist's caustic wit with the remark that "where they reflect upon the courtesy of the painter they may be set down as apocryphal." He even casts doubts on such a delightful story as that of the lady who insisted upon being painted in a tiara, until



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Sargent finally offered to paint a separate portrait of the tiara. Perhaps the story is not true; but why not give Sargent the benefit of the doubt?

A similar attitude is taken on the question of whether the artist did or did not consciously expose the weaknesses of his sitters. Undoubtedly much nonsense has been written on this subject by those who saw in the painter a sort of prosecuting attorney casting an accusing eye upon humanity; but it scarcely seems an adequate reply to these charges to say, as Mr. Downes does, that "no one could come into contact with him without feeling that he was a gentleman, and it would not be possible for a gentleman to forget that *noblesse oblige*."

As an original contribution to criticism, this section of the book suffers from the same tendencies. Mr. Downes is too little inclined to admit any artistic faults in his subject to make his criticism particularly penetrating. Sargent's occasional lapses into emptiness and flashiness, his limited feeling for form and color, and his comparative unsuccess—let us put it that way—as a mural painter, are not admitted. On the other hand, a flood of laudatory comments from any and all sources is released upon the reader.

But although the first section of the book may not afford an unbiased view of either the man or the artist, the second part, consisting of a list of Sargent's works with descriptive comments, is an admirably thorough and conscientious piece of work, which will be of immense value to all students of the artist's work. Particularly interesting are the comments of the critics, both for and against, which Mr. Downes appends to each picture. It is illuminating to recall that when the painter's work was first shown in England, in the 'eighties, the British critics found it entirely too revolutionary, brutal, and "French" for their taste.

The book in other words answers to Mr. Downes' description of it in his foreword, that in it may be found "a mass of data forming the ground-work upon which the future historian of art may build," but it is not a book that is calculated to give the general reader a human picture of the man or an unbiased picture of the artist. For all that, however, its careful accumulation of facts about Sargent's work will make it indispensable for any student of the subject, whether or not he agrees with Mr. Downes' judgments.

The forty-two illustrations are well chosen but the reproduction is not particularly successful, which is somewhat surprising as the book is otherwise very attractively planned and printed.

L. G.

THE PICTURE GALLERY OF THE VIENNA ART MUSEUM. By GUSTAV GLÜCK. Vienna: Anton Schroll & Co., 1925. ($2.40.)

The collection of paintings belonging to the Vienna Art Museum is one of the oldest in Europe, dating back to the fifteenth century. Its history is intimately associated with that of the Hapsburgs, and even today, when it belongs to the Austrian people, it retains its character of a noble and ancient private collection reflecting the taste of its founders, rather than of a systematically arranged museum. Consisting entirely of old masters, its strength lies in its examples of the German, Flemish and later Italian painters, particularly Dürer, Peter Brueghel, Rubens, Van Dyck and Titian.

This book consists of a short introductory history of the collection and reproductions of one hundred and sixty of the most celebrated paintings, with notes. The text is in English. The reproductions are good and the book forms an attractive introduction to a great collection.

CONFESSIONS OF A DEALER, by THOMAS ROHAN. New York, Frederick A. Stokes Company, 1925.

Mr. Rohan writes in an entertaining manner of his career as an antique dealer in England. Being an Irishman, he knows how to tell a story, and his adventures in acquiring his collection make amusing reading. He also gives a good deal of inside information about the workings of his business, such as the somewhat shady activities of the "rappers" who go about the country locating antiques, and of the dealer's ring which keeps auction prices down by eliminating competition in bidding. Mr. Rohan's contrast between these doubtful practices and his own methods is a trifle sanctimonious, but it is evident that he loves old things for their intrinsic beauty.

A LETTER TO THE EDITOR

To the Editor of THE ARTS,

In the December number of THE ARTS, a Trans-Atlantic Chronicle III, by Virgil Barker, Marc Chagall is classed as a German artist exhibiting in Paris.

Chagall will be much pleased, being Russian born, and his whole work intensely Jewish and Russian in feeling.

The fact that he lived several years in Germany and there received more of his reclame before adopting Paris as his home does not make him German, although he had a great following among the Germans. They gave him much reclame but also he told me took almost all of his pictures of that period without any further compensation.

Yours very truly,

BERTRAM HARTMAN.

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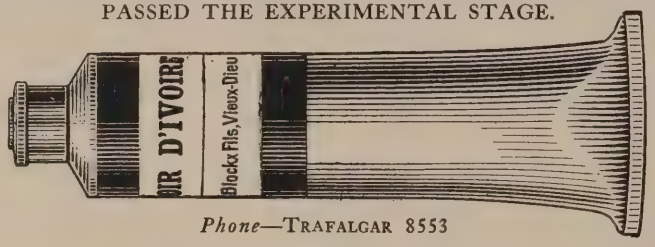
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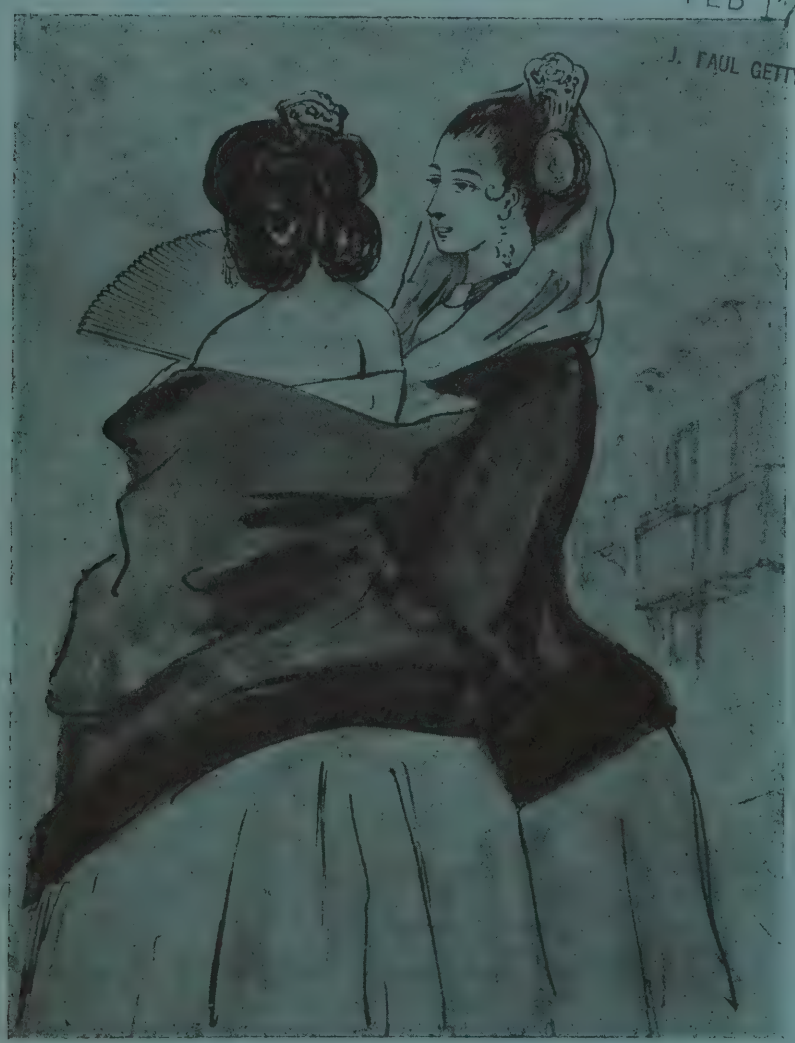
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CONTENTS

		PAGE
FRONTISPIECE: RESURRECTION	*Albert P. Ryder*	120
EDITORIAL		121
CONSTANTIN GUYS	*Lloyd Goodrich*	123
THE SCULPTURE OF CONSTANTIN BRANCUSI	*William Zorach*	143
PAINTINGS FROM THE HAMILTON COLLECTION		151
THE ARCHITECTURAL LEAGUE EXHIBITION	*Harold Sterner*	156
NEW YORK EXHIBITIONS	*F. W. and L. G.*	159
PARIS LETTER	*Virgil Barker*	167
THE ART OF THE FILMS—"THE BIG PARADE"	*Quinn Martin*	168
BOOKS—		
THE PAINTINGS OF WILLIAM BLAKE (Darrell Figgis)	*Virgil Barker*	169
FINE PRINTS OF THE YEAR, 1925 (Malcolm C. Salaman)	*Edward Hopper*	172
ANGELICA KAUFFMANN, R. A. (Lady Victoria Manners and Dr. G. C. Williamson)	*L. G.*	174

CONTRIBUTORS

WILLIAM ZORACH is well known to readers of THE ARTS not only as a prominent painter and sculptor but also as a writer who has an intimate understanding of the artist's viewpoint. Readers will remember Mr. Zorach's article on the sculpture of Edgar Degas in the November, 1925, issue of THE ARTS.

HAROLD STERNER writes on the Architectural League Exhibition from the standpoint of a practising architect who is familiar with the architect's problems and who also has a thorough grounding in the æsthetic fundamentals of architecture.

QUINN MARTIN is the Motion Picture Critic of the New York *World*, and was one of the first to write on motion pictures as a branch of art on equal terms with the other arts.

EDWARD HOPPER is a prominent painter and etcher. An article on Mr. Hopper's etchings appeared in the June, 1924, issue of THE ARTS.



RESURRECTION — ALBERT P. RYDER

Courtesy of the Montross Gallery

THE ARTS

VOLUME IX MARCH, 1926 NUMBER 3

THE Society of Independent Artists in New York is about to celebrate its tenth birthday. The reason why this society, like similar organizations in other cities and countries, persisted, in the face of great material obstacles, until success was assured, is primarily because there was a real need for independent exhibitions. Artists like John Sloan, who had plenty of other opportunities to exhibit their work, were so strongly appealed to by the principle of freedom on which the Independent is founded that, although they themselves did not need it as a means to bring their work before the public, they have, nevertheless, devoted disinterested labor to the support of the Independent.

The Independent Society, like the Salons of America, throwing its doors open to all, has abolished the jury system and offers to the young and unknown artist exactly the same opportunities that it offers to the famous. The obvious weakness in such a system is that many unequipped practitioners take advantage of the chance to exhibit, so that the exhibitions are generally overcrowded and the individual pictures are frequently seen at a disadvantage. This is unavoidable; yet, however regrettable it may be, the advantages of the Independent system over the worn-out jury system employed in selecting the large official exhibitions, are manifold.

In Chicago, as in Philadelphia and Pittsburgh, an effort has been made to strengthen the annual official jury exhibitions by inviting a large proportion of the pictures. But the managers of these exhibitions stand in awe of their publics, and the fear which directs the choice of entries for these exhibitions is the fear of ridicule. Almost any tolerably professional painter who makes pictures that fit fairly well into the accepted moulds can pass these juries, and after he has exhibited with sufficient regularity he will graduate to the invited list, and in the regular order of things get his share of the prizes.

It is not so much in the work exhibited as in the spirit of the exhibition that the Independent finds its superiority to the prize awarding jury-made affairs. There is no gainsaying the statement that for the past fifty years the vast majority of artists here and in Europe, who have won a permanent place in the tradition of art, have sprung from independent groups. The names are too well known to repeat again.

It is also incontestable that an exhibition of prize pictures selected from the academic shows of America and Europe would be a disappointing and dismal affair. Prize winners are rewarded by enough money to pay their fares from officialdom to oblivion.

The Independent system may have fostered much uncouth work, but it has stood for liberty; it has abolished politics and it has not been afraid of the public's ridicule. The public has responded by giving the independent artists increasing attention, and, whereas before the Independent came into existence in New York, the National Academy held a monopoly of the large exhibitions in New York, we now have at least three large exhibitions which are independent in spirit—namely, the Independent Society exhibition, the Salons of America, and the annual Whitney Studio Club exhibition. These three exhibitions are all finer in spirit, more invigorating and in every way spiritually superior to such exhibitions as the National Academy, the Philadelphia Academy, or the Chicago Art Institute's annual exhibition of American art.

FORBES WATSON.



TWO WOMEN — CONSTANTIN GUYS

Collection of Miss Sarah Cooper Hewitt



IN THE CAFÉ — CONSTANTIN GUYS
C. W. Kraushaar Galleries

CONSTANTIN GUYS

By Lloyd Goodrich

The work of Constantin Guys, although highly prized by connoisseurs, has never had the popular recognition that it deserves. During his lifetime he was practically unknown, except to a few artists and literary men, and it is only in recent years that his name has begun to be linked with those of his contemporaries, Daumier and Gavarni, as one of the men who made the nineteenth century a great period for French graphic art.

There are many reasons for this obscurity, not the least of which is the fact that Guys himself did everything within his power to encourage it. Exceedingly proud and touchy, a lover of the life of the streets rather than of studio or newspaper reputations, he turned a glacial front to all those who were moved by their enthusiasm for his work to speak of it publicly. It was said that he became incensed at Thackeray when the latter ventured to write an appreciation of his work for an English periodical, and even when his friend Baudelaire proposed to publish an article on him, he consented only on condition that his name should not be given, so that in that marvelous essay, "The Painter of Modern Life"—one of the great pieces of nineteenth century criticism, in which Baudelaire set forth an entire modern æsthetic —Guys appeared under the name of Monsieur G. To this same love of anonymity we can ascribe the fact that he seldom signed or dated his work.

We have only the vaguest details of his



NEWSBOY — CONSTANTIN GUYS

Collection of Miss Sarah Cooper Hewitt



CONVERSATION CONSTANTIN GUYS

Collection of Miss Sarah Cooper Hewitt



THE CARRIAGE CONSTANTIN GUYS

life. A birth certificate has been discovered which shows that he was born in 1805 in Flushing, Holland, his father, of an old southern French family, being stationed there as Chief Naval Commissioner under Napoleon. Flushing at the time was a center of naval and shipbuilding activity, and we can well imagine that it was here that the boy first got his taste for seeing the world and for the life of the soldier. In any case, when we next hear of him, at the age of eighteen, he had joined Lord Byron's expedition to Greece, that romantic adventure in which so many ardent young men found relief from the oppressive peace that brooded over Europe after Waterloo.

At this time he seems to have had every intention of embracing the military life, for after his return from Greece he enlisted in the dragoons. Tradition says that he was an excellent soldier and loved his profession, particularly that part of it which had to do with horses; but that he soon grew tired of life in barracks and left the army with the rank of non-commissioned officer.

From then on to almost the age of sixty, his life might be summed up in the phrase which his friends used of him: "*Il voyage.*" What corners of the world he saw, we do not know; it is said that he revisited that Orient of which he already had a taste and which never lost its fascination for him, and this seems to be borne out by a few early drawings, traveler's notes of the bazaars and streets of the Near East. England particularly appealed to him; something in the English temperament, phlegmatic and yet adventurous, had strong affinities with his own.

It was not until almost the age of forty that he began to draw regularly, some of his work appearing at that time in London periodicals. But he did not like to be called an artist, seeming to attach little importance



THE PARTY — CONSTANTIN GUYS
C. W. Kraushaar Galleries

to his work; and even when Baudelaire met him years later, Guys impressed him as being not so much an artist as a dandy and "a man of the world"—"of the whole world," the poet adds.

The first productions which gained him any considerable number of admirers were the drawings which he did as special correspondent of the *Illustrated London News* during the Crimean War. Most of these were destroyed in the process of wood engraving, but the few which have survived are among his most vivid works—scenes of horror under shell-fire and on the battlefield; picturesque and humorous incidents of camp life, and drawings, full of deep but restrained pity, of scenes in hospitals. The conditions under which these were done made it necessary to give the essentials of a subject in a few lines, and this training showed in all of his later work.

After the Crimean War he gave up his roving life to some extent and settled in Paris, if he can be said to have ever settled



AT THE THEATRE — CONSTANTIN GUYS

Collection of Miss Sarah Cooper Hewitt



THE CARRIAGE — CONSTANTIN GUYS



SPANISH WOMEN — CONSTANTIN GUYS

Collection of Miss Sarah Cooper Hewitt



FEMMES A SOLDAT — CONSTANTIN GUYS
Collection of John Quinn

anywhere. The truth was that his home was in all of the great capitals of the world, wherever life was lived most intensely—where the crowds were thickest, the public functions most gorgeous, the military most spectacular, the horses most thoroughbred, and the women prettiest and best dressed. Baudelaire in his essay pictures him waking in the morning and seeing the sun streaming in his windows, and thinking with remorse and regret of the daylight which he had lost in sleeping, and of the things which he might have seen. Later, the poet shows him going out in the evening, when the gaslights were being lit, and spending the night watching the life of the city of which he never grew tired, returning in the early morning and at the hour when others slept, drawing furiously, from memory, what he had seen.

For a man of Guys' temperament, the Paris of the Second Empire must have been a paradise. After the drab respectability of the Orleans régime, with a king who carried an umbrella and had all the bourgeois virtues, Paris was ready for the glitter and the slightly meretricious color of the Second Empire. Every day was a spectacle; Paris held the center of the European stage, and kings and czars and emperors with their escorts rode through its streets. Under its enigmatical but complaisant master the city abandoned itself to pleasure. Never had there been such carriages and horses, such fashions, such public balls, and such light music. Offenbach set the rhythm, and Guys became the unofficial chronicler of that gay and slightly vapid society which danced from the artificial light of the Second Empire into the cold daylight of 1870.

The work of Guys repeats with variations a limited number of subjects, divided into



TWO WOMEN — CONSTANTIN GUYS
Collection of John Quinn



INTERIOR — CONSTANTIN GUYS
Collection of John Quinn

several broad classes. Among the most important of these are his military pictures; but instead of the scenes of active campaigning which he did during the Crimean War, we now have the soldier in peace time —the escorter of ladies, the rider of high-spirited horses, the wearer of dazzling uniforms. Guys always retained the old soldier's love of military spectacle, and this passion must have been completely satisfied by the army of the Second Empire, for Napoleon III. made the costuming of his soldiers a fine art, which reached its culmination in the blue and silver magnificence of the Cent Gardes. In Guys' drawings we see the lines drawn up stiffly at attention, the generals on their prancing horses, the Emperor's carriage rattling by with its escort.

In nothing does Guys' affinity with the English show more than in his pictures of horses and riders. His experience in the army, supplemented by regular afternoon promenades in the Bois, had given him an intimate knowledge of horses, and in his drawings he conveyed, as few artists have done, the character of these nervous and high-strung creatures. Sometimes they are being ridden by bewhiskered gentlemen with high hats; at other times they pull carriages in which ladies lean back indolently against the cushions, their immense crinolines overflowing like white foam.

It is in his night scenes, however, that Guys has given us the most complete picture of the people of his time. We see them leaving the theatre, or promenading between acts; at private soirées or public balls; in cafés and restaurants. His chief concern is



A YOUNG WOMAN CONSTANTIN GUYS



WOMAN ON HORSEBACK CONSTANTIN GUYS



TWO WOMEN CONSTANTIN GUYS



THE PORTE-COCHÈRE — CONSTANTIN GUYS
Collection of Miss Sarah Cooper Hewitt

always with the women; the men, wasp-waisted and elegant, with their enormous stove-pipe hats, their ferocious moustaches and imperials, are merely the background. The women, in billowy crinolines, carrying small muffs, and with their bonnet strings flying, are of many different types. There is the lady, elegant and beautifully dressed, on the arm of her solid-looking, prosperous husband; then the unattached female, dressed with more ostentation, made up in higher color, promenading slowly, perhaps arm-in-arm with another similar figure, exchanging glances with the men who stand about.

By almost imperceptible degrees we descend the social scale. There are the public balls, at the Mabille and Valentino's; a pair of dancers, the man staid, wearing his high hat, turning stiffly on his heel, the woman with her great skirt swinging, abandoning herself to the rhythm of the waltz. All around, on the dancing floor, men stand with their legs wide apart and their hands in their vest pockets; here and there a group is gathered around a particularly rowdy cocotte. These are the subjects that Toulouse-Lautrec was to paint years later, with more bitterness and irony.

As we go further down in the scale, the animalism becomes franker. From the brilliant centers of pleasure we descend to the low dens where soldiers and sailors gather, and the women come and lean over the tables; until we come to the low light and the red plush hangings of the brothel, with the madame behind the counter and the girls gathered in the parlor, waiting; and finally, the *pierreuse*, the streetwalker, making her rounds under the gaslight.

These various types of subjects Guys de-



CARRIAGE AND RIDERS — CONSTANTIN GUYS
Collection of Miss Sarah Cooper Hewitt

picted in thousands of drawings, unsigned, undated, having only the marks of his peculiar individual touch to identify them—dispersed through the world of Paris like leaves blowing about the city streets. At certain times during the year a flood of them would appear in the bookstalls and print shops. They could be bought for a franc for the large ones, seventy-five or fifty centimes for the smaller. One could buy them by dozens, by the bundle. And people bought them; gradually they disappeared. A few weeks or a few months later a new flood would appear.

These sketches, unsubstantial like the world which they depicted, were in water-color, ink or pencil, or a mixture of all three, for as far as we know Guys never painted in oil. Self-taught, he had evolved his own individual technique. Baudelaire tells us that his usual procedure was first to make a few light pencil indications, then to put in the principal shapes in a broad, vague wash, lightly colored at first, but taken up later and charged successively with more intense color. At the end, the contours of objects were drawn definitely in ink. In this way he would prepare twenty drawings at a time; they would accumulate, pile up, by tens, by hundreds, by thousands. From time to time he would run through them, look them over, and choose some in which he would increase more or less the intensity, making the shadows deeper and the lights more brilliant.

This procedure explains to some extent how he obtained his peculiar color effects—the pervading delicate grays and greens and blues and light browns, so strangely suggestive of Oriental art, at a time when the Western world had not yet become acquainted with the Orient. Sometimes the color scheme is silvery gray, sometimes darker and richer—dull rose, sombre green and brown, night-blue—but it always has a peculiar poignancy, an illusive and slightly morbid appeal.



TWO WOMEN — CONSTANTIN GUYS

C. W. Kraushaar Galleries



THE PROMENADE — CONSTANTIN GUYS

Collection of Miss Sarah Cooper Hewitt



HORSE AND CARRIAGE — CONSTANTIN GUYS
Collection of Miss Sarah Cooper Hewitt

But his drawing is even more individual and unusual than his color. His training as a war correspondent and his character of an observer of the life of cities gave his line an extraordinary quality of movement. He had watched the nervous, spirited motion of horses, the slow promenading of crowds, the rhythm of dancing couples, and in his drawings he seems to have reduced these movements to their few essential lines—anticipating by his own instinctive sense of movement the theories of many later artists. Few draughtsmen have commanded a line so graceful and elegant; it has a sensuous appeal like that of color. Its variety is extraordinary; it ranges from the most delicate indications of fleeting movement to a plastic solidity that recalls the drawings of Daumier.

The art of Guys occupies a special place by itself. He is one of the most individual of artists. If his work shows the trace of any master, it is that of Goya, but this is due more to temperamental similarity than to any direct influences. His likenesses to Daumier and Gavarni are on the surface, results of the epoch in which all three lived, rather than of like viewpoints. Guys did not have their wide range of subject or their interest in the everyday life of the "common man." Daumier's gross and sardonic humor and his sense of social injustice, and Gavarni's clear-cut satire, were equally distant from him.

His was an aristocratic art, at once more elegant and more sensual. From a limited range of subjects he extracted a peculiar flavor—the bitter and yet intoxicating taste of the life of pleasure. Into his work he put its hectic brilliance, its swift movement, its slightly acrid perfume. He can be called a decadent; but he was no recluse or æsthete. Unlike decadents of the type of Beardsley or Conder, his work has the li' es of life. It is



THE PARTY — CONSTANTIN GUYS

Collection of Miss Sarah Cooper Hewitt



YOUNG WOMAN — CONSTANTIN GUYS

Collection of Miss Sarah Cooper Hewitt

the work of a man who had seen and felt, and who to the end retained his love of the brilliant spectacle of life.

His influence on later artists is difficult to trace, but it is unmistakable. In a certain sense he can be called the first of the impressionists. His intense interest in the life of his own day, his power of catching the fleeting aspects of reality, the nervous elegance of his line, and his sense of design, all link him with impressionism.

In his later years, after the fall of the Empire, Guys' fortunes sank low. He had never been popular, but he was now forced to sell his drawings for a few sous. More and more, in the subjects of this later work, we find low dives, *filles,* the outcasts of life —a tragic indication of what his own life was becoming. But he still took his daily promenade in the Bois and kept up something of the air of a dandy, in a shabby military frockcoat. The de Goncourts, who knew him at this time, described him as a tall old man with the air of an old soldier, who talked vividly and forcefully of the cities and countries he had seen.

A Mardi Gras evening in 1885—he was then eighty years old—after dining at the home of Nadar, the last old friend the years had left him, he did not wish to be accompanied home as usual, not being able to persuade himself to go indoors so early on such a holiday evening; "wishing," as Nadar said, "on such an evening to still *see.*" The streets were crowded, the lights dazzling; on the Rue de Havre he was knocked down by a cab and his leg broken in two places. He was taken to a hospital, where he lived eight years more, unable to walk and completely alone except for very occasional visitors, but still drawing, as best he could, his memories of the brilliant world outside.



MEN ON HORSEBACK — CONSTANTIN GUYS
Collection of Miss Sarah Cooper Hewitt



STONE SCULPTURE (1908)
CONSTANTIN BRANCUSI

THE SCULPTURE OF CONSTANTIN BRANCUSI

By William Zorach

There are two types of art expression, one from within, the other from without—which can be interpreted: from within, solely out of one's self, out of one's own life and environment; from without, an expression that is derived through the appreciation of the art forms developed by peoples throughout the ages.

Brancusi is both a creative and an appreciative artist. Whether consciously or unconsciously, he has assimilated many of the African negro forms (and has found in them a spiritual kinship). He begins with a keen appreciation of negro sculpture, takes it to himself, cultivates it, refines it, and produces one of the most individualistic expressions of our age. Negro sculpture more than most primitive sculpture is an expression of the spiritual reaction towards existence, towards the phenomena of life. In their abstraction of form, in their intense emotional qualities, the African negro at some time in his past development arrived at one of the most purely spiritual expressions of any race. Bran-

cusi's art also is an art of the spirit, an expression of the spirit rather than an expression of the flesh. An expression of the spirit of beauty in the form—say of a human body—rather than an expression of the appreciation of the human body itself as in the sculpture of Maillol.

highest fulfillment, working away every defect of the surface modelling and developing the surface of the material to a high polish. This gives very much the upward soaring into space, the smooth gliding without any edges. This shining bronze thing he combines with various geometric shapes, combined with



A VIEW OF BRANCUSI'S STUDIO

We appreciate a line because a particular line is a beautiful line, a lovely sensitive line, whether in a drawing, an etching or in the human body or in the movement of the dance. In his Bird in Space, Brancusi takes the line of the movement of a bird about to soar into space. He takes this line, carries it out in the round so that at every angle of vision the line retains its purity, its ethereal quality. He is not content to develope this in the round, but strives to carry this form to its most discriminating taste. These blocks of wood and stone he selects for the qualities of color and texture which both enhance and relieve his sculptural form.

The first and most lasting impression before a group of Brancusi's work is a wonderful consciousness of the beauty and life of materials. The thin, smooth bronze Fish that stirs the water and slips through perfectly poised in its element, the warm colors of the marble in the Little Bird, the intrigue of

negroid forms in white alabaster. In two branches of a tree emerging from the central trunk Brancusi finds a resemblance to a human body. He carves, files, chisels, polishes this particular piece of wood until he brings out every lovely quality of texture, grain, color. In his hands it takes on a living surface, a perfect balance of cylindrical forms. It may be a Torso of a Young Man, but it is less a Torso of a Young Man and more a beautiful piece of wood. In the Sorceress, it is almost certain that the creative impulse was prompted by the appreciation of certain tree branchings which through the working developed certain forms and eventually a title, if you will.

But in that most expressive and lively Torso of a Young Woman, one feels more an appreciation of the thing itself and less an appreciation of material, lovely as polished onyx is. This carrying of the surface to a high state of polish is the natural striving for the complete fulfillment of the form, the ultimate purity.

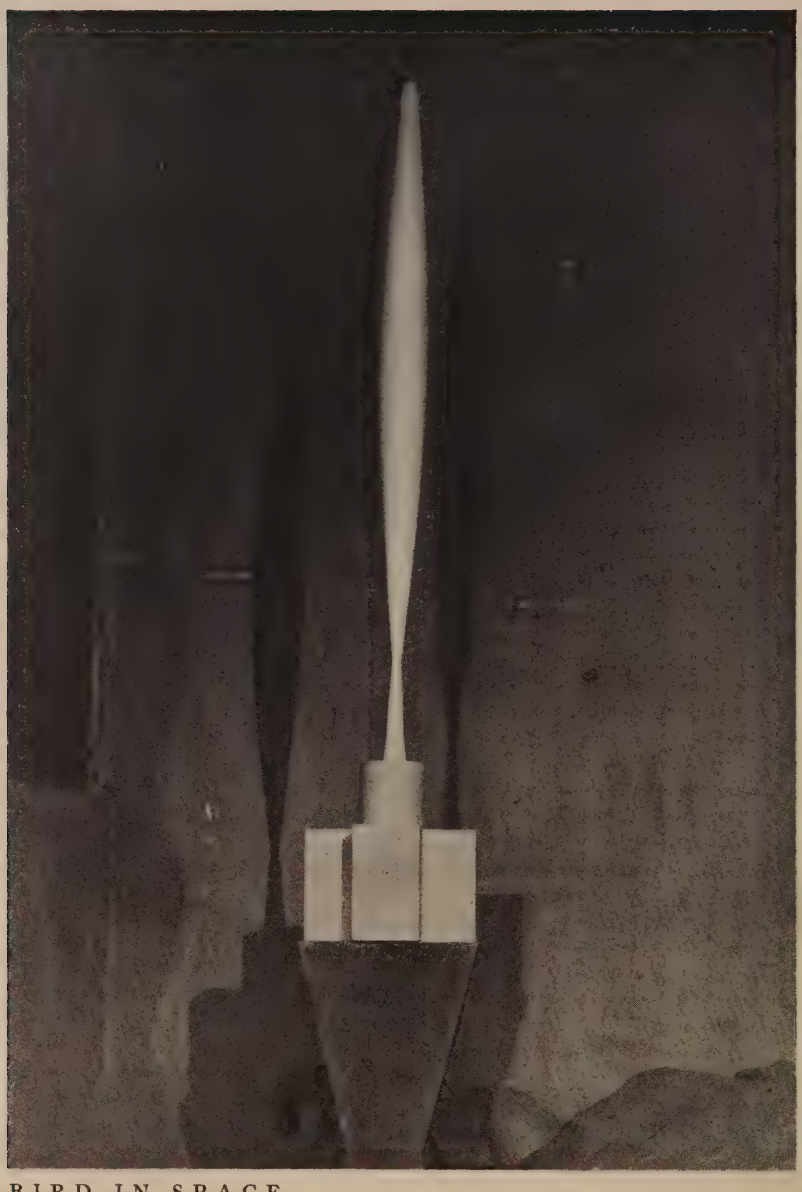
One of the most common criticisms of Brancusi is that he is continually producing the same eggs. Whereas in the development of his particular art Brancusi evidently realizes his limitations. The creation of this particular form in a fragment is lovely, whereas to carry this same idea into a whole figure or group of figures would probably result in something very dull, something that would deny its own peculiar qualities. Also I doubt if it would interest Brancusi to do it. When he places this particular egg form upon a block of stone that contrasts and releases the polished surface, there is a definite reason for its being. But placing the form upon a red plush cushion, as it was shown at the Quinn collection, introduces a touch of realism that is absurd with this essentially abstract art. The value of the curve is destroyed when removed from the cube.

Brancusi may reduce form to a spheroid, but never does he reduce it to emptiness. No matter how intense the simplification, it is always full and alive. His is an art of the precious, the careful, the essence. It will al-



ANATOMICAL FIGURE (1902) BRANCUSI

One copy in the Ecole des Beaux-Arts and one in the Ecole de Medicine



BIRD IN SPACE

CONSTANTIN BRANCUSI

ways appeal to a very select audience and always to those sophisticated ones who are seeking the last word. It is difficult for one to think clearly or feel keenly within the halo of literary and esoteric values such admiration creates. There is another side of art that is fine and more rugged and vital. In the feeling that the form has been hewn out from a solid mass. Where one can still feel the warmth of the sculptor's hand, the flow, the struggle, the pain of the birth. The living form emerging from a mass of rock or chunk of wood not carefully, preciously, but with power and life. It is through work and effort that such artists arrive at creativeness rather than by sitting and thinking for the spirit to move one until it grows back into one's self.

It is most curious, even disconcerting to see the drawings of Brancusi. But since they are there in his exhibition, they invite one to consider them. These are not a sculptor's



TORSO OF A YOUNG GIRL (1908)
CONSTANTIN BRANCUSI

preliminary notes for his work. They are drawings complete in themselves, but at the same time not complete in expression. They are very conscious attempts at a result; there is an element of smartness about them. They possess none of the qualities of his sculpture that is extraordinary; the drawings are ordinary, too much what everyone with ability turns out when seized with an interest in modern art.

There is much sex in Brancusi's work, but it is not necessarily pathological. It is too well controlled to be that. A work may have a conscious or subconscious sex impulse, but the work is art or not according to the dominant form projected into the work. Modern artists particularly are continually accused of sex symbolism. One may find sex symbolism in almost anything. One may find it in the Buddha of the Tang Dynasty in the Metropolitan Museum, or one may read the Chinese interpretation into it instead. Sex is one



THE KISS (1910) CONSTANTIN BRANCUSI

Now in Montparnasse Cemetery, although not originally intended as a memorial

of the most vital forces in life, and in art there is a great deal of sex impulse. But for those interested in sex solely art is a very unsatisfactory outlet.

The architectural quality of Brancusi's art makes a deep impression, and one gets a vision of a new age where everything has a new constructive form, new values. And yet while the mind is realizing the possibilities suddenly the vision palls. The sleekness, the perfection, the nicety becomes as overwhelming as a mid-Victorian atmosphere. The eye craves for relief in surfaces. Decoration can be overdone, but in the great works of the Chinese and Greeks, the Egyptians, decoration enhanced form. There was a marvelous welding of the two. But instead of being something that is going to transform the world of art, Brancusi's work is only one more thing that people have got to live with —one more vital expression added to the whole conglomeration of things. And as to his ultimate value—his place in art—we are too near to know. But there is this to be said: think of a beautiful Greek figure that has lain in the earth for centuries and been corroded by winds and water—and yet how much remains. What would remain of Brancusi's work after such a space of centuries when the beautiful polish has been destroyed and the pure line marred and broken?

The value and beauty of Brancusi lies in the individual creation. In Brancusi himself, his work, his feeling and attitude towards life. His work is serene, conscientious, simple. These great qualities are too lacking in our hectic new world. Brancusi is a modern master of an Old World. I should hate to see him lose his serenity and become one of us. I am fearful of what our world would do to him. We who have grown up here have built up a stout resistance to the commercialism and life about us which artists



PORTRAIT (1908) CONSTANTIN BRANCUSI



SUFFERING (1906) CONSTANTIN BRANCUSI

coming from abroad don't seem to possess—and the results are too often devastating. The world we live in today is so full of confusion, of petty detail and rush that we should preserve as precious the slightest efforts of those individuals who struggle to retain that simplicity and purity of vision and love of life—even in the slightest drawing or watercolor. It is not necessary to do grand and glorious works—size does not indicate profundity or greatness. A fragment may be sublime. The creative spark is one of the most precious qualities in life. The artist is the only saint that is left on earth.

EDITORIAL NOTE: *In the July, 1923, issue of* THE ARTS *will be found an article which gives Brancusi's views on art in the form of a summary of many conversations with him. As this article was very fully illustrated with his more recent work, we have endeavored in the present article to present examples of his earlier work which are perhaps less familiar to the public. Many of these were included in his recent exhibition at the Wildenstein Galleries in New York.*



WOOD SCULPTURE, AND VIEW OF STUDIO
CONSTANTIN BRANCUSI



ST. JOHN IN THE DESERT — DOMENICO VENEZIANO
Collection of Mr. Carl W. Hamilton

PAINTINGS FROM THE HAMILTON COLLECTION

THE five paintings of the Italian school which we are reproducing on this and the four following pages belong to the well-known collection of Mr. Carl W. Hamilton, and were recently exhibited in the Montclair Art Museum at Montclair, N. J., together with many other items from Mr. Hamilton's collection.

Some of the paintings from this collection were included in the memorable loan exhibition of Italian paintings held at the Duveen Galleries in the Spring of 1924, and several of these were reproduced in an article on this exhibition in the May, 1924, issue of THE ARTS, among those reproduced being the very fine Piero della Francesca, the Crucifixion, which was also included in the recent exhibition at Montclair.



ST. ROCH THE PILGRIM

FRANCESCO RAIBOLINI, *called* FRANCIA

Collection of Mr. Carl W. Hamilton



BEATRICE D'ESTE
Collection of Mr. Carl W. Hamilton

BERNARDINO DE'CONTI



THE ANNUNCIATION—THE ANGEL GABRIEL FRA ANGELICO

Collection of Mr. Carl W. Hamilton



THE ANNUNCIATION—THE VIRGIN MARY FRA ANGELICO

Collection of Mr. Carl W. Hamilton

THE ARCHITECTURAL LEAGUE EXHIBITION

By Harold Sterner

The size of last year's Architectural League Exhibition, in which the work of the architects was almost lost amid displays of decorative screens, plumbing fixtures, roofing tile and the like, apparently decided the League to adopt a more restricted and discriminating policy this season. Such a plan should have resulted in an exhibit of higher quality, but this is unfortunately not the case. The standard is so poor, and most of the things shown so devoid of beauty that one quite misses the paraphernalia of last year's exhibit and is almost ready to fall in with the dangerous theory that Lily Cup holders and vacuum cleaners represent the crowning achievement of our plastic arts.

The chief interest in the exhibition is supplied by the illustrations of commercial or semi-commercial buildings; such domestic and ecclesiastic work as is shown only serving to remind us that in these provinces our architecture is still in the throes of an aimless eclecticism.

To just what extent the architect is aided in designing the former type of work by the absence of precedent is difficult to say. Certainly he is free from the harassing influences of a client eager to display his recently acquired and usually superficial good taste. Many sad stories could be told of architects whose good intentions to create an honest piece of work have given way before the insistence of a client determined on duplicating the "cunningest little French Farm House" on the shores of Connecticut. Nevertheless, it is impossible to exonerate the domestic architect from the charge of insincerity or at least laziness. The utilitarian requirements of a modern house are sufficiently complex and elaborate compared to those of our forefathers to counsel the architect toward such modifications of old forms as may eventually mould themselves into a new style; and yet if we are to judge from this or former exhibitions, they make no appreciable effort to hold to this realization in the face of their clients' superficial and unthinking demands.

Recently certain architects have turned to the Colonial style as a possible solution, claiming that it is native to our shores and hence more appropriate. Actually it is no more appropriate as a setting for modern life than an English cottage, nor is there any evidence that this style has given them any real inspiration or impulse of a creative kind—on the contrary, it is already no more than the latest archæological fad.

It is a relief to turn from this fancy dress party of residences, churches and their kind, all dressed up in different periods, to the office buildings. Here all is honest and above board. True enough, people talk of "Cathedrals of Commerce" but up to the present our skyscrapers have happily avoided looking remotely like cathedrals and save for an occasional irrelevant outburst of Gothic detail, such as one finds and regrets on the Chicago Tribune Building, they are pleasantly free from meaningless plagiarisms. That our commercial architecture has reached a state of perfection could hardly be claimed by its stoutest defenders, but its faults are essentially technical ones and as such there is every possibility that they will be corrected and that the rising generation of architects will be fluent enough in the vocabulary of tall buildings, and sufficiently inspired to produce work of lasting value.

When one considers how short a time the zoning law, with its far reaching influence, has been in force, one is astonished at the skillful and vigorous compositions that have been achieved. Perhaps the most neglected factor in these buildings is the textural; it is certain that up to the present our architects have displayed far less skill in the handling of their wall surfaces than in their grouping of masses and resultant silhouettes. The possibilities of a more vigorous use of color and building materials of contrasting textures have been overlooked, and in many cases the treatment of the exterior has tended to contradict rather than elucidate the character of the structure.

The first room of the galleries is as usual devoted to the work of the American Academy at Rome. There are a number of frescoes, mosaics and pieces of sculpture, all amazingly feeble essays in the various archaistic styles; early Christian, early Renaissance and late Manship. The work of these men is as devoid of life as it well could be. There should be a Fresh Air Fund started for them with the slogan "Get Them Out of the Museums."

Mr. Lawrence T. Stevens shows his versatility by doing etchings and sculpture equally poorly. Mr. A. E. Floegel is also versatile though not as prolific. He only submits nineteen works against Mr. Stevens' forty-two, but no doubt this is because it takes more time to do a "Study in Fresco and Encaustic" than it does to do an etching; in fact Mr. Stevens' etchings could have taken scarcely any time at all.

George Fraser submits the winning design for the 1925 Rome Prize Competition, a work considerably better than anything else in the room in that it is simple and straightforward. It occurs to one that he must have done this before going to Rome.

In the first of the larger rooms, devoted almost entirely to architecture, the honors must go to McKenzie, Voorhees & Gmelin, who send some very handsome photographs of the Barclay-Vesey Telephone Building. This work presents a thoroughly vigorous and original silhouette, the system of setbacks being unlike those which occur in the uptown districts. One regrets that there is no photograph of the lower stories which are very interesting indeed.

Mr. Klauders' Cathedral of Learning has a very sensitive suggestion, in the model at least, of the frailty that one associates with steel. The general form of the building is original enough to make one regret the incorporation at certain points of Gothic motives that are too literal.

The restoration of King Solomon's Temple, by Helmle & Corbett, is a sumptuous piece of imaginative archæology, and those who worked at it must have enjoyed themselves thoroughly. The renderings are very fine and the model is a really beautiful piece of work. It is doubtful whether the Temple of King Solomon really built was as gorgeous as this restoration.

Cram & Ferguson show some photographs of the Dormitories at Phillips Exeter Academy, a finely proportioned building in excellent scale. If one were not already familiar with similar work of equal merit from this office it would be surprising to see such excellent productions in the Colonial tradition by a Gothicist like Mr. Cram.

The monumental work is anything but stimulating. McKim, Mead & White show two beautiful renderings of the Arlington Memorial Bridge, and Mr. Eggers' rendering of John Russell Pope's uninspired design for the Harding Memorial is an astonishing piece of technique. But this is all.

The Macon Auditorium, by Mr. Egerton Swartwout, is a particularly unhappy piece of design. Here we are presented with a Greek Doric Colonnade of strictest and hence quite unadapted proportions over a basement story penetrated by round-headed arches. Such attempts at originality on the part of the academic mind are apparently fatal; if we must have our Parthenons let them by all means remain like the original—they will at least have the value of copies.

Mr. Raymond Hood's Ridgewood Municipal Building is an interesting variation on a classic theme, but the pylons across the central motif of the building are so reminiscent in form of Doric pilasters that they call attention to the absence of a cornice above them, an omission which would otherwise not offend one. Here, as in Mr. Klauders' Cathedral of Learning, the originality of the conception loses in power through lapses into an outworn vocabulary.

The domestic work is almost as dull as the monumental, and very sparsely represented. Mott B. Schmidt's "Garden Pavilion" for Mrs. Havemeyer has great charm, and Pleasants Pennington's house for W. W. Lanahan, in the Southern Colonial tradition is distinctly in better scale than most of the modern work of this kind.

The mediocre monotony of the sculpture in the second room is only broken by a few things that are distinctly bad. In this room the ironwork of Mr. Brandt is notable for its pleasing design and truly delightful craftsmanship.

In the last room are gathered together the work of the painters, several of the larger pieces of sculpture and the exhibition of French architecture. The latter is very poorly presented. Small photographs and drawings are piled next to each other in such a confused way that it is impossible to do them justice, and so much of the work is apparently not recent that criticism of it seems hardly in order. There is an undeniable originality in much of it, but it is a forced originality which rarely results in beauty and too often in something ugly.

The painting is nearly all poor. The architects would do better to go to the frankly non-decorative painters than to associate themselves with the authors of these works who have little or no sense of drawing, color and design. Exception must be made of a spirited piece of fresco painting for Righter & Kolb, by Mr. Kai Gotzsche. This charming work is a happy contrast to the other paintings and offers one of the few cheerful moments in what must go down as the dreariest exhibition the Architectural League has given us in many years.



THE TORSO — HENRI MATISSE
Tri-National Exhibition



LANDSCAPE — HARRY HERING
Whitney Studio Club

NEW YORK EXHIBITIONS

THE Tri-National Exhibition, under the auspices of Mrs. E. H. Harriman, which was held at the Wildenstein Galleries, New York, met with a success greater than anyone could have prophesied —a success which, I believe, will increase rather than diminish as time goes on. The American artists, in particular, should be thankful to Mrs. Harriman for this splendid undertaking. This will bring them an international public which will act as a stimulating force.

I have a theory that the stimulation of international competition is exactly what is needed to bring our artists to the highest point of their development. It is a theory which time alone can prove, for until Mrs. Harriman inaugurated the Tri-National, which, already seen in Paris, London and New York, is about to proceed to Berlin, Berne, Munich and Barcelona, exhibitions of American work in Europe were too spasmodic to make any permanent effect, and this despite the great pioneer work done in this direction by Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney.

With Matisse, Derain, Bracque, Maillol, Brancusi, Manolo, Picasso all well represented, and with other artists such as Despiau, Rouault, Segonzac and Vlaminck less adequately, but none the less interestingly represented, the French department of the Tri-National won the honors of the exhibition. In the English department, Frank Dobson, the sculptor, and Roderic O'Connor, the painter, were the two men whose work was admired by the American artists. The Americans in the exhibition were:

Tennessee Anderson, Paul Bartlett, Thomas H. Benton, Louis Bouché, Fiske Boyd, Paul Burlin, Mary Cassatt, Robert W. Chanler, Paul Dougherty, Arthur B. Davies, Jo Davidson, Charles Demuth, Preston Dickinson, Arthur G. Dove, Guy Pene Du Bois, Charles Duncan, Laura Pardin Fraser, J. E. Fraser, William G. Glackens, Samuel

Halpert, George "Pop" Hart, Marsden Hartley, Herbert Haseltine, Childe Hassam, Charles W. Hawthorne, Malvina Hoffman, Earl Horter, Cecil Howard, Edward Hopper, Rockwell Kent, Karl Knath, Max Kuehne, Walt Kuhn, Yasuo Kuniyoshi, Gaston Lachaise, Ernest Lawson, Arthur Lee, Florence Lucius, George Luks, Henry Lee McFee, John Marin, Kenneth Hayes Miller, Man Ray, Reuben Nakian, Andrew O'Connor, Georgia O'Keefe, Waldo Peirce, Edward W. Redfield, Boardman Robinson, H. E. Schnakenberg, Charles Sheeler, Niles Spencer, Allen Tucker, Nan Watson, Max Weber, Gertrude Whitney, Mahonri Young, William Zorach.

A New Gallery

To the cluster of exhibition galleries which more and more are centering on Fifty-seventh Street, has been added this month the F. Valentine Dudensing Gallery. Mr. Dudensing, having left the more conservative atmosphere of his father's gallery, has now set out to exhibit contemporary European and American art, and as in the past, he will undoubtedly give courageous support to the younger artists.

The opening exhibition held by him consisted of paintings and drawings by the successful Parisian Japanese, Foujita. Entertaining in subject matter and meticulous in craftsmanship, Foujita's decorative canvases made an agreeable impression, although no one considered them very profound.

Maurice Sterne

The exhibition of recent paintings and sculpture by Maurice Sterne, which was held at the galleries of Scott and Fowles, had a phenomenal success. Mr. Sterne is one of those rare artists who combines the capacity of knowing what he wishes to say with the capacity of being able to say it in the way that he wishes to say it. His painting skill is very great and his knowledge of the art of the past serves



THE CHAMA RUNNING RED — JOHN SLOAN
C. W. Kraushaar Galleries



CYMON AND IPHIGENIA — GEORGE MORLAND
Leverhulme Collection

to enrich his work. For the first time in America his large bronze figure, Awakening, was exhibited. It was reproduced in THE ARTS, May, 1925, and when it finally arrived in America collectors competed with each other to secure a copy of it. The clarity of its conception and its powerful grasp of form make it one of the most imposing pieces of sculpture created by an American.

Thalia Malcolm

Thalia Malcolm returned from France to hold an exhibition at the galleries of Durand-Ruel, and brought with her a series of landscapes and flowers which immediately won the affections of those who enjoy graciously painted pictures that reflect a genuine pleasure in the subject. The color in Mrs. Malcolm's pictures is excellent, the design is good, the sense of selection is apparent. Her work is fresh, straightforward, unaffected painting, better than she has done before, not as good as she will doubtless do later. It is, I repeat, gracious, genuine and true painting.

Philadelphia's Annual

A large portion of the Philadelphia Exhibition this year was invited, and those appointed to invite the pictures, should they happen to examine the exhibition from any critical point of view, will doubtless make radical changes in their invitation list; for it is very largely made up of gentlemen who are half asleep most of the time that they are painting. The jury selected about 140 pictures, but, according to one member of the jury, the gentlemen doing the work of judging became so bored that



CATS FOUJITA

Courtesy of F. Valentine Dudensing

they allowed a large number of very good pictures to pass by without taking the trouble to vote on them. But this is an old story; even Philadelphia knows how dull its annual exhibition is, and comparatively few people go to see it.

The jury system, as many of the men who have served on juries will acknowledge, is a grotesquely unfair procedure at best; when it is further complicated by a secret invitation list it becomes an indignity against the artist. Its correction depends on the future attitude toward it taken by those artists who, upon being asked to serve on juries, have the self-respect to refuse to carry on the farce, and upon how soon the artists themselves refuse to submit their pictures to a jury which has been selected for the purpose of keeping an exhibition neutral. Why should an artist be expected to have his picture looked at in a badly lighted loft where many of the pictures were judged for the Philadelphia exhibition, and under conditions which make it nearly impossible to arrive at a fair decision? As long as artists are willing to go to the trouble and expense of putting their work before a jury which they know employs farcical methods, why should they shed tears over the unfair treatment that their pictures receive? The only way to kill the jury system is to refuse to tolerate it. Let the Philadelphia Academy and other such conservative institutions invite their entire exhibition and be held responsible for them, instead of hiding behind the secret invitation list.

Among the paintings and pieces of sculpture which gave some indication that the Pennsylvania Academy Exhibition is not entirely moribund were those by: Kenneth Bates, George D. Odermeit, Hayley Lever, Bertram Hartman, C. H. Phillips, George Luks, Elizabeth Paxton, Wenonah D. Bell, Gregory McLoughlin, Hugh H. Breckenridge, Aldro T. Hibbard, John Sargent, Charles Hopkinson, Francis Speight, B. V. Flannery, Charles Rosen, Arthur C. Goodwin, Ross Moffett, Harry Gottlieb, Horace Brown, Harry H. Shaw, William Meyerowitz, Edythe Ferris, Anthony Angerola, Robert Spencer, Catherine Morris Wright, Clarence R. Johnson, Robert Henri, Gifford Beal, Charles Morris Young, Stewart S. MacDermott, Guy Pene Du Bois, Harry Leith-Ross, Nancy M. Ferguson, Mildred E. Williams and James Chapin.

Edmund Quinn's portrait of Leon Kroll was the best portrait in sculpture in the exhibition; and other works of sculpture noted as being out of the ordinary were by Benjamin T. Kurtz, Elizabeth Chase, Albin Polasek, Frederick G. R. Roth and Leonard Craske.



THE HOUSE AT RUEIL — EDOUARD MANET

Courtesy of M. Knoedler and Company



STILL LIFE — GEORGES BRACQUE
Tri-National Exhibition

John Sloan

John Sloan's exhibition at the Kraushaar Galleries consisted mainly of paintings of the Southwest, and the artists received his new work with the interest and respect which they are accustomed to accord to the paintings of a man who has always proved himself to be an independent spirit. I happen to be more fond of Mr. Sloan's pictures of the people and settings of New York, which have brought out this artist's humor and human sympathy, as well as his sense of witty characterization.

Rockwell Kent

An exhibition of water colors by Rockwell Kent was held during the last month at the Weyhe Galleries. They varied between realistic paintings of landscapes, in which Mr. Kent was at his best, and those specimens of exalted symbolism which have gained for this celebrated American a distinct following, and which for this writer are the least important of Mr. Kent's works. In his straight landscapes Mr. Kent showed a spontaneity that was lacking in his more self-conscious efforts at symbolism.

William Nicholson

William Nicholson once had in America a considerable popular reputation built upon his effective and simplified drawings of British types. The work which made him popular has apparently been set aside for the more "serious" task of painting, and the first exhibition of Mr. William Nicholson's painting shown in New York was seen recently at the Jacques Seligmann Galleries. There is nothing drastic or pompous in Mr. Nicholson's work; indeed, it has an agreeable appeal and considerable good taste. Mr. Nicholson looks upon the world



HEAD OF A KING, CROWNED — CAMBODIAN, XII Century A.D.
Courtesy of Yamanaka and Company

selectively and rather mildly, with a refreshingly modest point of view.

F. W.

The Leverhulme Collection

It seems remarkable that the Leverhulme paintings should have been brought over to this country to be sold, for certainly nothing could have been more British than this collection. The late Viscount's taste did not range far afield; the few foreign paintings were relatively unimportant, and essentially the collection was an exhaustive survey of the British school from its very beginnings down to the latest R. A.

The exhibition as a whole was remarkable for quantity rather than for quality. Although almost every important name in English art was represented, many of them by numerous examples, there were few pictures of very unusual merit. If the work of any artist stood out, it was rather because of the cumulative effect of many of his works than by the strength of any one. The Morlands, for instance, formed a most attractive group; so did the Constables, although in this case the fine Arundel was a work of outstanding quality.

The Whitney Studio Club

During the first half of the month the Whitney Studio Club exhibited paintings and drawings by four artists, Harry Hering, Frank London, Jan Matulka, and Dorothy Varian.

Mr. Hering's work was notable for its straightforward vision and direct style. One can see that he is not troubled by theories when he paints. His watercolors were particularly refreshing in their frankness and vigor. In Mr. Matulka's work, on the other hand, one felt an excess of theory. He has great energy and there are many fine passages in his paintings, but the general effect is crowded and monotonous, as if he were trying to get too much into his pictures.

Miss Varian was the most sophisticated of the four, possessing a subtle feeling for line and color. Her large Nude was sensitively painted, and the Picnic and the two flower pieces were fresh and fine in color. Frank London's work was heavier, but it had a certain sombre effectiveness.

Eastern Art at Yamanaka's

For the short space of a week Yamanaka and Company held a remarkable exhibition of sculpture and paintings of Cambodia, Siam and India, from which we are reproducing the very beautiful Head of a King. Very little is known of this art, even by scholars, and the opportunities of seeing it are sufficiently rare to make us welcome an exhibition containing so many fine examples. L. G.



THE REAPERS MAURICE STERNE
Scott and Fowles

PARIS LETTER

THE last art exhibition seen before the Paris winter became impossibly severe was that devoted to Contemporary Landscape at the *Palais du Marbre,* the furnishings and decoration establishment of Mercier Frères, on the *Champs Elysees.* The foreword to the catalogue, by Louis Vauxcelles, disclaimed any attempt to furnish, in the seventy-five canvases shown, a résumé of French landscape painting during the past fifty years; with the grace of phrase which characterizes even journalistic prose in Paris, the exhibition was termed a sketch, a bouquet. To a visitor from the United States it appeared to be a livelier and more intelligent showing of recent work than could be assembled under similar auspices at home, and certainly both more complete and more independent than would be ventured upon by any dealer or museum with us.

Moreover, with the disarming frankness that appears to be a part of the Parisian critic's equipment, M. Vauxcelles wrote that the reason why no purely cubist productions were included was that it is difficult to determine what a picture of that type represents. Of course it is! Incidentally, though this writer did not mention it, this difficulty is never the really important thing about a good cubist painting. But the fact is certainly as M. Vauxcelles stated it. And imagine any writer on art in the United States, not avowedly anti-cubistic, making that remark, so obvious as to border on naïveté, and retaining a single shred of critical authority before a woman's study club! A Frenchman can write more naturally on art than one of us, for one reason, because he has no professional pomposity and infallibility to preserve; he is nearer to the ideal position of one friend talking to another against a background of common interests.

The obverse of this advantage is a tendency to make too ready a use of words that should be held in reserve; here is M. Vauxcelles, for example, saying that for many of the painters here included the word "genius" is not too great. Very prudently, however, he fails to specify among the living and reserves the term for the dead. It is something to the point to analyze briefly the personnel of this exhibition in the light of this claim, because thus can be obtained some understanding of why French criticism in general, for all its ease of expression and charm of manner, is lacking in specific gravity.

Among the deceased painters represented on this occasion the term "genius" may be freely granted to Cézanne and Renoir—not, however, on the strength of the specific examples shown. The Renoir, "Argenteuil: Soleil Couchant," was good but not great; and the Cézanne, which could not be properly seen in its unfortunate lighting, seemed to lack that sense of space which forms so important an element in that painter's power.

To turn to the living is admittedly to tread upon more dangerous and debatable ground; but in venturing upon forthright judgments there is certainly some advantage in being a foreigner. From such a viewpoint it appears that only Matisse among living French painters is at present sure of being accorded the rank of genius. His painting here shown, while not the most complete example of his multiple mastery, yet adequately evidenced his amazing power to ensnare light and to snatch a real design out of the casual, seeming to pass on to nature itself the credit really due to the artist alone.

Of the other living painters represented on this occasion, Bonnard, Derain, Friesz, Marchand, Marquet, Segonzac (not catalogued), Utrillo, Vlaminck and Vuillard constitute the first flight. There were other painters represented who will attain that rank; and there were also the inevitable Monet poplar-piece and the Signac harbor-scene. These men deservedly occupy high rank in recent and contemporary painting, which constitutes the foreground of the long history of the art.

But when the focus is shifted to the entire perspective of that history, it becomes clear that they cannot be justly accorded the rank of "genius" without withering to some extent the laurels of those to whom it is historically applied. One and all these contemporaries have uncovered and developed a great variety of more or less personal perceptions which have refreshed the rest of us repeatedly. But their exploitation of personal vision seems to have involved a refusal, whether conscious or unconscious, to explore the world beyond quite definite and easily perceived limits. Now, the word "genius" implies range of experience no less than intensity of mind, a fusion of the two into an indivisible wholeness, a condensation of the entire personality of an experiencing nature into a concrete work of art. Words of this weight are too scarce in any language for them to be worn away by a too facile use in amiable remarks on contemporary art.

VIRGIL BARKER.

THE ART OF THE FILMS

"THE BIG PARADE"

By Quinn Martin

Last summer, seven years after the thunder of war had been stilled over the fields of France, a motor hummed one moonlight night in May down that quiet, wooded road leading from Soissons to Paris. There were four of us—a young



"THE BIG PARADE" *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer*

American who, demobilized abroad, had chosen to remain there, his wife, Mrs. Martin and myself. Somehow, as tired and dreamy-eyed evening tourists sometimes do, we had begun singing in low tones easily remembered melodies from home. Now it was "Over There." Suddenly, not unlike a great, white sheet hanging out of the sky before us, a little hillside cemetery, with its hundreds of crosses, row on row, moved into the rays of the headlights.

There was a feeble, hushed gasp. We sang no more. The motor stopped. We sat there, beneath the stars, beside the graves of American soldiers who also had remained in France. Presently we proceeded, a little more slowly now. No one spoke. But that picture, that pang of bitter memory, will linger with us always.

Still, touching, moving as were these moments spent so closely about the soil upon which battles had raged, it remained, I was to find later, for something made in America, something done by actors and projected upon a canvas screen in a Broadway theatre, to bring me actually to a realization of the desolation wrought in those terrible days across that lonely road down which we had passed from Soissons.

One stands before the modest little statue in the village square at Chateau-Thierry and imagines what must have taken place in those streets. In "The Big Parade," that glorious thing of moving pictures, one *sees* what happened there. Now, I doubt whether any such impression of reality would have become possible in the making of this cinema had there not gone into its preparation something a great deal finer and nobler than most of us in the past have been willing to concede to be an element in the construction of the picture play.

It would be a little superfluous, now that hats of so many critics have gone flying into the air after their wearers have witnessed this drama, to enter upon a detailed report of the action of the story. But surely it cannot be but fair that persons interested in the advance, the progress, of all the older, less struggling, arts, should be led toward so really true and lovely an exhibit of "painting in terms of motion pictures" as is presented in this, the greatest, I feel sure, of all the cinemas yet made.

So æsthetically sound and atmospherically rich a canvas ought not, and must not, and, I dare say, will not, be ignored even by those well meaning skeptics who (and not, I may add, without a very great supply of justification) feel impelled at the mere mention of the term movie to fly in all haste to the nearest soda fountain for bromo-seltzer. For here is a thing pulsating with the energy of life, giving off an enchanting beauty in conception and modeling—comic now, horrifying in its brutality then, and always true. I have not seen more than three or four film plays which, taken as completed subjects, have left me more than mildly attracted

by their spiritual qualities. On the night of the première of "The Big Parade" it happened I was so deeply stirred, so altogether caught up and immersed in the magnificence of what I had seen that I left my chair at the end, walked a block down Broadway toward the subway station without realizing that I had, nothing less, left my hat neatly tucked beneath my seat in the theatre. That I figuratively tossed it away again (some say it went sailing over the Woolworth Building) as I sat down in Park Row to attempt a review of the picture is another matter.

Motion pictures have succeeded in remote instances in achieving great beauty of form, but almost invariably this has been but spasmodic and partial. That is to say, a picture may appear which in its marked spiritual aspect is a thing apart from the customary type. It may be, however, and generally is only passably good mechanically. Again we will discover a film amazingly pleasing in its transference of a mood, or even in the reproduction of the character of a people such as, for example, the worthy example of Robert J. Flaherty, "Moana." Still, if what we are really after in the cinema is the projection of plays upon a screen, we are forced, no matter how warm our admiration for the effect of pictorial truth, to regret just a little that, after all, there is no drama, no play, no emotional tug nor suspense. Still again one finds specimens of a distinct appreciation for timing and spacing on the part of a director such as that contained in the work of the eminent German, Lubitsch. Still, it is conceivable that we might ask of him a more stimulating and exciting and vigorous story to be told. We find fragmentary suggestions of greatness almost with the passing of each month of films.

What I am trying to get at, of course, is that in the motion picture play, "The Big Parade," the utterly amazing combination of all the essential qualities is confronting us. All captured, nobly turned, expertly joined. It constitutes a true reproduction of a great subject, done in living, moving panels, each as necessary in relation to the other as are the succeeding chapters of the masterpiece of prose.

A softness of tone, a gossamer glow is over it. I recommend it to the painter who would look upon the most remarkable episode of our time mirrored in an animated fabric of surpassing delicacy.

I try very energetically in commenting upon the films to avoid employment of the term, and still I do quite earnestly wonder if there is among us some considerate soul who knows what he is talking about and who can give me just one good reason why "The Big Parade" is not a work of art.

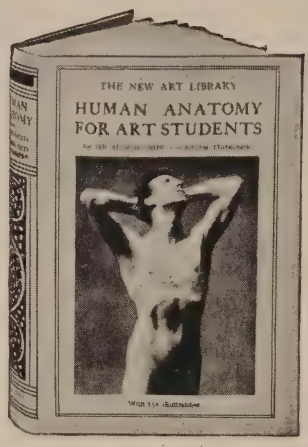
BOOKS

THE PAINTINGS OF WILLIAM BLAKE. By DARRELL FIGGIS. London: Ernest Benn, and New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1925. ($35.00.)

There can be no question that Mr. Darrell Figgis' much-anticipated volume on William Blake the painter is, and will remain, an important contribution to the mass of material so rapidly accumulating around the mystical poet-engraver. But the book's importance is due to the magnificent series of reproductions which it contains much more than to Mr. Figgis' own direct textual contribution. Indeed, these two factors are on such disparate levels of worth that they must be discussed entirely apart from one another.

The one hundred plates are all in color or in collotype. It is perhaps inevitable that in the present state of printing color-prints as such will be considered unsatisfactory in their attempt to reproduce every quality of their originals; the eye more easily accepts the frank translation into another set of optical values that goes with photography and photogravure than it does the surface-skimming, depth-lacking inadequacy of the color-print. But in the case of Blake, whose so-called paintings were for the most part themselves prints in color or prints afterwards washed over with water-color, the modern processes of color-reproduction can attain a greater measure of adequacy than they usually can. As for these particular collotype plates after Blake's engravings and paintings, the publisher is to be congratulated on having produced a handsome and treasurable volume.

Another point of importance is that many of these pictures, more than half the total, have never before been reproduced in permanent form. Among them are the complete "Paradise Lost" series in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts; the complete "Paradise Regained" series belonging to Mr. T. H. Riches; and such important single items as Lord Leconfield's "Last Judgment," the "Satan Smiting Job"



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of the Tate Gallery, and "The Ancient of Days" in the Whitworth Institute, Manchester. For the knowledge and enterprise in assembling so fine a series of works by Blake credit should go to Mr. Figgis.

His arrangement of them in his book is, however, another matter. In a special "Preface on the plan of the illustrations" he attempts to meet objections which he knew would be made to his experiment; but the fact that he has tried to anticipate them is no reason to refrain from raising them.

He declined to use a chronological order, deeming it a mere evasion, a running to pedantry for refuge from deciding anything. An evasion of what? After choosing the works to be reproduced in his volume, what is Mr. Figgis or any other editor called upon to decide? This editor very finely says: "The order of a man's life is not the order in which his days are lived, but the order which his mind gives to those days." Well, his own works, irrespective of their arrangement, will speak out this mental order over the head of any editor—over the head of the man himself; that may very well be left to take care of itself. However, Mr. Figgis is not content to let the works speak for themselves; he has attempted to discover the order which Blake himself would have chosen. There is no direct evidence adduced as to whether Blake would actually have desired to alter the chronology of his works; and it is quite pertinent to ask if Blake is really well served by such tampering with their natural order. On his death-bed Blake remarked that the version of his "Ancient of Days" to which he had just put the finishing touches was his best. For this reason Mr. Figgis puts it first; but would not good emotional logic as well as mere chronological habit therefore place it last? Which is better: to make your biggest noise first and diminish your effectiveness with every addition to your chain of pictures, or to begin as you began in life and work up to the thunderous climax of your last and best, leaving that to reverberate in the mind long after the book is closed?

Yet Mr. Figgis writes: "It was only necessary to array these reproductions in the order of their making to be troubled constantly by the thought of a virtue that seemed to have gone out of them. They had become a series of Blake's exercises in art. . . ." Now, that is precisely how they should be considered in the first instance. If chronological arrangement causes them to lose something, whatever it may be, then that something may justly be suspected as having no significance in the story of Blake's artistic development.

Exactly because Mr. Figgis refuses to bring this story into relief does his essay fail to fulfil the promise of the book's title. He presents no new biographical facts; nor is that necessary to justify another book on Blake. What is needed is a new reading of Blake's life with emphasis upon certain of its outward circumstances, the external factors which determined his professional tenets and technique.

To lay open Blake's sources and training is to account for far more in his work than his devotees desire to be accounted for on the worldly plane. Mr. Figgis, for instance, does give some space to such matters as Blake's printing and engraving processes and his inglorious struggle with the medium of oil painting; but he realizes neither the extent nor the significance of such things in explaining Blake as a human being of memorable eccentricities and an artist of unforgettable limitations. An examination of Blake's work from this skeptical point of view would leave a figure very much diminished from that which he appears to be in the writings of those to whom he is a great mystic using pictures as his means of communication.

This is the weakness of Mr. Figgis' essay in interpretation. His approach is that of the literary mystic, unwilling to give due weight to facts that would minimize the mystical element in Blake's drawings. He does not dream of testing them by purely æsthetic, or even technical, criteria; to him they serve a mystical purpose beyond themselves and thus become at once something more and something less than works of art.

Incidentally, Mr. Figgis' own literary manner is inchoate and high-flown. On page 21 he writes: "Abysms and chasms, dizzy highths [sic!] and yawning depths, echoing with wailing winds and dark with stellar catastrophies, do not constitute a world through which the spirit may incontinently speed, however native the climate be to its inclination." A writing man who can become as hysterical as this is hardly to be trusted to keep his head among the vaguenesses and grandiloquences, to say nothing of the amazing precisions and true grandeurs, of William Blake's pictures. So it is not surprising to find that towards the end of his essay Mr. Figgis adumbrates another world in which the personages of Blake's pictures exist and in which they can be known independently of those pictures; and is even inclined to test the latter by their power to initiate the mystically minded into that other world. It is not necessary to deny this; but it is necessary to say that Blake the artist in this world

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In THE ARTS for April

Maurice Prendergast—American Artist
By William M. Milliken

Curator of Painting and Decorative Arts, Cleveland Museum

A very fully illustrated article tracing the development of one of the pioneers of the modern movement in America. The illustrations, drawn from all periods of Frendergast's life, will be a revelation to those who know the artist's work only in its later stages.

Other Forthcoming Articles

The New Tradition in Prints
By Ralph M. Pearson

Author of "How to See Modern Pictures," who recently selected the twenty-five "modern" prints in the "Fifty Prints of the Year" Exhibition.

Awa Tsireh
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has yet to be definitively treated and that this must be done without any confusion of issues by mystical considerations before Blake's position as an artist-poet-mystic can be determined.

VIRGIL BARKER.

FINE PRINTS OF THE YEAR, 1925. By MALCOLM C. SALAMAN. London: Halton & Truscott Smith Ltd., and New York: Minton, Balch & Company, 1926. ($10.00)

When this beautifully printed book with its fine reproductions came to us for review, we admit to a *parti pris,* as we already had a vague impression as to its character. We find it to be all we thought of it—and then some.

Mr. Malcolm Salaman begins his volume thus: "It is a happy coincidence that Mr. John M. Aikens' alphabetical priority enables us to begin our illustrated survey of the year's fine prints with a plate so beautiful in conception and design as 'The Mitherless Bairn'. How easily this might have been sentimentalized (!) Here is nothing maudlin, but a genuine impulse of tender motherliness has moved the gracious woman to take the helpless lambkin in her arms and comfort it with her warm sympathy." Here's another one: "Mr. Troy Kinney is daintily graceful as ever with his dry-point, and his embodiment of 'A Breath of Spring' with dancing nymph and piping boy is a mere whiff of fantasy."

In this brand of blurb the "Cute School" might find a toothsome morsel, but to encounter ten or more pages of it fills us with the desire to ask Mr. Salaman to kindly step one side—he's in the way.

As the book is divided into a British and an American section, the job of the reviewer would seem to be all cut out for him in comparing the two. Such a comparison is made difficult however by the similarity of the two groups. In Mr. Salaman's selection of the less individual of the Americans, the racial flavor has been almost eliminated as these are the men who sit most humbly at the feet of the English masters of etching. Most of the Americans represented run a poor second to the British in technical achievement. The more careful training of the European craftsman is evident in all the English work. Nor are our delegates better off as to imaginative endowment.

The loud musketry of "modernism" has not decimated these serried academic ranks that still present an almost solid front to the angels of darkness.

A question that must puzzle anyone who has seen much of contemporary etching is why, when painting

is in such a state of chaos and rebellion, so few etchers are concerned with technical innovation and experiment. But the practitioner struggling to bend the medium to serve his ends, realizes to the full the difficulty of plastic generalization in so meticulous a process as etching. The ventures of Davies into cubism and John Marin's plates along a similar path have opened up no new and stimulating vistas for the worker on copper, apart from spiritual expression. The goal of the etcher must still be the more complete development of his personality.

It is unfortunate that in this country the more individual and liberal followers of the art have not banded together for self defense and propaganda. They seem so far to have been contented to appear as isolated phenomena in the large academic print exhibitions, which parallel the strongholds of the standpatters in painting. This can only result in a corresponding discouragement to the thinking and individualistic worker who must therefore compete with these copper plate conjurers on their own ground or pass unnoticed, whereas in a more congenial environment he would feel encouraged to develop emotional expression. I suppose a like condition prevails in England but I am not informed as to this.

As we go through these pages we hear much of the "true etcher's linear conception," etc. Salaman is not the only one who talks foolishness about this etcher's line. As if the etcher's line were different from the line of anybody else! The etcher's line has degenerated into an end in itself and as such has become sweet and sugary beyond belief. God give us a little vinegar! Of course the trailing of the line on copper is as seductive a performance as the loading of luscious paint on canvas. However, "modernism" is combatting this latter æsthetic degeneracy. We have had a long and weary familiarity with these "true etchers" who spend their industrious lives weaving pleasing lines around old doorways, Venetian palaces, Gothic cathedrals and English bridges on the copper. As if the etcher's job was to do otherwise than to draw honestly on the plate his vision of life. What can these purists and virtuosos say of Goya digging into the metal with ugly slashes his bloody transcript of the world. Here is no thought of making pretty jewels for the print market and the collector with his microscope.

One wanders through this desert of manual dexterity without much hope. The best of those represented in the British section are: Laura Knight, whose figure of a girl has a touch of life in the face;

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C. R. W. Nevinson, not at his best; Job Nixon; Henry Rushbury, with a well drawn plate suggesting Muirhead Bone; Douglas Smart; John B. Sonter; and Geoffry H. Wedgwood, who has an aquatint that shows an interest in the problems of form and of simplification that modern artists are struggling with.

Among the Americans George Hart stands alone for really personal expression. The plate reproduced is not one of his best, and is careless in form and design, but has the kindly humor that is his.

Of patient labor and skill there is in this book a plenty, and more. Of technical experiment or strongly personal vision and contact with modern life, there is little, or none. As a commercial proposition this book undoubtedly succeeds; as a cross section of the best etching of the year it is a flat failure. EDWARD HOPPER.

ANGELICA KAUFFMANN, R.A. HER LIFE AND HER WORKS. BY LADY VICTORIA MANNERS and DR. G. C. WILLIAMSON. New York: Brentano's, 1925. ($17.50.)

The immediate cause for the publication of this large and handsome volume on one of the most popular artists of the eighteenth century, was the recent discovery in the Royal Academy Library of an important manuscript in her own handwriting, which has thrown much new light on her career and has definitely identified as hers many pictures which had previously been ascribed to other artists.

Even if she had never painted, Angelica Kauffmann's life would still be of sufficient interest to call for a biographer. A Swiss by birth, brought up in Switzerland and Italy, she early attracted attention by her precocious artistic ability, as well as by her beauty and her brilliancy. In her early twenties she settled in England, where she soon became one of the most fashionable artists of the time, doing a vast amount of portrait and "historical" painting and also of decorative work.

Gifted with great mental and physical attractions, and not above a little harmless flirtation, she seems to have had a large part of the Royal Academy at her feet, including its renowned president, Sir Joshua Reynolds. Reynolds, however, seems to have mastered his emotions, and shortly afterwards Angelica, with half the fashionable world of London to choose from, married a Swedish count who turned out to be an imposter. The marriage was annulled, and she subsequently married an Italian artist, Antonio Zucchi, and spent the rest of her life in Italy, painting most of the not-

ables of her day and on intimate terms with many of the great figures of the time in art and letters.

While much of the book is necessarily taken up with questions of dates and the correct ascriptions of pictures, the authors have nevertheless managed to make very interesting reading of it. Knowing the eighteenth century well, they have presented the figure of Angelica Kauffmann as much as possible in the words of her own contemporaries, by extracts from the diaries and letters of her time, a method which results not only in authenticity but in added color and interest.

Regarding her work, the authors, while they recognize its attraction, are under no illusions as to its weaknesses. After so many books which are devoted to the indiscriminate praise of their subjects, it is refreshing to find so well-balanced a viewpoint. The secret of her great popularity they find in her complete acquiescence in the artistic taste of her time. It was a period of neo-classicism, and as they point out, it was the neo-classic element in the work of painters like Reynolds and Romney that made for their success, rather than their realism. Angelica's work, with its pseudo-classic feeling, its Psyches and Orpheuses and Cupids, its graceful if insipid drawing, and its warm bright color, was the very embodiment of the taste of the period. Moreover, she was extraordinarily skillful in combining these themes with a style so entirely refined and moral that, as the authors say, not one of her works contained anything that would bring the slightest blush to the cheek of a young girl.

They also see certain purely personal elements in her work which guaranteed its success. There was an essentially feminine note in it which gave it a distinct and lasting charm. Angelica was not a woman capable of great emotion, but, as the authors say, "she never forgot the fact of her femininity and she never allows us to forget it when we look at her works." And the fact that she herself was a beautiful person and had a romantic life-story, must have added to the popularity of her work.

A vast amount of intelligent and painstaking research has gone into the preparation of this volume, not only in ascertaining the facts of Angelica's life but in tracing and ascribing her work, a full list being given of her pictures and those which are ascribed to her. There are seventy-nine illustrations, eleven of which are in color. Altogether, the book's completeness, its balance and its interest should make it the standard work on the subject for many years to come. L. G.

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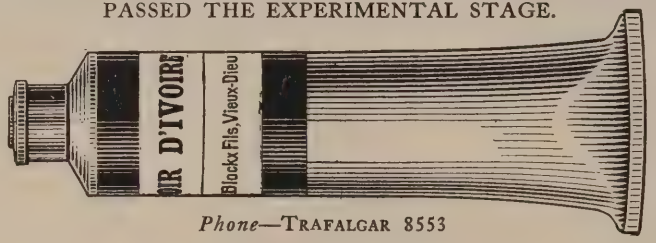
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CONTENTS

PAGE

FRONTISPIECE: MINIATURE *Jehan Foucquet* 178

EDITORIAL 179

MAURICE PRENDERGAST, AMERICAN ARTIST *William Mathewson Milliken* 181

SOME OBSERVATIONS ON THE NEW STAGECRAFT *Mordecai Gorelik* 193

THE NEW TRADITION IN PRINTS *Ralph M. Pearson* 198

PROPRIETIES AND EXPERIMENTS *Forbes Watson* 202

BOSTON NOTES *Harley Perkins* 211

THE MEDIÆVAL EXHIBITION IN PARIS *Jacques Mauny* 213

NEW YORK EXHIBITIONS *Lloyd Goodrich* 223

THE ART OF THE FILMS—"THE BLACK PIRATE" *Quinn Martin* 230

BOOKS—

THE FOLLOWERS OF WILLIAM BLAKE (Laurence Binyon) *Lloyd Goodrich* 231

THE PRACTICAL BOOK OF CHINAWARE (H. D. Eberlein and R. W. Ramsdell) *Edwin J. Hipkiss* 233

THE JOHN QUINN COLLECTION 234

RECENT FRENCH BOOKS *Jacques Mauny* 234

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

WILLIAM MATHEWSON MILLIKEN is Curator of Painting and Decorative Arts in the Cleveland Museum, which is well known for its liberal attitude towards modern art and particularly for its encouragement of the more progressive American artists.

MORDECAI GORELIK writes of the New Stagecraft from practical experience as a designer. Among the productions which he has designed are Andreyev's *King Hunger,* John Howard Lawson's *Processional* and *Nirvana,* and John Dos Passos' *The Moon Is a Gong.*

RALPH M. PEARSON, in addition to being a prominent etcher, is the author of *How to See Modern Pictures,* and a frequent contributor to magazines. It was he who selected the twenty-five "modern" prints in the "Fifty Prints of the Year," exhibited by the American Institute of Graphic Arts.

JACQUES MAUNY is one of the younger French painters and has contributed articles to the leading French art magazines.

HARLEY PERKINS is art critic of *The Boston Transcript* and also writes from his own experience as a painter.

QUINN MARTIN is the motion picture critic of the New York *World.*

EDWIN J. HIPKISS is Keeper in the Department of Western Art in the Museum of Fine Arts at Boston.



PAGE FROM JOSEPHUS' ANTIQUITIES OF THE JEWS — JEHAN FOUCQUET

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THE ARTS

VOLUME IX APRIL, 1926 NUMBER 4

WE, of today, who talk with artists and see them at work and hear them discuss their theories, are made constantly aware of their deep interest in what the other artists are doing. Their reactions to life, being much less theoretical and more instinctive, are more inscrutable. The artist keeps them more to himself. Hence it is quite possible that we are misled into believing that painters and sculptors today frequently respond too actively to art and too little to life.

A philosopher once said that the artist gets art out of life while the amateur or connoisseur gets life out of art. A division as clearly cut as this is not altogether inclusive, for the artist is not all artist. He too is amateur and connoisseur. He, too, gets life out of art, and this colors and affects what he creates just as any other experience would.

No artist could possibly go to the Prado, the National Gallery or any other great museum, without enjoying an intense experience that is of the very essence of life. On the other hand, when the painter or sculptor is more affected, during the processes by which he brings his art to completion, by thoughts of another artist's work than he is by the impression which he has received from life, his work will probably turn out to be a reflection of art rather than a reflection of life.

The great Picasso, whom some European critics have called the clown of genius, while others have ranked him as a gifted monkey forever ready to play tricks, is followed by a troup of lesser Picassos whichever way he turns. Derain, whose commercial success has been so great that within the last few years he has turned out many careless pot boilers, also has his troupe of imitators. This is not a new phenomenon; it has happened before in every age, but not quite as extensively as today.

The attempt to create art out of art is not, however, limited to the imitators, or at least it is not limited to imitators so simple-minded that the source of their inspiration is immediately evident. The word imitation can easily be misused. The artist has a right to find his art where he wants to. If he cares to paint pictures suggested by the reproductions of the more innocent and less well known figures from the past, this should not be in itself a reason for condemnation.

There are no rules or morals to be made on this subject. One painter will abstract a delicate conception of racing sailboats from a photograph in the Sunday paper. Another will go to the yacht races and paint a colored photograph. Theoretically, the man who sees the thing in life should feel much more of a kick than the man who only sees it in a photograph. Actually this is not what always happens.

The stimulus of life comes from such intangible sources that no reportorial methods will supply it. The capacity to experience it is instinctive with some men, impossible with others, but it may be that when an artist keeps one eye fixed on the properties of art, as set forth by other artists, he will gradually weaken his own native capacity for feeling the stimulus of life.

In this sense rather than in any literal explanation of the apparent sources of his art, what he creates will gradually degenerate into the merely negative effort of attempting to get all of his own art out of somebody else's art.

FORBES WATSON.



THE CANAL, VENICE (1898) MAURICE PRENDERGAST

Collection of Mr. Lewis B. Williams



THE FOUNTAIN, BOSTON (1890-1892) MAURICE PRENDERGAST
C. W. Kraushaar Art Galleries

MAURICE PRENDERGAST, AMERICAN ARTIST

By William Mathewson Milliken

The world is too prone to forget its modest geniuses. Boston and New York rightly pay their tribute to John Sargent, but neither in his native city, Boston, nor yet in New York, his adopted home, has any memorial been planned for Maurice Prendergast. Memorial exhibitions are often tragedies revealing paucity of ideas, mere facility and shallowness of brush stroke; it is a real triumph when they enhance the reputation of the man involved. The latter has been the result of the Maurice Prendergast Memorial Exhibition held from January fifteenth to February fifteenth in the Cleveland Museum of Art. In this exhibition some sixty-five works were exhibited, thirty-three of them water colors and pastels, the water colors and pastels for the most part never exhibited before.

It is of Maurice Prendergast as a water colorist and pastellist that this article will particularly treat. But it will also treat of Maurice Prendergast, the man, fitting himself for his career through his early struggles, and helped through it all by the steady companionship of his brother and fellow artist, Charles Prendergast.

The chief creative impulse, certainly, came from within; and the artist's career depended from the first on his own individual initiative. For years he had no teacher. His first adventure with paint was in washing out brushes when apprenticed to a painter of show cards. At the age of fifteen or sixteen he earned a

precarious living painting these show cards, training his hand thereby. His brother picturesquely tells the story of his amusements in those early days, when perhaps seventeen or eighteen. Every Sunday or holiday he would start for the country from his home in Roxbury, his lunch and water colors in hand. He was "hell on cows" and he spent his day happily sketching them. He would take off his coat and put it down somewhere for safe keeping. Then all day he would follow here, there, and everywhere, perhaps leaving his coat half a mile behind and coming back with a note book full of cows, of cows' heads, cows' feet, cows' tails. But by the very insistence of his study, he acquired a knowledge and power in the rendition of motion which never deserted him. When he was to come back from Europe years later, his brother rather expected cows again. Instead, there were boulevards and other scenes. But the cows had done their part in teaching him action and close observation of nature.

His sole ambition had been to save a thousand dollars from his show cards. Now he was helping his brother carve and gild frames. In about 1884, he showed a Mrs. Waterbury, the wife of a minister in Roxbury, all his work and, on her advice, went to Paris. It was quite inevitable that when the two brothers went, it was on a cattle boat, paying for their passage by "valeting the cattle" and other jobs. The brother soon came back, but Maurice settled in Paris, starting his studies with Carlo Rossi but continuing for three or four years off and on with Jean Paul Laurens. He returned to America in 1889.

Later the Prendergasts moved to Winchester, another suburb of Boston. In those days five cents looked like a twenty dollar gold piece to him and, when needing diversion, he regularly walked four miles to Medford to save a nickel. There he would get his transportation to Revere Beach. After a day of steady work, lunching on the sand, he would go back at night the same way, happy as a king, walking the four miles over pitch black country roads with perhaps six water colors as the result of his day's work. Typical of that period of his career is the "Revere Beach," painted in about 1890. In this, his earlier studies of movement stand him in good stead, and the figures on the beach are graphically sketched with great directness of vision. At that time he already had the cool distinction of color which was to follow him throughout his life.

Typical of a slightly later period, about 1890-92, are two water colors of the old "Bartol" church on Cambridge Street, Boston. The one he did first, on order for the minister of the church, showed the street with the church an incidental part of the composition. This did not suit the client and a second was done in which the church played a more prominent part. Maurice Prendergast said: "Wouldn't you know it? As I was putting in the door which was a beautiful old greeny blue, along came some house painters and the first thing they touched was that door." Of this same period is the water color, "The Fountain," in the memorial show, a charming vision of old Boston with a delightful grouping of walks, garden plots and figures.

Conditions still proved exceedingly difficult but that fine patron of art and artists, Mrs. Montgomery Sears, stepped forward to help him, and he was enabled to make a second trip in 1898-1899. This time he went to Italy, visiting particularly Venice, Rome and Naples. The earliest of the Venetian water colors are of that period. "The Quay and Steps of the Salute" is dated 1898, "The Canal," the same year, "The Bridge, Venice," 1899, and the Roman water color of "The Pincian Hill," in the Phillips Memorial Gallery, 1898.

Venice, however, was to play the greatest part in the formation of the man. There he studied the glories of the Venetian past, and more particularly her "primitive" glories in the art of Carpaccio. Carpaccio especially fascinated him and he loved to go to the little dark Scuola of San Giorgio dei Schiavoni to enjoy there the masterpieces of this great narrative painter. And again he particularly



THE BRIDGE OF BOATS, VENICE (1898) MAURICE PRENDERGAST
Collection of Mr. Ralph King



FESTIVAL DAY, VENICE (1898) MAURICE PRENDERGAST
C. W. Kraushaar Art Galleries



REVERE BEACH, BOSTON (About 1890) MAURICE PRENDERGAST
C. W. Kraushaar Art Galleries

sought that one of Carpaccio's pictures in the Accademia, notable for its intertwining pattern of gondolas and its all-over design of figures, its spotting and the extraordinary skill with which character is recorded.

This love of Carpaccio is an illuminating thing for from these studies develop his first Venetian water colors. They are in no sense derivative, but purely his own, and perhaps the most completely Venetian in character of all the numberless water colors painted there by every itinerant artist. They are a little less free in their handling than those which were to come later. But they have his characteristic breeziness, his freshness, his all-over dapple of light and color, and his ability to handle crowds and movement. Particularly characteristic are such pictures as the "Piazza di San Marco," "Festival Day, Venice," the "Bridge of Boats, Venice," "Quay and Steps of the Salute," dated 1898, the "Canal, Venice," also dated 1898 and "The Bridge, Venice," of 1899, each showing progressively a growing freedom. The Canal is particularly effective, the curving lines of the gondolas playing into the bridge in the background, pulling the eye into the picture and giving its design a certain rhythmic swing. Yet he was always the man who could say when he left Venice behind, "It makes me ashamed of my own work when I see such glories."

After this he came back to Boston and showed a few things in Chase's Gallery on Boylston Street, again through the intervention of Mrs. Sears. About 1901, he used to make occasional trips to New York and painted in 1901 the dated "May Day, Central Park," in the collection of the Cleveland Museum of Art. At the same time he did



QUAY AND STEPS OF THE SALUTE, VENICE (1898) MAURICE PRENDERGAST
C. W. Kraushaar Art Galleries

the "Ring-Around-A-Rosy" and a magnificent fragment also in Central Park near the Mall. These delightful pictures show the growth of the man, the organization of pattern that had come as the result of his European trip. In the same group, but earlier, is the "Carousel" painted at Nahant after 1899-1900. In all of these his color is unusually distinguished, the greens picked up and accented throughout by contrasting notes of color and



THE CAROUSEL (1899-1900) MAURICE PRENDERGAST
C. W. Kraushaar Art Galleries

by the whites left in his paper. He also shows a masterly ability in instilling character and humor into the drawings of incidental figures.

Slightly after this time, he painted again the New England coast line. Such water colors as "The Boat Landing" and "The Excursionists" were done at Nahant in about 1903-1904. A prominent feature in the former is the crowded pier at which the Boston excursion boats used to call.

In 1905 he had his first real show in Boston at Kimball's, in Arlington Street, exhibiting with Pepper and Hopkinson. He had never been able to afford an exhibition before and this one as far as sales were concerned was a flat failure. In the same year, Macbeth gave him a one-man show in New York; and the only water color sold was a Venetian one to the late William Gedney Bunce, a touching tribute, really, from one who loved Venice and who painted her beauties so often.

In Paris he had seen an exhibition by Cézanne, then practically unknown in America, and had studied and been fascinated by that artist's work. An amusing story is told about a studio party in New York after this second return from Europe. Glackens, Shinn, Sloan, Henri, Fitzgerald and others were there. Prendergast was talking to all, of Cézanne; and the high point of the evening was a stentorian demand, loud above the noise of conversation, "Prendergast, who is this man, Cézanne?"

Slightly after this period, about 1907-1908, he painted the latest "Revere Beach," much lower in style and with great intensity in the deep blue of the water.

Another characteristic and charming incident is told of Prendergast's pecuniary difficulties. He went to call on a man who had

aided him with loans of money. Glad to see the artist, yet at the same time sensing another request for a loan, this gentleman was manifestly on the defensive, asking how he was getting on and saying, "You know everyone must rake his own hay." But Prendergast had been raking his own hay, and from the little he had raked or gleaned, he was coming to pay back what he had borrowed. A simple story, but one peculiarly illuminative of the stamina and innate fineness of the man.

So far, no mention has been made of his oils. There is a good reason for this. He could not afford oil paints until comparatively late in life, and perforce had to take as a substitute the cheaper water color pigment. He painted certain oils such as the "Ponte della Paglia," of the Phillips Memorial Gallery, to be sure, but usually if he worked with oil, his paints and his money both ran out at the same time. After 1910 he used oil with increasing frequency but only in water color can one get a consistent glimpse of the growth of his art through its various periods.

A third visit to Europe came in 1910 when he joined his brother, Charles, in Florence. On that trip, little was actually produced. However, for several years previous to going, he must have been working on earlier sketches, resulting in a second group of Venetian water colors, greyer in general color, more broken and flickering in their brush stroke. Exceedingly diverting among these is his "Rio di San Severo" with its dash and humor. The French pastel, "From the Terrace," belonging to Ralph King, is of that period. There is also a group of beach scenes at St. Malo, bits of satire of the fash-



MAY DAY, CENTRAL PARK (1901) MAURICE PRENDERGAST
The Cleveland Museum of Art



CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK (About 1901) MAURICE PRENDERGAST
C. W. Kraushaar Art Galleries

ionable life of the day, vibrant with an increasing excitement and vivacity of brush stroke. The sky, the sea, the figures, throb with movement and vitality. One of these, the "St. Malo," is dated 1909. He was at St. Malo during his first trip to Europe in the eighties, so these later versions must have been done about 1909 from notes made on the earlier European trip.

About 1912 he had a new experience. He went up into New Hampshire and the White Mountains and did a quite distinct and interesting group of water colors. He forgot his beloved Paris, France, Italy, raving about the beauty of color and the fascination of a part of his own country which he had never known. These are not the obvious pictures of New Hampshire, but very personal in their viewpoint—the "Road to the Village," "Along the Lake," and others. In these it is interesting to see how the form element of Cézanne's philosophy of paint has reacted on him in a resultant simplification and greater discipline.

In 1914, the brothers moved to New York. The reason for this and the circumstances surrounding the move are interesting because of the light they throw on his career. He could not sell his work in Boston; people laughed at him and the two brothers eked out an extremely precarious existence carving and gilding frames. They were living in Winchester, owing the butcher, the baker, the village store, neighbors, everybody. One day Thomas W. Lawson sent word to the brother, Charles, that he wanted frames for three pictures, portraits of his dogs. The frames were to be extremely elaborate, and sketches were submitted and accepted. The two set furiously to work and the frames were delivered. On his own volition, the next day Mr. Lawson sent the check



THE BOAT LANDING (1903-1904) MAURICE PRENDERGAST
Collection of E. B. Greene



NEW ENGLAND BEACH (1907-1908) MAURICE PRENDERGAST
Collection of Mrs. Malcolm L. McBride



ST. MALO (1909) MAURICE PRENDERGAST
Collection of Mr. E. L. Whittemore

for nine hundred dollars by special messenger. They divided the money, paid up all their bills, gathered together the belongings they cherished, burnt the rest in a great bonfire in the yard and moved bag and baggage to 56 Mt. Vernon Street, in Boston. There, again, they were not particularly happy, and after nearly two years, chance again came their way through an order for six frames for an insurance company. Two days after these were finished the two moved to New York, establishing themselves at the studio, 50 Washington Square South, where they stayed until the death of Maurice Prendergast in 1924.

The last trip to Europe had also come in the year 1914, the artist returning just before the outbreak of the war. Again, practically no actual result in work came during this visit.

Maurice Prendergast never abandoned his love of New England, although he lived in New York. He made many trips back, painting at Ipswich, Marblehead, Gloucester and other places. Characteristic of his work about 1915 is his "New England Village." "The Hay Cart," done in Marblehead, comes later, 1917-1918, "Yachts in the Harbor, Marblehead," 1918, and "The Grove" in 1922. All these show his tendencies and show how his water colors were becoming increasingly fluid, increasingly expressive of the quality of his medium.

Always a splendid draughtsman, he never painted a more virtuose picture than "The Grove," of 1922. His arrangement at first glance is seemingly that of a flat tapestry-like all-over pattern. Yet in that pattern he has suggested volumes and masses in a most remarkable way. He had the rare gift of actually drawing with his water color and the figures live and move and have form and



RIO DI SAN SEVERO (1908-1909) MAURICE PRENDERGAST
C. W. Kraushaar Art Galleries

character by an uncanny certainty of touch. It is only necessary to compare this picture—in fact all his later work—with the earlier Venetian, New England and New York subjects, to see how third dimensional design had come into his work, completely changing it. Cézanne's theories of the relationship of objects in space was developed by Prendergast's own peculiarly personal interpretation.

Prendergast did not paint many water colors after 1922. His health was breaking down and he could not work directly out of doors as he had usually done. Up to almost the time of his death, February 1, 1924, he could still paint in his studio.

Here was truly a man who worked seriously but who never took himself too seriously. He never felt, "now I must paint a masterpiece," but he created for that very reason many beautiful things. He never could do any potboiling—painting to sell. He never swerved from his ideal and for that very reason created an ensemble of work which is distinctively personal and his own, one of the most individual contributions which has been made to the art of this country.

Maurice Prendergast is dead and the world is only coming to a just appreciation of his reserved and delicate genius. It was a happy chance that the telegraph boy could hand him during his last illness the telegram announcing the awarding of the third prize, carrying with it $2,000 in cash for an oil exhibited in the Biennial American Exhibition at the Corcoran Gallery in Washington. It was the only prize he ever won. And his remark as he handed the telegram to his brother was characteristic, a flash which even from the shadow of the grave revealed the man, "I'm glad they've found out I'm not crazy, anyway."



THE GROVE (About 1922) MAURICE PRENDERGAST
C. W. Kraushaar Art Galleries

SOME OBSERVATIONS ON THE NEW STAGECRAFT

By Mordecai Gorelik

If any one development may be said to characterize the modern theatre it is the unexpected rise of the scenic designer. Within the recollection of adult theatregoers there was a time when scenery, except in spectacles intended to amuse audiences with bizarre effects, was a minor vexation for the director of a play, and was turned out in carloads by anonymous craftsmen who punched a time clock. Now scenic design is an art and scenic designers jostle landscape painters, portraitists and sculptors in the pages of the art reviews. The new designer does more than provide backgrounds or costumes for plays: he has enterprise, he has ideas; in fact, he has distinctly influenced the progress of the theatre. Under the heading of the New Stagecraft comes an impressive list of achievements which the coöperation of the designer has made possible: the improvement in settings and costumes, new plans for stages and theatre buildings, innovations in stage machinery and in lighting equipment, plays written in twenty scenes instead of three acts, deliberate stylization in acting and directing as well as in scenery, and many other departures in play staging and play writing. It is noteworthy that among the most prominent men in the American theatre about half a dozen are professional scenic designers.

The designer's work is so surprising and glamorous that it has met with wholesale enthusiasm, and hardly any temperate estimate has been made of it. In order to make such an estimate it is necessary to have an idea of the work of Edward Gordon Craig, whose writings are the tenets of the New Stagecraft and whose turn of mind is reflected by the leading designers of this country and Europe. Although his name is closely associated with designing, Craig is only incidentally a designer, most of his pictures being intended to illustrate his essays. It was Craig who called attention to the fact that the setting is an integral part of a production and must therefore be æsthetically considered. In an effort to get coördination into the elements which make up a performance Craig goes the length of maintaining that the theatre is or should be a distinct, independent medium as opposed to an amalgamation of the several arts of literature, acting, painting and music. Accordingly he rules out of the theatre all those who come to the stage temporarily from other professions; in particular he insists that no designer can be of value who has not been bred in the theatre: the graphic artist of the stage must see existence by the illumination of floodlights, spotlights and borders exactly as the landscape painter sees the world by the illumination of the sun and moon. It happens that this specific idea of Craig's is the one which has soonest been put into practice. By this time the professional scenic artist has made his appearance in every country in the world where there is a modern theatre.

Before comparing the designer whom Gordon Craig vaguely foresaw with the actual one who exists today it is well to look further into Craig's incentives. The theatre is lastingly indebted to Craig for his heroic effort to give it consciousness, self-respect and culture. Curiously enough, it is also indebted to him for an urbane and vapid definition of these qualities. His sincerity and his great love for the theatre are beyond dispute; his approach, however, is that of a dilettante. As an artist he is weak and bloodless; the theatre is for him an escape from an industrial civilization; it is a last holy citadel in which an oversensitive man of culture may take refuge before advancing barbarians smeared with the soot of factories.

In this sanctuary, pending the arrival of the barbarians, he has been comparatively secure and has spent his time kneeling before the high altars of ancient drama and in elaborating programs for the future. It is not strange that many of his most fervent theories — accompanied incidentally by absurd prejudices and rationalizations—seem likely to remain forever tenuous. Craig's personality is the personality of the new theatre. The most representative of his disciples, that is, the designers, are of the same type or are trying unconsciously to mold themselves to the type.

A second charge which must be laid to Craig is that he is without discipline as a craftsman. The example of his scenic sketches has been especially unfortunate, since it has caused the work of his followers to be similarly vague and ineffectual. He has nothing to offer as a pictorial artist, in the theatre or out of it, except a limited repertory of tricks, of which the two most striking are nebulosity and grandeur. It requires only a brief survey to find that Rembrandt and Odilon Redon, among innumerable others, have employed chiaroscuro with far greater insight, and that majestic dimensions have been used by men like Piranesi with much greater authority. It is as easy to achieve mystery by throwing shadows, and grandeur by expanding the size of backgrounds, as it is to become modern by using oblique lines. Following the example of the master the average designer has been getting mystery and grandeur without a struggle and often at the expense of the play he is engaged on. Such a designer has nothing to learn from the reaction of his audiences, since the average audience will applaud a decorative setting which is not only banal in its conception but altogether out of sympathy with the play it is intended to serve.

The capabilities of the professional designer, already handicapped by precedent and training, are still less encouraged by the manner in which the designing must usually be done. In the first place the work is so highly technical that the design for a setting sometimes becomes a mere biproduct of the difficulties of staging. A set must not be too expensive, it must not be cumbersome or unwieldy, it must be of certain proportions, it must be so constructed that it can be packed into a freight car in case the play travels. The designer has to concern himself with the carpentry, the lights, the locating and renting of properties, the painting of the scene flats and the purchase of drape-material and upholstery. Models and working drawings must be made. If the designer is also employed on the costumes, as often happens, he is involved in still another multitude of technical details.

Along with these responsibilities comes the absolute necessity for coöperation with several other people who may or may not have a conception of the play identical with that of the designer. The opinions of the producer and the director and often those of the leading players must be considered. (On one occasion the entire lighting scheme of a play had to be changed because the leading man's hair appeared too thin at the top and so made him look too old for his part.) In no case do the designer's original ideas arrive intact on the opening night. Of course this result is to a large extent unavoidable, since any production is the work of many different people.

But the most cruel handicap of the designer is the very short time he is normally given for working out his conceptions. An illustrator who is serious about his work would not undertake to complete several pictures in less than a week, although he has no technical problems to speak of. Yet it often happens that the scenic designer must submit sketches for a great many scenes within two or three days. Usually he begins his sketches as the play goes into rehearsal, and as he must be occupied with the execution, which takes about the same time as the rehearsal period, he is invariably reduced to the safe and stereotyped scenic effects familiar to all designers. He has no time to understand the play or to set his imagination working; he turns out in a week sketches

for a play which may have taken the dramatist years to develop.

There is finally an adverse condition about which only a morbidly conscientious designer would complain—namely, the producers' custom of contracting with a single designer for a series of plays. Although no two of these may be alike in geography, history or motivation, it is assumed that all of them will be done well. This practice is as rational as it would be to cast George Arliss for the role of the prizefighter in *Is Zat So?* on the strength of Arliss's successful impersonation of Old English.

Professional scenic designing thus becomes largely a combination of mechanical skill and personal diplomacy. It is therefore an open question whether the fact that a designer has been bred in the theatre is enough to make him superior to easel artists in creative scenic work. Among others, Picasso, Matisse, Soudeikine, and Grosz, painters not primarily of the theatre, have demonstrated that the imagination and sympathy of a competent artist go far toward overcoming any lack of specific experience in the theatre. Practically all the professional designers, harassed as they are, are devoid of any graphic convictions: they "swipe" without scruple from the researches and discoveries of the architects and easel painters whom Craig is so anxious to keep out of the theatre. It is not possible, in the ingrown type of theatre which is Craig's ideal, for professional scenic designers to be anything more than ingenious parasites. Graphic advance, in the theatre or elsewhere, is being made and will always be made only by men whose center of balance is outside the theatre and who bring their energy to the drawing-board.

An easel painter who observes the difficulties under which scenic designers work, and the ephemeral nature of the work, wonders what repays the designers for their labor. They are repaid in two ways—in cash, since producers now find them indispensable, and in recognition, since it is usual, because of the frantic publicity which is part of the unreal quality of the theatre, for any designer, however untalented, to receive an amount of press notice that would stagger an artist not connected with the theatre.

Because of this applause and flattering attention the designers ascribe to their work an importance far beyond what it merits. As a matter of fact, routine designing at its best can have no status as a fine art. About two-thirds of the output of scenic sketches are for realistic middle-class or upper-class interiors. Except for the mechanical ingenuity involved, these sketches are strictly speaking not scenic work at all, but interior decoration. Aside from the fact that they have no right to consideration as a form of pictorial drama, they rate below the work of a professional interior decorator; for scenic purposes anything better would be superfluous excellence.

The remaining examples are exteriors and historical or geographical settings, all readily adapted from paintings, illustrations or photographs. The designer's work consists of the usual mechanical ingenuity and some simplification, with fidelity to characteristic detail. In general scenic designers have neither the time nor the disposition to do adequate research, and very little that is seen on the stage approaches the actual beauty or vigor of the best library material which is available. A play usually receives a conscientious, authentic setting in the severely simple manner which is so much in vogue. The more expert the design the deader and less convincing the scene becomes, due to the fact that it entirely lacks the sprawling unstudied disposition of time or place. It would seem that a scene is the more ungrateful the more thoroughly it is designed.

There is, however, a phenomenon peculiar to scenic work which saves the designer at the last moment. It is this: that a good play tends to animate and make symbolic any setting it receives. An insipid room takes on significance when something extraordinary occurs in it. A murder in an otherwise unimpressive room will instantly give a murderous quality to the tint of the wall paper or the shape of the windows in the

room. A romantic love affair will give the same room a totally different aspect. A good play "carries" any scenery which is not violently opposed to it. It is helpful and appropriate to have a setting which is intelligently oriented from the start; but that is not a problem to keep producers awake nights. For all practical purposes a mediocre setting fills the bill, and if the play and the acting are remarkable the setting automatically becomes impressive. On the other hand when it is clear from experience that a faultless setting cannot save a bad play, the supposed importance of the designer is reduced to the vanishing point.

This does not mean that there have never been any striking, original or powerful designs intended for stage use. On the contrary the recent International Theatre Exposition contained some very exciting pictures—the best designs as a rule being by easel artists who have been attracted to the theatre, not by the professional designers. These pictures would look well anywhere, in a theatre, in an apartment or in a museum. It is difficult to see just why they should be called drama instead of pictures. As a matter of fact they are all more impressive as sketches and toys than they are when executed and used on the stage. Far from revolutionizing the drama these pictures when transferred to the stage add to a play the impediment of emphasized wood and canvas. Many a spirited costume sketch turns into a pathetic, labored costume, heavy makeup, including puttying, and an exasperated actor who should be intent on his emotional characterization instead of on the hitch of his futuristic trousers. The merit of a striking scenic or costume sketch consists in a dramatic quality which is wholely pictorial and static, essentially opposed to the movement of the dramatist's play or the steady intensification of the actor's rôle.

The more forceful and talented designers are quite aware that their usual commissions are æsthetically unimportant. Whenever opportunity offers they attempt productions in which their scenery is apparently dynamic and obviously important. In such cases their work instead of being commonplace becomes positively harmful, since they graft a pictorial significance on a play whose value, if it is a good play, lies in the psychological reaction of one human character to another. Jones's *Macbeth* and Geddes's *Arabesque* failed because in each case the play was turned into a clothes-horse for theories of scenic presentation. Reinhardt and Meyerhold and their designers have been using Shakespeare's work even more inappropriately. Reinhardt not long ago staged *King Lear* with rubber costumes specially prepared so that the actors and their clothes might be painted to resemble blocks of stone. The Americans may be as ingenuous but they have not had the bad taste, or perhaps the encouragement, to be quite so absurd. Productions of this sort although they have usually proved disastrous have so intrigued the rest of the theatre that modern drama as a whole is now taken up with the puerilities of staging.

It becomes evident that the novelty of the designer's work has been a misleading index to the actual character of the work, which is quite reactionary. There is too much emphasis on the visual side of the drama, an aspect of production which is inherently subordinate. The tendency among the younger, potentially more valuable people in the theatre, encouraged by many influential dramatic reviewers who ought to know better, is a blind approbation of the New Stagecraft, which to them represents everything opposed to the stuffy and joyless theatre of their parents. In their ardor they mistake what is new for what is progressive and so are drawn into a maze of arid speculations about staging. They are not interested in the tide of life in the outer world; an age of fantastic machinery and still more fantastic economic, political and social systems goes by them unobserved. It's all very well for old-timers like Ibsen, Strindberg, Molière or Shakespeare to have studied outside the theatre; the person who is up to date knows, because Craig has said so, that

the drama is a sort of masonic mystery whose talismans are stage braces and amber electric lights. There is no better demonstration of the cheapness of spectacular staging than the facility with which mediocre playwrights write eye-filling plays. In the past five years or so playwrights have been hailed as modernists who have not the faintest conception of modern life and thought, their reputations being due solely to their acumen in picking up the latest tricks of the trade.

Perhaps when the excitement over stagecraft has died down and designers have been more precisely rated, something valuable will remain. It is likely after all that in challenging prior conventions of stage scenery and of stage and theatre architecture the designers have helped to free the imagination of coming dramatists. By stressing the quality of the spectacular they may be redirecting playwrights to a technique such as Shakespeare's melodrama, which ultimately differentiates the lines of a play from printed literature. But to credit designers at this time with the creation of a new drama is premature to say the least. There is no new drama. Scenic sketches are waste paper and electrical supplies are junk, and both will continue to handicap the drama until a great playwright appears who will either vitalize them or ignore them. Considering the pernicious effect that the New Stagecraft has already had on the health of the drama—the meaningless stylized productions here and in Europe, the inanimate gorgeousness of our more pretentious revues, the Little Theatres all over the country that are so greatly agitated about their mechanical equipment and so little agitated about the quality of their scripts—it seems reasonable to predict that the dramatist of the future will be markedly conservative regarding the amount of scenic effect he employs.

Granted that the stylization of a certain play is an essential part of the play, and granted also that the play is a good one, then the more original the scenery the more the scenic credit belongs to the dramatist, not the designer. The more revolutionary the dramatic form the less it requires the subtle translation of the scenic designer. A play such as the constructivist dramatization of *The Man Who Was Thursday* necessarily carries its scenic directions in the script, and with no other aid than these directions any stage carpenter can build the scenery and any scene painter can paint it. If we agree for the sake of analysis that *Desire Under the Elms* could not have been written or acted effectively without the peculiar X-ray arrangement of a farmhouse for its background, then it was Eugene O'Neill himself who suddenly became one of this country's foremost designers when he made a naïve pen-and-ink sketch of the setting.

A scenic artist with a real sense of drama will always be the slave of the playwright. If that realization galls the ambitious designer and he still wants a high place in the theatre he appears to have no alternative but to write his own scripts—not mediocre ones either, but good ones; in which case he might be disowned by the Scenic Artists Union on the technicality that he is no longer a designer but an author. The dramatist's insight into problems of situation and character and the actor's assumption of the dramatic story are the things the theatre lives by; besides these things the turmoil over lights and paints, color schemes, revolving stages, circus auditoriums and constructivist scaffolding, is of no consequence.



CAROLINA VILLAGE (*Woodcut*)

J. J. LANKES *and* CHARLES BURCHFIELD

THE NEW TRADITION IN PRINTS

By Ralph M. Pearson

The other night in Carnegie Hall I paid a dollar and ten cents to hear Roland Hayes, the negro tenor, sing some songs. About three thousand other people (if that is the total number of seats in Carnegie Hall) paid the same, or double, or triple as much for the same purpose. The house, in other words, was full from boxes to gallery. He sang quietly, with great restraint, with delicate shadings of tone that were only emphasized by a reserve of power used sparingly. There was no jazz, no fireworks, no cheapness. Yet that great audience lost itself completely in him, followed his every subtle note breathlessly and when the spell broke clapped him to the echo, insisting on more, more, more. At the end, the rich in their boxes and the poor in their gallery stayed on and clapped and clapped till they had four encores and finally realized they could not ask again. And this ovation to a negro who would not have been allowed to eat in an American public dining-room with the whites who cheered him! It was one of the most moving demonstrations of the pure power of art that I have ever seen. For Roland Hayes was artist through and through. Deep emotion was there—everyone felt the tragedy back of "Were you there when they crucified my Lord?" and others of the spirituals—the tragedy of a race that finds itself vicariously in song—but the emotion was released into tangible expression with the perfectly poised control which is art. Here were three or five or more thousands of dollars spent for the living art of one man in one evening. Here were several thousands of people pulled out of themselves into different and vivid experience by art expressed in sound. For the minutes the song held them, here were whites and blacks, rich and poor all welded into one common consciousness by the magic of the universal language, art. It was indeed a scene not soon to be forgotten.

Contrast this with what is happening in another field of art—the field of prints.

In this, the annual exhibitions and the dealer's galleries are the Carnegie Hall. The buyers and observers of prints are the audience. The makers, both past and present, the singer. Is the result the same? All the different arts are but varying vehicles for the ordered expression of emotion. Is deep emotion, released through perfectly poised control, present in the prints of the exhibitions, and if so is it pulling the audience out of itself with new and vital experience?

This question has come to the fore through the recent exhibition of "Fifty Prints of the Year," in which both "modern" and "representative" prints were included.

There are quite naturally the same two schools of thought among printmakers as there are among painters and sculptors—the academic, and what I like to call the creative, though "modern" and "expressionist" are more often used to name it.

Members of the academic school believe that the function of the artist is to select suitable bits of the external beauty of nature and skilfully report them to an audience whose grosser vision might otherwise entirely pass them by. Imitation, tempered by a sensitive omission, selection, and placing of objects in the picture, is their modus operandi. The school began to find its adherents in those seventeenth century imitators of Rembrandt who saw in his etchings only the humanity or characterization plus a masterly technical facility and a new use of light and shade. It reached its climax in the abject copying of the early nineteenth century from which Whistler "revolted" by omitting more than his predecessors—i. e., by "suggesting" instead of reporting in full. Since Whistler's revolt was one of degree rather than of kind, and since efficient advertising has made him the dominant influence in prints from 1870 even up to the present, he stands out as a fair representative of his school—as the exemplification of the general idea of sensitively reporting external beauty.

The other school says it is the job of the artist to create his own beauty—to express nature or human life with an ordered control that will have its own effect on the audience and give to it an experience quite different from the one offered by nature either first or second hand. In practice this control evolves into what we call design, i. e., an integration of all the elements of a picture

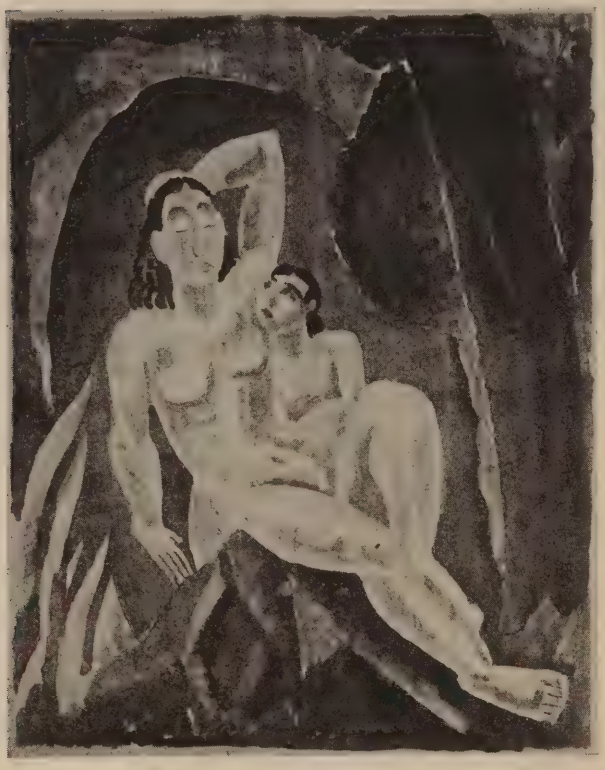


TUNNEL DWELLERS (*Etching*) EUGENE HIGGINS

into a unified, harmonious whole which, like a cathedral or a song, has the beauty with which the genius of man has imbued it. As an example of this creative quality in prints we have no one outstanding figurehead on which attention is focused, as in the opposite case of Whistler, but a tradition as old as the history of printed pictures, in which the earliest of the unnamed masters take their place along with Dürer, Brueghel, Rembrandt, Tiepolo, Goya, Meryon, the Oriental printmakers of a thousand years, and the best of the so-called moderns of to-day. Every one of these has done more than report; he has added to whatever was of interest in subject

or story the creative expression that was his own and that found release through the organized control of design.

I have heard a certain woman sing negro spirituals and I have heard Roland Hayes sing negro spirituals. The woman gave the



MOTHER AND CHILD (*Lithograph*) MAX WEBER

words and music of the song, but little if anything more. Hayes gave the words and music of the song and such a weight of something more that I and thousands of others were lost in it—in the thing he added to the song—in his creation. The two schools of prints are different in exactly the same way. The one gives the words and music—the subject, accurately. The other does that and more—much more or little more according to the reach of the artist's genius—but always more. And, as in the case of Roland Hayes, it is in that more that lies the power which is art—the power which alone of all the ingredients of pictures can, in its own right, pull the audience out of itself into an intensified consciousness of life. The prints which add the poised control of design to the facts of story and subject are those which constitute the new tradition of the day.

A word about the availability of this tradition to print observers.

In his article in the December issue of THE ARTS Mr. Ivins makes an excellent case in his denial of the validity of all qualitative analysis and measurement of works of art for other than the individual mind of the analyst. His argument, which was inspired, by the way, by this same "Fifty Prints" exhibit, certainly is interesting and weighty, and obviously justified under the terms of his own thesis; it is his adopted approach. He may be right. It may be impossible to prove there are any common qualities in works of art. It may be true that when he and I walk through the Metropolitan discussing design and both "get kicks out of" identical examples from Persia, India, China and Renaissance Europe, the undemonstrable similarities are in us instead of the works. Personally, not being a psychologist, I don't know.

To me design is a tangible force even if it can't be measured accurately. And there is one angle of the matter from which he rather unfortunately distracts attention when, if a widening of experience is considered valuable, it should be stressed. Awareness is possible even if analysis and measurement are not, and awareness is surely the prerequisite to even that private, internal, incoherent, incommunicable judgment which he admits. The human mind, when preoccupied with one train of thought, is ordinarily oblivious of others. In the case of pictures the mind through inherited habits is apt to accept and use the reporting function and be unconscious of other functions. Stressing these others, then, becomes the only way of bringing them into consciousness where they can be used—which is my argument for enough qualitative appraisal of pictorial ingredients to gain that end.

Mr. Ivins seems to assume a kind of divine inviolability for existing convictions in the individual mind, as if they were independent-

ly arrived at, infallible and sacred, instead of the pick-ups from environment they almost invariably are. And if they are accretions from without nothing is gained by protecting them from other outside accretions, especially those of opposite character, as his whole argument would tend to do by its denial of the validity of objective analysis and consequent discouragement of effort in this direction.

Let the mind work on the problem in any way it likes—from the subjective angle of psychology or the objective angle of pictorial analysis. The main value may lie after all in the arriving at consciousness of qualities that have within themselves the means to new experience. If experience is worth having it is worth getting by any means at hand. Like the school girl who couldn't go out to the zoo to see the animals because she had to study her zoölogy, the psychologists might do well to take stock of themselves and be sure they remain aware of the visual aspect of the thing they are vivisecting—that is, unless they wish to limit themselves to the field of intellectual adventure.

I go so far into this question because it bears directly on the reactions of individuals to the "Fifty Prints" exhibit and therefore on the usefulness and usableness of this new tradition—whose unfamiliar aspects compel objective analysis as the price of comprehension in the case of those habitually concerned with imitation.

Prints that only fix the thoughts and feelings of their observers on something outside of themselves, such as those, for instance, that do no more than portray faithfully some picturesque and interesting subject, are like the ordinary singer who gives the plain words and music of the song with nothing added to the composer's message as those words and notes report it. Prints, on the other hand, which add the creative interpretation of the singer to whatever is inherent in subject—is it not obvious they are different both in quantity and quality content?

I leave the question, then, with this unproved assertion: The new tradition in prints (new only in relation to the reportorial tradition immediately preceding it) is the one which gives first place to the creative



COUNTRY DRESSMAKING (*Etching*) PEGGY BACON

interpretation, by the singer, of the song. Because it does this it is a living tradition well rooted in the past and pregnant with future fruitful promise. Its allotted task is the interpretation of the life of today in the terms of today. To be aware of it and use its product is to live in the present, keenly. To ignore it is to live in the past, vicariously. The issue is clean cut and decisive. Those who care for prints are free to make their choice between the new tradition and the old one.



SEASIDE SCENE (*Independents*) PERCY NORTH KNICKMAN

PROPRIETIES AND EXPERIMENTS

By Forbes Watson

In the March issue of The Arts reference was made, in discussing the annual exhibition at the Pennsylvania Academy, to the confusion caused in the public's mind by the habit of inviting secretly a large portion of the exhibition. Artists, of course, know that the most prosperous academicians are always invited to exhibit, while the younger men and those of more liberal tendencies are compelled to submit their work to a jury which is organized in such a way that nothing will be accepted unless it falls within what the conservatives consider the proprieties of art.

The Arts believes that as soon as the artists who have a broadminded view of conditions refuse to lend their names to juries which are selected for the purpose of protecting the academic school men, the farce of the jury system as now employed by the Pennsylvania Academy and other similar institutions will be abolished. In the meanwhile, The Arts is collecting data about the system of the secret invitation list in the belief that it will soon be possible to draw up unanswerable proof that the average large official exhibition, with its prize awards and other artificial methods of publicity, tends to raise false standards and to mislead the public concerning the art of today.

Another "Art Palace" Tumbles

Periodically the bright idea of raising toward the heavens a great building that shall symbolize the noble place that art is supposed to occupy in our lives, is born in the brain of some adventurous human being. The theory is, apparently, that if we could once have in New York a big enough building, busier, bigger and better artists would instantly appear.

Two practical results would be achieved if the dreamed of, the debated, "art palace" were ever realized. If vague and beautiful phrases could attract enough money to pay for the necessary steel and concrete, some gentleman in the real estate business would receive a very handsome fee, and some needy architect would be given a very handsome job. Also the declining reputation of the academies would be boosted and they would again prestige in the eyes of the public.

Last year the National Academy, in a glorious burst of publicity patter, discussed the acquisition of millions for itself and the establishment of an art university for the support of its dogmas. This year it appeared to be interested in one of the prettiest little games that it has ever tried to play with that bad boy of art, the Art Students' League. The Academy found out that the bad boy was much worse than any of those benign business men who paint pictures and manufacture sculpture when they are not too busy trying to pick up a bit of Central Park or promote an "art palace" could possibly have imagined.

The Art Students' League has always put the National Academy into a sad dilemma. Instead of allowing only the good old academicians to teach the young, the Art Students' League has consistently employed painters and sculptors who cordially despise the Academy and are not afraid to say so. The Academy council consists of the following members: Edwin H. Blashfield, Harry W. Watrous, Charles C. Curran, Douglas Volk, Francis C. Jones, and others. Imagine any one or all of these gentlemen attending a class on composition taught by Max Weber. Imagine their grief at seeing the recent exhibition by the pupils of Kenneth Hayes Miller, so much smaller and so much better than the Academy, or think of the sadness that would cloud the countenance of Mr. Charles C. Curran of the candy box school of painting if he should happen in upon one of Mr. Allen Tucker's criticism days.



FOURTEENTH STREET (*Independents*) KIYOSHI SHIMIZU

Anyone with a grain of human sympathy must realize how painful it is to the fathers of the Academy to know that right above the ceiling of the Academy gallery, to which the solons annually assign the paintings that they least approve of, are being made daily paintings that they would not permit to hang even in the darkest corners of the "morgue." Why shouldn't they regret that such an independent and democratic institution as the Art Students' League had ever been allowed to gain a foothold in the West 57th Street sanctum. I have no doubt that some of the most benign directors of the Academy's fate have shed sincere tears over the crimes of the Art Students' League which are alone responsible for preventing the Fine Arts Society's building from being exclusively a temple to dogma.

Under present arrangements the Art Students' League is free to direct its own destiny without the supervision of reactionary academic officers. But if the Academy could somehow manage to get complete control of the building at No. 215 West 57th Street, it could either make the Art Students' League come to order or drop it gently out of one of the south windows.

Of course, I do not believe for an instant, that the directors of the National Academy, all good men and true, would do anything so unkind. But for the sake of liberty, it is just as well that the Art Students' League did not sign on the dotted line during the recent flood of ennobling platitudes about the erection of a grand "art palace."

The bad boys of art proved themselves to be perfectly able to see through the smoke-screen of



PORTRAIT OF AN ARTIST (*Whitney Studio Club*) ALLEN TUCKER

uplift to the real facts. These will not be published at the moment, by request, but I think it can be truly said that the latest big publicity scheme of the affiliated and subsidiary groups devoted to the academic, although now gone up in smoke, has left Mr. Harry W. Watrous and others in a state of considerable respect for the capacity displayed by the governing board of the Art Students' League. These bad boys were not very thoughtful about the possible real estate or architect profits that would have accrued if the great scheme had gone through. For some reason they overlooked the big business beatitudes about art and held to the true spirit of art.

The Rough Seas of Publicity

In the past the National Academy has employed persistent but discreet publicity methods. Last year on the eve of its hundredth anniversary, the National Academy decided to venture out onto the great rough ocean of publicity on a large scale. It would be exceedingly instructive to know just how many thousands of dollars, whether nineteen or ninety, the great publicity campaign had cost; and just how many millions it had brought to the exchequer of the National Academy. I have a grave suspicion that the amount on the debit side of the Academy's books charged against big publicity is greater than the amount on the credit side. But until the whole tragi-comic story can be told, it suffices to say that the position of the Art Students' League, far from being that of a homeless waif, is now stronge than ever, a most fortunate result of the recent tempestuous storms. The bad boys won a complete victory and No. 215 West 57th Street, instead of being transformed into a mythical palace ordained and blessed by that dull goddess, Academia, will continue to harbor the finest art school in this country, namely, the Art Students' League.

The 101st Academy

It may have been my knowledge of the big business attempt in which those devoted to Academia's welfare failed so dismally, or it may have been the actual appearance of the exhibition itself and of the various officials who happened to be present. At any rate, it seemed to me that this year's Academy showed a truly chastened spirit. After all of the talk about the Academy's need of an art university and an exhibition palace, it has turned out that so few of the younger artists worth while take any interest in the Academy's plight, that the difficulty today in which the Academy finds itself is to secure enough so-called works of art to make the Fine Arts galleries look sufficiently crowded to permit the continuance of the shop worn propaganda for larger and more numerous Academy galleries.

There is nothing in the present Academy to irritate or amaze; and as already stated, in the small exhibition of the work of former students of Kenneth Hayes Miller which was held upstairs, there were actually more good pictures than there were in the entire Academy.

The general tone of the 101st Academy exhibition was mild. Among the small quota of more or less new names the two painters whose work showed to advantage were J. Barry Greene and C. Holmead Phillips. Mr. Greene's painting of a reclining nude indicated that he belongs within the academic fold but his landscape with its agreeable color, good design and refinement of observation, suggests as did his recent exhibition at the Howard Young galleries, that he would be well advised to leave the road that leads to academic initials.

As for Mr. Phillips, a name entirely unknown to this reviewer before this season, he certainly did not learn his present method of painting in an official school. He showed a winter scene in the Bronx that was a personal statement carried out simply, with considerable sophistication and with real painter sense.



FAIR AND COLD (*Whitney Studio Club*) HARRY HERING

Another artist who does not belong in an Academy exhibition in the present stage of his development, is William M. Meyerowitz, whose still life only added to my conviction that here is an authentic artist who draws well and uses paint with a true understanding of the medium's delightful possibilities.



DEER (*Whitney Studio Club*) ELSIE DRIGGS

The Academy has its customary supply of winter landscapes. Some of them were very pretty such as those by Carl Lawless, John R. Grabach, who is less timid than Mr. Lawless, and Leon Gaspard. More downright realism is seen in such winter landscapes as those by Aldro Hibbard, E. W. Redfield, and by a number of the old standbys who specialize in winter scenes.

As usual it is in the direction of conventional landscape painting that the Academy shows to best advantage. A good many such pictures will be found which are native, honest and not without feeling. Many of them are rather prosy. Few of them suggest large imagination or deep emotion. Unaffected and sincere in a sleepy sort of way their tameness expresses the comfortable dullness of the smugly successful art colony



TULIPS (*Whitney Studio Club*) LUCILE BLANCH

where the men do their daily stint of rural paintings and the women their housework and the evenings are devoted to shop talk, home brew and gossip.

To mention some of the pleasantly painted landscapes seen at the Academy, they include the canvases by Clarence R. Johnson, Harry Leith-Ross, Walter Farndon, Paul King, Roy Brown and Carl W. Peters. The two latter were prize winners and for that reason it is rather disconcerting to have liked them, for prizes seldom go to the right person. Another prize went to Childe Hassam for a workaday landscape to which rather absurdly has been given the title, Flight into Egypt. The only excuse for the title is an almost invisibly small group in the middle distance which seems to have been put in as an afterthought on which to hang a good title.

Among the regular Academy exhibitors who sent representative specimens of their specialties may be mentioned Eric Hudson, Charles Morris Young, and John R. Hopkins, whose Ancient Fisherman is good character study. Other prize winners were: J. W. Schlaikjer, John H. Connaway, Attilio Piccirilli, Kyohei Inuga, Horatio Piccirilli, W. Granville Smith, Hilda Belcher, Charles Hawthorne, who is much in favor with prize-awarding juries, E. Martin Hemmings, Cesare Stea, Karl Anderson, Walter Ufer, Antonio Martino and Chester Beach whose Rising Sea Mists is totally without sculptural quality. His baby's portrait is much better.

With such a list of prizes all that the good fellows who belong to the Academy's pet club need to do is to await their turn and each will have one. Was there ever an artist member of the club so inept that his friends dared to keep him permanently out of the prize money?

One of the portraits least conventional in vision shown at the Academy was that by Kenneth Frazier. Most of the portraits were deadly but it is among the figure painters that the worst painting and the worst taste is found. There are several execrable nudes and the usual supply of slickly painted canvases by William Paxton and the like. A few pleasantly decorative still lifes add their cheerful colors to the rooms such as the careful flower painting



CITY STREET (*Whitney Studio Club*) GLENN O. COLEMAN

by Emma Fordyce MacRae, and the exhibition is completed by a small showing of sculpture, diligently studied portraits, a few pretty figures and, prominently placed, the highly stylized and rather Germanic looking groups by Leo Friedlander. The prize awards to the Piccirilli brothers were warranted by the fact that theirs were easily the ablest contributions to the department of sculpture.



BUTTONS (*Whitney Studio Club*) REEMS BRACE

Juries vs. Independence

Whereas at the National Academy exhibition the business-like manufacturers always predominate, at the Independent exhibition and at the annual Whitney Club exhibition the opportunity was given to see how genuinely stimulating American art today really is. The large exhibition accomplishes something that cannot be done by a successive series of small group exhibitions. Although the individual pictures and pieces of sculpture are generally not seen to their best advantage in large exhibitions, and although the most interested observer of them may miss here and there a work which he would not have missed in a small exhibition, these disadvantages are more than counterbalanced by the enthusiasm which the large exhibition of independent character engenders and by the opportunity offered to review what the contemporary artists are doing.

In the jury-made exhibitions, such as the National Academy, the Pennsylvania Academy and the Corcoran Museum display which has just opened in Washington, very little idea can be gained of what the real contemporary spirit in art is. These displays, in general, are much more professional in their aims than the Independent or the Whitney Studio Club exhibition. They are professional in the sense that so many of the artists involved have developed a limited saleable specialty, to which they confine themselves for the purpose of winning prizes and otherwise making an honest living. In their absorption in the profession of getting on as painters, they forget the real reason for painting.



THE GOLDEN SKY (*Independents*) LORSER FEITELSON

There are plenty of foolish works at the Independent, works as foolish as some of the "human interest" publicity that the management has tolerated if not per-



THE CORNER STORE (*Independents*) FRANCES STRAIN

petrated, but it is in the spirit of the exhibition and the works that are not foolish that the public is interested. In giving the most alive exhibition it has ever held the Society of Independent Artists justified itself and this despite the fact that the leading dealers in America are on the lookout for independent artists so that many artists who formerly depended upon the Independent for an opportunity to show their work now have other more selective channels through which to find a public.

The Independent stands for freedom and experiment just as the Academy stands for dogma and propriety. With its doors open to everyone the Independent naturally receives a certain amount of nonsensical work. On the other hand, it attracts much more adventurous and vigorous work than does the Academy.

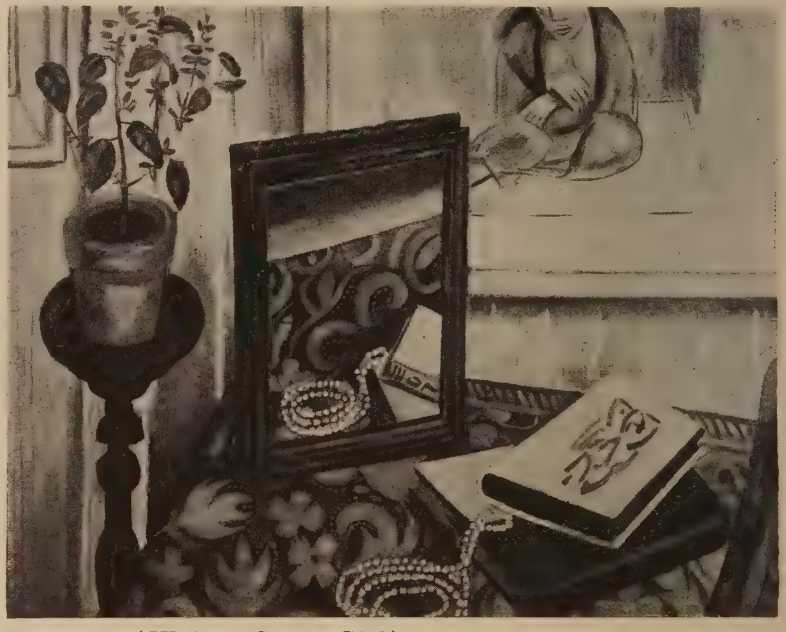
Despite its share of duffers, young and old, its standard of workmanship as academicians call it never falls as low as at the Academy for it does not attract those tired picture makers who long since have forgotten what little feeling they originally had for art.

The greatest enemy of art is dullness masquerading as seriousness. At the Independent there is fun and wit as well as seriousness. One may suspect seriousness where there is no wit. At the Independent there is contemporaneousness, freshness and an interest in life. Observation is not confined within the decadent academic dogmas of what a genuine oil painting should be. The prize winning proprieties are not worshipped.

Artists send to the Independent from all parts of the country and the contributors represent men and women of all degrees of social and material welfare and of all degrees of artistic innocence or sophistication.

The Academy on the other hand is neither sophisticated nor innocent and if all the manufacturers with dulled spirits were removed from the Academy exhibition a surprisingly small number of things would be left.

For discoveries one must go to the independent exhibitions whether it be to the Independent itself, the Whitney Studio Club exhibition or the Salons of America. Under different systems of management they all support



STILL-LIFE (*Whitney Studio Club*) M. SOYER

the independent theory, the theory, incidentally, on which this country is founded as opposed to the theory of the discredited old French Salon which is the theory on which our official jury-made exhibitions are founded.

It is not necessary to discuss the works of the spiritual supporters of the Independent whose reputations are already so established that their opportunities to exhibit are countless, such men as Robert Henri, John Sloan, Allen Tucker, William Glackens and others. Nor do I go to the Independent to see again the works of such painters as Ernest Fiene, Theresa Bernstein, Lorser Feitelson, Nathalie Newking, Henry Mattson, Alfred Maurer and William Meyerowitz, who also show the right spirit in sending to the Independent while having other opportunities to present their work to the public.



FROM A WINDOW (*Academy*) CARL W. PETERS

All of these artists add their personal contribution to the interest of the Independent and give it something that it could not afford to miss. There are at this exhibition also two other groups, one consisting of those who stick to the Independent and do not bother much about sending their works to other exhibitions and the other of those who have not yet forced open the doors which are not free to all. To name some of the artists who contributed spirit, vivid first hand impressions, originality and humorous observation of the world we live in, as well as some first-rate painting is about all that can be done at this time for the list is not a short one.



BOATS (*Independents*) PROSPER INVERNIZZI

I went to the Independent four times and among the works which helped to make each visit refreshing and enjoyable were those by: Noboru Foujioka, Eitaro Ishigaki, Kiyoshi Shimizu (see page 203), Soichi Sunami, Bumpei Usui, all Japanese artists who are using occidental formulæ to express their humorous outlook upon the American scene.

G. Bolin, Gladys Dick, Walter B. O. Frank, Claude Gallo, Fred Gardner, Lucien Labaudt, Richard Lahey, Amy Londoner, Teall Messer, Adelaide Morris, John Pierrot, Flora Schoenfield, Charles N. Sarka, Eloisa Schwab, Eve Watson



ANCIENT FISHERMAN (*Academy*) JAMES R. HOPKINS

Schütze, Jean Paul Slusser, Byron T. Tsuzuki, Charles Walther, Nikolas Salamon, Harry Schultz, Rudolph Tandler, Warren Wheelock, J. A. Cantine, Arnold Blanch, Peter Cammarata, Margaret Chaplin, Joseph Dunphy, G. E. Durant, Martin J. Easoni, William S. Fanning, Bernar Gussow, Minna R. Harkavy, Abraham Harriton, Julia Kelly, Beulah Stevenson, Vera M. White, Harry Gottlieb, Lydia Rahlson, Clinton B. King, Harry Hering, Nora Houston, Ernst Geitlinger, M. Kantor, Henry Lindenmann, Tod Lindenmuth, Frances Strain, Prosper Invernizzi, Percy North Knickman, Emil Ganso and others contributed overwhelming evidence of why the Independent is a much more imposing and serious exhibition than the National Academy.

The Whitney Studio Club

Much that has been said about the Independent exhibition applies to the Whitney Studio Club's annual exhibition except that in the latter there is a process of selection, and children and beginners are not admitted as at the Independent. The spirit of the place is otherwise the same.

As at the Independent so too at the Whitney Club exhibition we find a fair proportion of well established painters. Some of them like John Sloan and Kenneth Hayes Miller seemed to hold back their most important pictures and some of the painters beginning to be known did not send their best things such as Louis Bouche, Yasuo Kuniyoshi, Henry Schnakenberg and Niles Spencer. Yet on the whole the exhibition contained so much promise and performance that those responsible for it deserve the highest praise.

The accompanying reproductions hint at the range and variety of the exhibition which included several of the members of the Independent Society of Artists as well as many others who while belonging to the general independent movement are not members of the society of that name.

To give an idea of the variety, freshness and capacity displayed in the exhibition it is only necessary to state that it included representative work by Dorothy Varian, Earl Horter, Doris Rosenthal, Molly Luce, Leon Hartl, Jan Matulka, Aileen Dresser, Frank London, Katherine Schmidt, Pamela Bianco, Glenn O. Coleman, George C. Ault, Reeves Brace, M. Soyer, Anne Rector, Randall Davey, Carl Cutler, Nan Watson, Preston Dickinson, Allen Tucker, Harry Hering, Lucile Blanch, Andrew Dasburg, Alexander Brook, Peggy Bacon, Guy Pene du Bois, Blendon Campbell, Charles Downing Lay, Edward Hopper, Harley Perkins, Elsie Driggs, Isabel Whitney and many others.

Including as it did the work of artists of such varying viewpoints, as well as a number of people already referred to in discussing the Independent, it may easily be understood why the most promising of the younger artists do not bother to send to the Academy or even to go to see it. They have their own places where they can show their work to the public and build up their reputations and sell their pictures without the false and misleading system of juries and prizes. Like the Independent the Whitney Studio Annual Exhibition has become a far more stimulating event in the art world than any of the supposedly great jury exhibitions. The proprieties of painting for prizes are neglected but the adventures of art are not.

BOSTON NOTES

FORMULA for making a painting: Take egg and dart motive; put it all around outside edge of frame. Take more eggs and darts and put all around inside edge. In between put carved gold roses. . . . The picture —O yes. . . . Cover it deep with old master varnish. The canvas should be the very best, tacked neatly on to the stretcher —astute critics are quick to draw inferences. . . . The pictur/ Yes! Yes! Yes! . . . Of course there has to be something—while you are about it the more the better. . . . A lot of furniture. also well varnished, put in between the canvas and the valspar will do nicely. . . . If the above prescription is followed out exactly the picture can be guaranteed to go by any Academy jury. . . .



NUDE — KENNETH HAYES MILLER
Exhibited recently at the Boston Art Club

Boston people love their Symphony. . . . Extra performances and all sold out. . . . If Koussevitsky had been a museum director we should never have been allowed the done-in-paint equivalents of Scriabine's Poem of Ecstasy or Prokovieff's Concerto. . . .

The Whitney Studio Club sent on a neat show—Dickinson, Spencer, Du Bois, Sheeler, Nan Watson, Elsie Driggs, Schnakenberg, Hopper, Hartl, Kuehne, K. H. Miller, Tucker—artists, every one. The show would have gone strong in New York or New Orleans. . . . But in Boston we have our formula. . . .

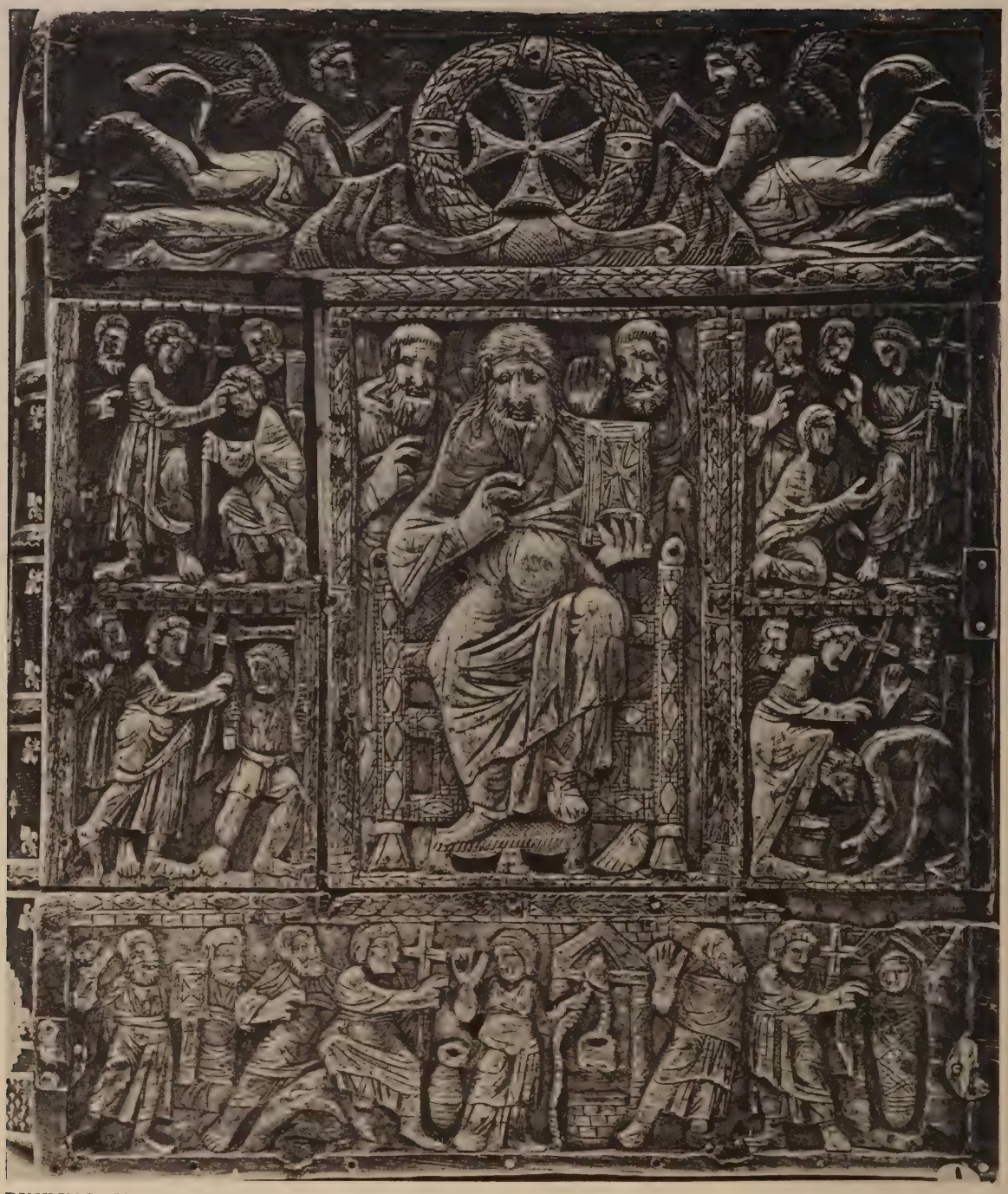
The exhibition of paintings by Canadians satisfied those who wanted plenty of picture. . . . Lismer, G. H. MacDonald, Varley, Harris, Jackson, Haines sent sombre but genuine transcripts of the Northland. . . . What is the matter, are American pictures shrinking? In Canada, big canvases. The galleries at Ottawa and Toronto buy them. At the South, in Mexico, between revolutions, Rivera, Orosco, Charlot and others cover the whole side of a building with their frescos. . . . Here the bigger the artist, the smaller the picture. . . .

The spokes of the wheel are rattling against the Hub. . . . Projects—projects—projects; millions of them. . . . Art centers, get-together-places. . . . Art for the Masses. . . . Paper projects so far. . . . On Beacon Hill has been found an old stable. A little remodeling would make it an excellent gallery for an Independent affair. Under the shadow of the State House, too. Chance for studios, shops for craftsmen, a tiny patio and fountain. . . . A month's option has been taken by Jane Houston Kilham and some of Boston's best, interested. . . .

The Art Club, once dismissed as "a poor old dear," is now looked upon as quite wild. Has been flirting with some of the artists whose paintings are reproduced in THE ARTS. . . . Yet, the Birch-Bartlett collection shown by the Club this winter has been taken over by the Chicago Art Institute for its permanent collection.

The Copley Society, driven to the foothills, is taking a Boston show to Wellesley where, like the Samurai of old Japan, it can swear eternal allegiance to the good old days and Jury System. . . . The Museum Trustees have met, the walls of their board-room hung with the Futurist section of the recent Italian Show, the part that was not considered ripe for public consumption. . . . Since then they can listen without a shiver to the whisper of the radio . . . broadcasting art.

HARLEY PERKINS.



BINDING OF PRAYERBOOK OF ST. LUPICIN — Vth or VIth CENTURIES



PAGE FROM THE MIRACLES OF OUR LADY XVTH CENTURY

THE MEDIAEVAL EXHIBITION IN PARIS

By Jacques Mauny

The recent Mediæval Exhibition at the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris was an event of unique splendor and importance, which proved once more that art often reaches its highest beauty when it is anonymous and has a noble and disinterested aim. It was a great satisfaction to see that the taste of the public is not declining, for hundreds of the most distinguished people waited for hours to obtain admittance to the room where these treasures were on view, and even twenty days after the opening of the exhibition one could see the room filled as early as ten o'clock in the morning with crowds of the handsomest ladies of Paris examining each manuscript with intense pleasure and attention. The art critic of one of the biggest daily papers who for years has visited exhibitions of all kinds all over Europe, described this as the most beautiful he has seen since he entered the profession.

Tuscan and Umbrian paintings can be seen in many collections and are familiar to everybody, but for the study of the French mediæval period one has to travel all over France to see the Romanesque porches at Moissac, Beaulieu, Aulnoy and Saint Nectaire as well as the immense and beautiful cathedrals at Vézelay, Amiens, Bourges, Chartres and Rheims. But these monuments only reveal a part of mediæval French art, and in spite of their small dimensions, the illuminated manuscripts are as important as the statues in the cathedrals.

The Bibliothèque Nationale of Paris was founded by Charles V who in the middle of the fourteenth century owned at the Louvre a very large collection of manuscripts which, unfortunately, was partly sold to the Duke of Bedford. Following his example Charles VII, Louis XII, Francis I and Henry II purchased specimens which are still in the library; but we are chiefly indebted to the great Colbert for the development of the Bibliothèque, which later was enriched by the Dupuys, Hippolyte de Béthune, Le Tellier and Roger de Gaignières' collections of manuscripts.

With the Vatican, the Royal Munich Library, the British, the Florence, and the Morgan Libraries it is one of the most important collections of illuminated manuscripts in the world. Most of the specimens shown belong to the Bibliothèque Nationale, but a few were lent by the Archives, the Arsenal, the Mazarine, Sainte Geneviève and the Palais Bourbon. Another exhibition almost as gorgeous as the present one could be made, we are told, with loans from the Aix, Chantilly, Montpellier, Besançon and Lille Libraries.

manuscript is therefore referred to as *Codex Sinopense*.

The next item, the Discourse and Various Works of St. Gregory of Nazianzus, is a famous manuscript written for Basil the Macedonian between 867 and 886, and the seventeen other Greek manuscripts with sumptuous chrysographies in perfect condition, show religious figures which in their cold majesty reveal an imitation of classical Greek art with an Oriental influence. Triumphant Christs, traditional angels with brickcolored skins, all the splen-



PAGE FROM ST. MATTHEW'S GOSPEL — GREEK, VIth CENTURY

From an historical point of view the exhibition unfolded a dazzling summary of the history of illuminated manuscripts. All these pure jewels, these unsophisticated beauties appear as bright as they were the day the patient artists presented them to their lords. They have the freshness of lovely roses and young girls, they fill one with the deep enthusiasm which makes life better. They are the sort of things that one keeps on thinking about and never forgets. It is not often that such masterpieces are presented to the public.

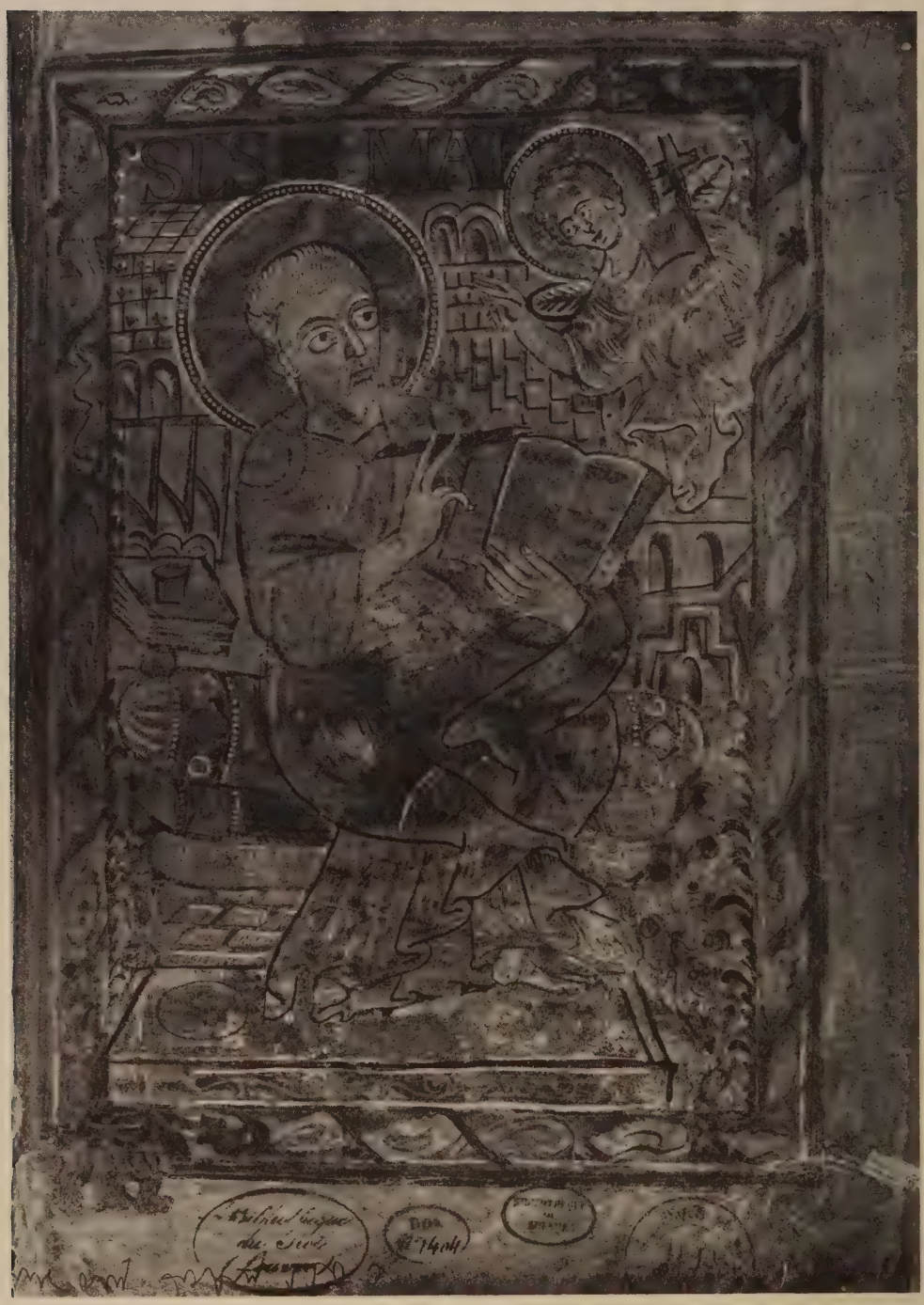
The most ancient specimen is a small book, Saint Matthew's Gospel. The fine paintings adorning this manuscript date from the period of Justinian —the sixth century—and are generally considered the oldest illustrations of the New Testament which have come down to us. They were discovered in 1899 at Sinope in the Black Sea and the precious

dors of Ravenna and Byzantium and the rigid neatness of Pompeian paintings are found in the illuminations of the tenth, eleventh and twelfth centuries, most of them copies from ancient paintings.

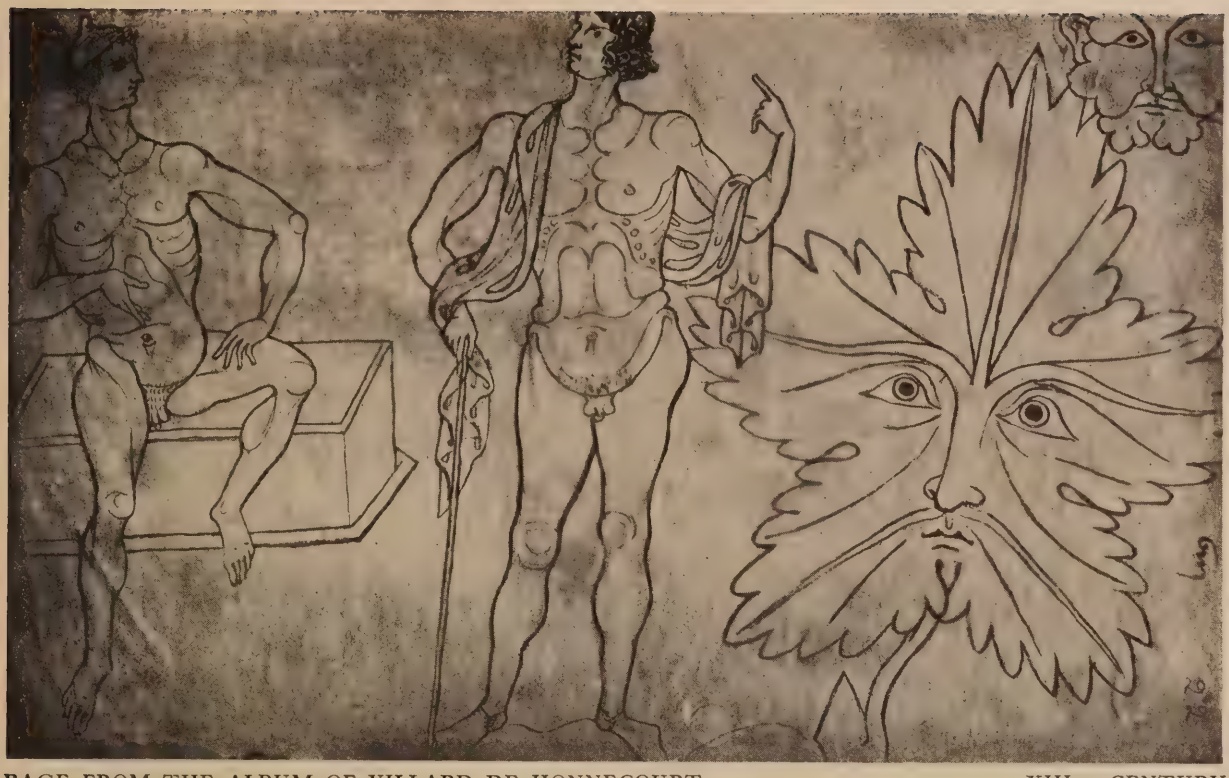
After this first series of Greek manuscripts we reach the French art of illumination. The most ancient occidental manuscript is the Pentateuch of the Church of Tours (seventh century), a recent acquisition which some experts believe to have been executed in Northern Italy. Coming to the Carolingian manuscripts we see the greatness, the pure majesty of antique art combined with charming French fantasy and wit. If the representation of human figures and perspective still appears naïve and primitive, the art of ornaments has already reached the highest elegance, the finest and most precious taste and an amazing skill. These bright interweavings of vivid colors, these initials with



PAGE FROM THE APOCALYPSE OF BEATUS XIth CENTURY



PAGE FROM THE GOSPEL-BOOK OF CHARLEMAGNE VIIIth CENTURY



PAGE FROM THE ALBUM OF VILLARD DE HONNECOURT XIIIth CENTURY

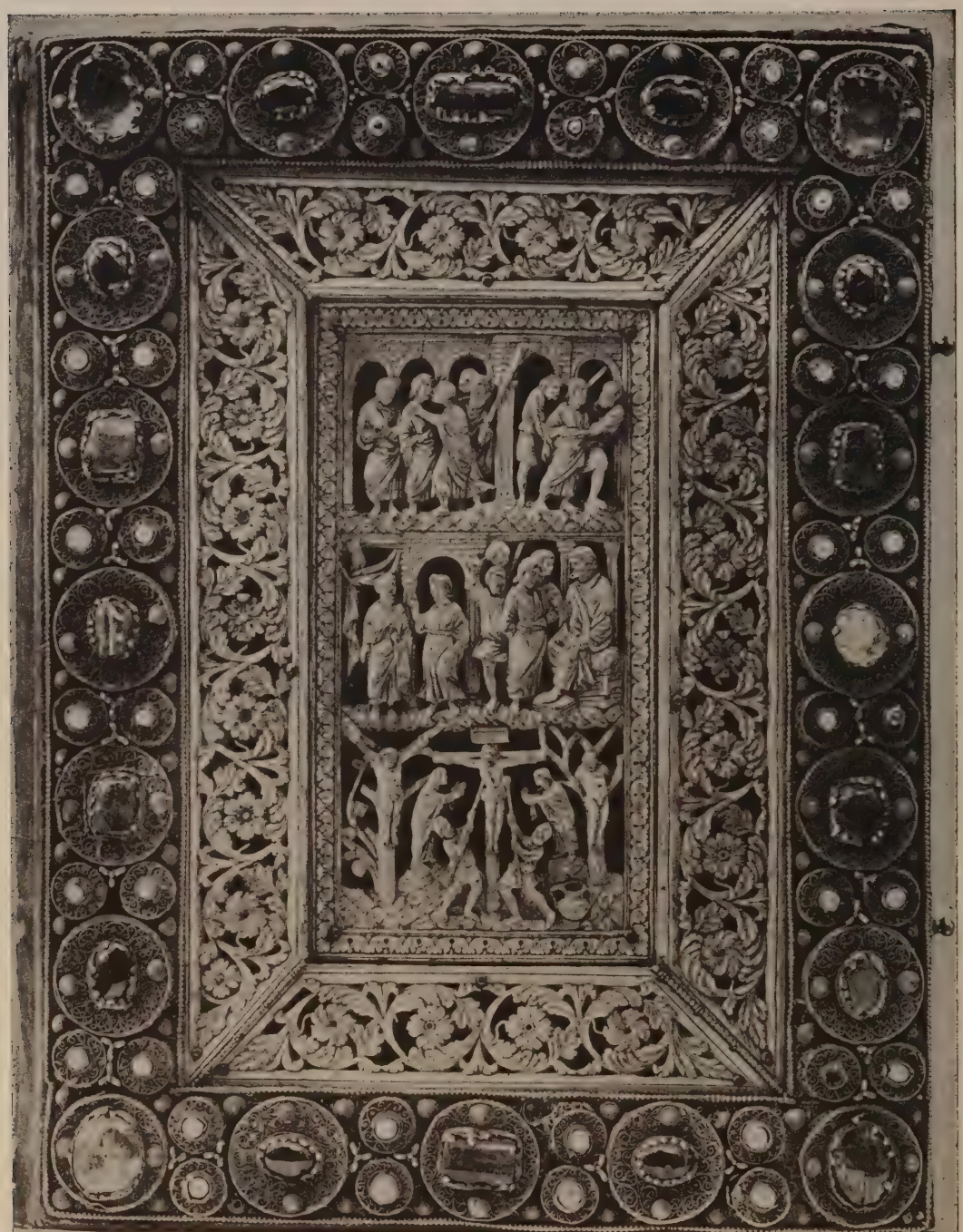
their perfect geometrical balance are exactly like jewels. In the Gospels of Charlemagne and the Sainte Chapelle, and in the Bible of Charles the Bald the colors used are lilac, olive green and orange.

The most striking specimen of the monastic period, full of Syrian and Mesopotamian reminiscences—the Apocalypse of Beatus, known as the Apocalypse of St. Sever—was executed in a Clunisian abbey near the Spanish frontier in the eleventh century. On its folios appear the models which were later copied by sculptors in the pier at Souillac, the porch at Beaulieu, the capital at Saint Nectaire and the tympanum at Moissac. On deep vermilion backgrounds stand brown and dark blue supernatural figures, monsters and beasts, and in the same manuscript we find some maps which are the most precious documents of mediæval cartography and were executed in Gascony at the abbey of Saint Sever between 1028 and 1072.

To represent the thirteenth century, the moment when the French artistic genius reached its supreme and sweetest beauty, we have the St. Louis Psalter, Moralized Bible, which contains five thousand little pictures in separate compartments with thick, bright gold backgrounds and little figures painted in black and dark blue. Other folios from this moralized Bible are to be found at the British Museum, the Bodleian at Oxford, the Cathedral of Toledo and the Pierpont Morgan collection, the latter being in possession of a very important miniature in which one authority has discovered the portraits of St. Louis as a child and Queen Blanche of Castile.

One cannot imagine such a nosegay of sublime flowers; amidst the decorative forms of the new architecture we see most slender and graceful silhouettes which in their attitudes and gestures observe the courtesy of good-mannered France; the luxuriant draperies with long parallel folds have the same quivering colors as the stained glass: dull white, Sienna earth, vermilion, deep blue and purple red. A sharp, pure outline, and a few simple but subtle features are enough to model faces glowing with interior life. Never at any period did the expression of human thought reach this hovering serenity, this meditative suavity.

The Album of Villard de Honnecourt shows the long efforts and the prodigious calculations of balance, resistance and solidity made by the anonymous architect. It reveals his powerful imagination which was combined with a deep technical



COVER OF THE GOSPEL OF THE CHURCH OF METZ XIth and XIIth CENTURIES



PAGE FROM THE BOOK OF HOURS OF LOUIS DE LAVAL XVTH CENTURY

science often overlooked but which the resistance of the Rheims cathedral to the German bombardment demonstrated so well.

The illuminations of the fourteenth century prove that souls have become less pious, but they contain charming pictures of rustic and familiar scenes, painted with graceful realism, as well as remarkable portraits, among the best that ever were



PAGE FROM THE CITY OF GOD XVth CENTURY

painted. This century is represented by Saint Denis' Life and Miracles, the History of St. Louis, the Breviary of Belleville, Petrarch's *De Viris Illustribus,* the Anjou Book of Hours, the Franciscans' Book of Hours, and Marco Polo's Book of Marvels.

The fifteenth century is represented by Gaston Phoebus' Book of Hunting, which when shown at one time to the Duc d'Aumale induced him to become a distinguished book lover; many Books of Hours, Missals for the use of the Church of Paris, the Life of St. Catherine of Alexandria, the Miracles of Notre Dame (with extraordinary grisailles), the Chronicle of Normandy, the *Roman de la Violette,* St. Augustine's City of God translated by Raoul de Presles, the Life of Saint Hubert, the Deeds of Alexander the Great, the Story of the Conquests of the Golden Fleece, Commentaries on the Psalms, Ptolemy's Cosmography, and the History of Brittany by Pierre Lebeaud.

The artists who painted the manuscripts are generally as anonymous as the sculptors and architects of the cathedrals. In the Apocalypse of Beatus a name which appears on a column, Stephanus Garcia, is supposed to be that of the painter. Philippe le Bel's Breviary is ascribed to the miniaturist Honoré and the Belleville Breviary is supposed to have been painted by the Jean Pucelle studio. Ancelet de Gens, Jacquet Maci (or Mahiet), and J. Chevrier were some of the assistants or copyists belonging to that studio. Their names, written in microscopic letters hidden by elaborate ornaments, appear at the end of a Bible called Pucelle's Bible. The great Book of Hours of the Duke of Berry is ascribed to Pol de Limbourg and Jacquemart de Hesdin, and the Psalm Book of the Duke of Berry to André Beauneveu. At the end of the Antiquities of the Jews by Josephus we find a mention that the book contains twelve miniatures, "nine of which are from the hand of the good painter and illuminator of the good King Louis XI: Jehan Foucquet, native of Tours." It may be once more noticed that whenever the personality of the artist appears art loses something of its mysterious greatness; many of these illuminations are already little pictures placed on the folios of books.

The engravings on wood or metal all belong to the end of the fourteenth century or to the fifteenth, and therefore rank among the oldest known and are of great interest for the history of the origins of the art. We often find in these popular prints the luxury and richness of the manuscripts of the same period. Some of them have a majestic and bold freedom; their brutal drawing has great beauty and possesses a moving straightforwardness and simplicity. Besides, their technique is highly interesting for modern artists.

The mediæval was made still more fascinating by more treasures: bindings, tapestries from Rheims or the Gobelins, the throne of King Dagobert, a bronze curule chair in which kings of France used to sit when they were receiving the homages of the great, and hundreds of jewels, as well as coins and medals. And finally, there were some remarkable maps included in this memorable exhibition of mediæval art.



PAGE FROM JOSEPHUS' ANTIQUITIES OF THE JEWS — JEHAN FOUCQUET



PIETÀ THE MASTER OF THE VIRGIN AMONG VIRGINS

Recently acquired by the Metropolitan Museum of Art



THE PIANIST — HENRI MATISSE

F. Valentine Dudensing Galleries

NEW YORK EXHIBITIONS

THE feature of the month of March in New York was, as usual, the large exhibitions—the Independents, the Academy, the Whitney Studio Club, and this year the Carnegie International, which was reviewed in the November issue of THE ARTS. But aside from these there were many smaller exhibitions which went to make up what was undoubtedly the busiest month of an unusually busy season.

THE month afforded an unusual opportunity to see French art, for three exhibitions in as many different galleries presented paintings of the school ranging all the way from Corot to the latest Matisse.

At Wildenstein's the exhibition was predominately nineteenth century, but included names as widely separated as, for instance, Courbet and Laurencin. Of any individual painter Renoir made the deepest impression. His early "Odalisque" showed him under the evident influence of Delacroix and possibly of Courbet, but with a beauty in the painting that foreshadowed his more mature style. Seurat's fine "Le Crotoy Amont", from the Quinn collection, held a rightful place of honor on one wall, and another item from the same collection was the remarkable Rousseau of a dirigible and an aeroplane. Two of Berthe Morisot's exquisite studies of women added variety to an exhibition of singularly high quality.

The Quinn collection furnished the backbone of the exhibition at the Brummer Galleries, which was of a later and more radical period of French art. Dominating the exhibition was Rousseau's "Jungle", which was reproduced as the frontispiece of the January ARTS. The names of the other artists represented would read like a chronicle of the modern movement in France, and the exhibition as a whole furnished an extraordinary view of the leading French painters of the first quarter of the twen-



STILL LIFE — YASUO KUNIYOSHI
Daniel Galleries

tieth century, and of such earlier men as Seurat.

At the F. Valentine Dudensing Galleries was another group of French moderns of a slightly different character. Aside from Derain and Matisse, the artists were Bonnard, Denis, Marquet, Roussel, and Vuillard, none of whom, except possibly the first, are particularly well-known over here. Bonnard, with his brilliant, luscious sense of color, was the strongest of a group which was colorful and pleasing but somewhat lacking in power. The exhibition was saved from too much sweetness, however, by the work of Matisse and Derain. Matisse's "Pianist," which we are reproducing, was a very beautiful example of his work, the contrast between the ebony piano and the brilliant background being carried out in his usual direct and simple and seemingly easy manner. The sober color and vigorous line of the Derains formed an interesting contrast to the rest of the exhibition.

THE paintings which Yasuo Kuniyoshi has brought back from his recent trip to France, and which were exhibited at the Daniel Gallery, were among his most ambitious work, both as regards size and subject. One of them, the "Strong Woman and Child" was certainly the largest picture which he has painted recently, and one of the most striking.

Mr. Kuniyoshi, in his recent trip, hit upon a class of subject which has provided him with rich material—the ladies of the circus and the sideshow, and their more questionable sisters—a type eminently suited to his remarkable talent for the sensuous and the grotesque. His style in handling these themes has gained much in power and richness; his color has never been more sonorous, or his form more individual.

Also included in the exhibition were some of his more familiar exquisite drawings of plants and vegetables and fruit, in which he displays a quality of line and a feeling for surfaces that is not often found among occidental artists.

THE work of Henry E. Schnakenberg has been seen in many group exhibitions, but his first one man show, at the galleries of F. Valentine Dudensing, afforded the first opportunity to see it as a whole. The result was something of a revelation to those who were not familiar with this artist's sober and powerful work.

Mr. Schnakenberg's methods are the reverse of impressionistic. He lays a firm foundation under each one of his pictures and builds solidly upon it. One feels foresight, thought and planning in all his work; there is nothing careless or slapdash in it. It is evident that he is never satisfied with the easy or obvious way of looking at things; one is always conscious of a search for the difficult curve, the exactly right color. Little is left to chance or happy accident; and the result is, in most cases,

work of striking solidity and power. Sometimes one feels that he has been overcautious and has killed his picture with too much care, and that if he left more to unconscious processes the result would be increased warmth and freedom. For that reason I prefer his landscapes to his still-lifes, for in them the nature of the subject has made his style somewhat freer and more relaxed.

An American whose work is known better in Paris than in his native land is Waldo Pierce, whose paintings were exhibited at the Wildenstein Galleries. The obvious thing to say about his work is that it shows the influence of Matisse, but I suspect that it owes less to the French master than to the artist's own exuberant high spirits. Certainly it indicates a terrific amount of energy, even if the energy is not always under control. Objects, relevant and irrelevant, are crowded into the picture; the color is applied with enormous zest, if not with overmuch thought. It is not profound work, but it is gay and entertaining.

The Rehn Galleries held an unusual pair of exhibitions during the month. The first, which was called "Today in American Art", consisted of the work of twenty artists who had evidently been selected as being representative of present-day painting. Their names are of some interest: Kuehne, Henri, Kent, Luks, Hopper, Speicher, Bellows, Melchers, Glackens, Mahonri Young, Tucker, McFee, Gifford Beal, Maurice Prendergast, Hassam, Kroll, Lawson, Myers, Walter Griffin and Robert Spencer.



CHILD WITH DOLL — HENRI ROUSSEAU
Brummer Galleries



LATE SUMMER (*Daniel Galleries*) — ALEXANDER BROOK

It will be noticed that the more radical as well as the extreme conservative were not included; but although as in any enterprise of this kind there were some glaring—and probably unavoidable—omissions, the men included did represent some of the strongest names in recent American art.

But names are one thing, and pictures another. If all of these men had been represented by first-class examples of their work, the exhibition would have



LANDSCAPE H. E. SCHNAKENBERG
F. Valentine Dudensing Galleries

been a memorable one; as it was, there was a good deal of unevenness in the quality of the various pictures. To me the most striking was Edward Hopper's "Sunday." "Parry Harbor" by Rockwell Kent had breadth and dignity, and McFee's "A Young Man" was sensitively felt and painted.

The second exhibition presented another day in American art—the generation, or rather the generation and a half, of men born in the twenties, thirties, and forties of the last century. Here the omissions were still more obvious—Ryder, Eakins, Whistler, LaFarge are the first that spring to one's mind—but the group included some good names and formed an interesting contrast to the first exhibition. The Winslow Homer was one of the finest of his early period—the "Campfire", from the collection of Mr. H. K. Pomroy, which was reproduced in THE ARTS for October, 1924. The Fuller also was a beautiful example of this romantic painter's work.

ALEXANDER BROOK'S exhibition at the Daniel Gallery showed a continuation of the steady maturing which has taken place in his style during the last few years. His color has gained in richness and intensity, notably in his landscapes; and his drawing is fuller and firmer. His work as a whole has lost a certain self-conscious quality which it had formerly, and has taken on an added warmth.

Some of the pictures in the recent exhibition showed a disposition on his part to undertake more ambitious subjects than he has exhibited so far. One of these, a large reclining nude, was painted with considerable skill, but there was a certain coldness and mechanical quality in it which his smaller and more intimate pictures did not have.

The drawings were keen and sensitive, and in certain cases such as in those of artists at work in a sketch class, they had remarkable humor.

CHARLES BURCHFIELD'S first exhibition in two years, at the Montross Galleries, showed him in a less satirical mood than before. Only a few of his



LANDSCAPE (*Artists' Gallery*) STAN

pictures had the poignant realism of his former versions of small town life. He seems to have accepted its meagerness and limitations and to be trying now to picture its more attractive aspects. There is apparently a more conscious attempt at beauty of form and color, and a certain lyrical feeling in his attitude towards nature.

The result, to me at least, was disappointing, for I feel that Burchfield's strength lies in his particularly intense vision of reality and not in his more purely formal sense. However, one respects him for not being satisfied with merely repeating his former successes, and looks forward with interest to see what will develop from his present phase.



INTERIOR—PARIS — WALDO PIERCE
Wildenstein Galleries

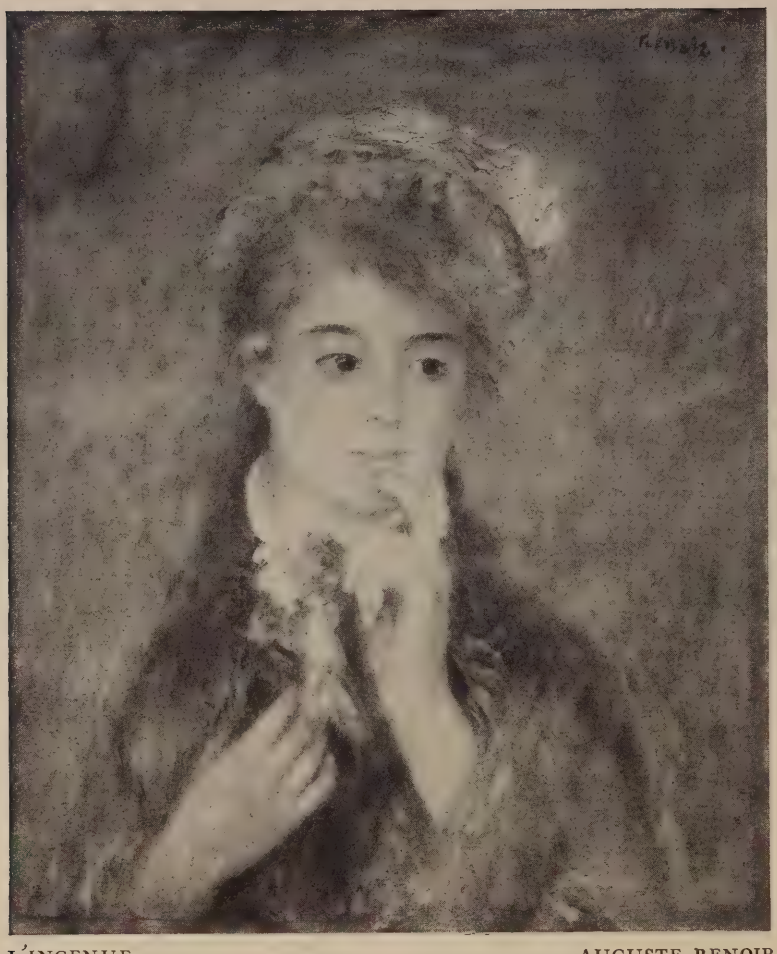
In the same exhibition were some of H. Varnum Poor's latest creations in pottery, showing his usual fine decorative sense.

Dr. Stanley Bauch, or Stan, as he is more commonly known, practiced medicine for many years, until finding himself obsessed with the desire to paint, he gave up his profession and devoted himself to painting. His recent work was exhibited at the Artists' Gallery during March. It has a certain amount of naïveté, but not as much as might be expected from his history. As a matter of fact, he commands a palette of considerable range and richness, capable of startling effects when he is painting such subjects as the autumn woods around Woodstock or the high-colored mesas of the Southwest.



BLOSSOMING FRUIT TREES (*Montross Gallery*) — CHARLES BURCHFIELD

At the Art Student's League was a group consisting of the students, both former and present, of Kenneth Hayes Miller. The exhibition was remarkable not only for its general high average, including as it did some of the most prominent of the younger American painters, but for the distinct individuality of each artist. Generally such a gathering shows the stamp of the teacher in some pronounced mannerism, but the present group varied all the way from, for instance, Schnakenberg to Kuniyoshi, indicat-



L'INGENUE — AUGUSTE RENOIR
Wildenstein Galleries

ing the influence of a teacher who has never tried to impose his own methods on his pupils, but rather to develop their latent possibilities.

ONE of the most interesting acquisitions which the Metropolitan Museum has made in the field of painting for some time is the Pietà, which we are reproducing, by a Dutch artist of the late fifteenth century, known as the Master of the Virgin Among Virgins, from his picture of that title in the Rijksmuseum at Amsterdam. So little is known of the painting of this period in Holland, and examples of it are so rare, that this picture has an unusual interest aside from its own intrinsic beauty. While it exhibits certain obvious similarities to the Flemish work of the same period, its Dutch character is unmistakable, showing in the homely but sensitive drawing, the realistic treatment of the faces, and above all in the intense human feeling which pervades it.

THE work of Marjorie Phillips, exhibited at Durand-Ruel's, might be said to be in the impressionist tradition, for it shows traces of both Degas and Pissarro, but it has a curiously personal quality that is very refreshing. There is a complete absence of pretentiousness in it; one has the feeling that it is a personal record of places which the artist has seen and enjoyed. It is perhaps too delicate to have much strength, but its genuineness is enjoyable.

AN earlier exhibition at Durand-Ruel's was of drawings by Degas, ranging in size and subject from his magnificent large pastels of women bathing to a series of small charcoal studies of dancers in every conceivable attitude. Like his sculptures, these latter demonstrate the amount of study which went into his finished ballet pictures, with their apparently effortless seizing of the most swift and delicate movement.

FRENCH art of a different age and a very different type was on view in the Fragonard exhibition at Wildenstein's, where lovers of eighteenth century art had the opportunity to study one of its foremost masters. When one considers that Fragonard was born only sixteen years before David, it seems remarkable how altogether of another age his art seems.

AT the Knoedler Galleries during the early part of the month was a very complete collection of the woodcuts of Albrecht Dürer. Over a hundred pieces were shown, including the great series of the *Apocalypse* and the *Life of the Virgin,* as well as some of the smaller, less known prints. These striking examples of graphic art are more or less familiar, but to see such a collection gathered together at one time brought a fresh realization of the immense range of Dürer's genius.

THE New Art Circle postponed their exhibition of the graphic arts of Germany in order to hold a retrospective exhibition of works by modern painters which had previously been exhibited by them.

L. G.



A YOUNG MAN — HENRY LEE McFEE

Frank K. M. Rehn Galleries

THE ART OF THE FILMS

"THE BLACK PIRATE"

By Quinn Martin

While it is true that Douglas Fairbanks has ever associated himself in the cinema with story subjects and mechanical treatment designed to attract the interest of the very young as well as that of the more mature, it also is a fact that he has not neglected at any period in his career to contribute a zealous effort toward the æsthetic bet-



DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS IN "THE BLACK PIRATE"
Released by the United Artist's Corporation

terment of his profession. It was, indeed, this salubriously energetic fellow who brought to the films their first compelling proof that individual movement—furious, relentless, lightning-like movement—could be photographed into the action of a pictured play and made to lend dramatic force to the whole. It was he who introduced pure fantasy to the screen, really. Until "The Thief of Bagdad" came into existence some three or four years ago, no one had ventured to project dream stuff upon the silver sheet for the entire running time of a feature length film.

And now, in "The Black Pirate," a cinema entirely in colors, we find the first example, so far as I know, of a so-called "super-film" pictured throughout in tints and hues, which is beyond question a sure, sound success.

Ranging over the last ten years there have been numerous motion pictures presented, most of the scenes of which have been either re-touched with colors or so treated in the laboratories as to appear to have been painted. Not one of these, with the lone exception of a brief subject called "Marionettes," starring Miss Hope Hampton, has seemed to me to even so much as suggest "naturalness," which, I am told, is in fact the end in view. Miss Hampton's short charmer had, no doubt, a most careful and skillful laboratory attention paid to it, and thus it surpassed its longer brothers and sisters. All these colored photoplays of which I speak were treated with vivid, brilliant, sometimes fairly blinding hues. Not only were the colors themselves far from being properly toned for naturalness; they actually could not be made to remain in their proper places. Literally, some perfectly good actor's red necktie might any moment leap downward and rest for the fraction of a minute upon the third button of his waistcoat. At times the glare and burn of the colors clashed with the eye. It simply wasn't the thing.

Mr. Fairbanks has avoided all this by first choosing a subject adaptable to his scheme, then giving orders to everyone concerned that while the entire picture was to be turned out in color, not one blazing tint was to be stamped upon it. All were to be subdued—browns, grays, unobtrusive reds. So that while the spectator fails to find any carnival hues shooting across the canvas where this cinema is shown, still the deep, rich brown of his pirate ships is there; the faded, gray and brown clothing of the players are there; the weak, green waters of the sea are there.

It is here, I think, that the star has added evidence of his own sincere regard for the development of the moving picture. It would have been a matter of no great extra expenditure of time and money for him to have plunged headlong into a picture play wrapping itself in all the vividness and variety of the rainbow's colors, depending largely upon the novelty of the object to reward him for his pains. Instead, he has taken the first step with considerable modesty. It would not be

at all surprising, now that he recognizes the soundness of his theory, to see him come through with another film drama on which a wider range and a more lavish display of color is devoted.

For my own part, it is a little difficult as yet to decide as to whether the films really ought to cherish the thought of eventual colorization for all subjects. It seems to me there is room for both the black and white and the vari-colored dramas. It would appear there ought really to be no greater call for universality in screen composition than in, say, canvas or drawing board composition. We admire the pen and crayon none the less for the existence of oil paint and water color. To be sure, there can be no question as to pictorial dimensional value as between the color and the plain cinema. In "The Black Pirate," for example, it is found that a very definite sense of depth, rotundity, and spacing is afforded—qualities quite noticeably lacking in all but the most expertly lighted of the black and white film pictures.

I am well aware that there have been those who assert that even so delicately tinted a motion picture as is this latest one affects their eyes and positively gives them pain. For these unfortunate souls I most urgently recommend early and conscientious visits to the offices of the nearest oculists. For there can be little doubt that practically all light reflection has been reduced to a minimum. Furthermore, whatever may remain in our present-day cinema of that relic of the good old age of "The Great Train Robbery" and "Fire Engines on the Way to the Fire"—the "flicker"—has been done away with entirely by the application of the natural tints. It is going to be pretty hard for me to concede any optical hazard in the color film.

Mr. Fairbanks, seated on the back of a chair in the theatre where his picture later was to be given its première, talked with me at length of his venture and his hope for the ultimate employment of natural shadings. He has no predetermined or even deep-seated theories as to what color may or may not do to (or for) the cinema. He is inclined to smile faintly over the problem. There is in his attitude an almost childlike enthusiasm in his experimentation.

His hand, brown as is his face from his almost perpetual outdoor existence beneath the warm sun of his Beverly Hills and his Hollywood, sweeps in a wide gesture toward the white sheet being set in place on the stage before us. He says, in his high-pitched, boyish voice:

"Really, I don't know what it's all about; none of us does. That's why it is all so confoundedly interesting."

But these retiring words are being spoken by a master in his own field. At the moment I can think of no one in the cinema more earnestly searching after technique and form or more honorably conducting himself for the benefit of his craft and his fellows.

BOOKS

THE FOLLOWERS OF WILLIAM BLAKE: EDWARD CALVERT, SAMUEL PALMER, GEORGE RICHMOND AND THEIR CIRCLE. By LAURENCE BINYON. London: Halton & Truscott Smith, Ltd., and New York: Minton Balch & Company, 1925. ($15.00).

For more than a hundred years William Blake has exercised a peculiar fascination over a certain type of artist, and in that time he has had many followers, never, perhaps, more than at the present time. The followers of whom Mr. Binyon writes, however, were a special group whose work is little known nowadays, but who were far more directly influenced by him than his modern disciples, for they knew him personally. As young men they all came under his spell, and although the work of most of them in later years departed more or less from his principles, they all bore the mark of his genius throughout their lives.

The members of this group, which consisted of several others besides the three main figures, including a romantic stockbroker by the name of John Giles, were bound together by a common reverence for Blake, whom they regarded as almost a supernatural being, and by a common fund of exalted imagery drawn partly from nature, partly from the Bible, partly from Virgil and Milton. "The Ancients", they called themselves, and in their work they tried to recover, consciously or unconsciously, something of the spirit of an imagined Golden Age. In many respects they furnished a curious foretaste of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood.

Of all this group none was more utterly a slave to Blake's ideas than George Richmond, who at the



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age of seventeen painted pictures which might easily be mistaken for those of the master. This influence, however, was as short-lived as it was intense, and Richmond later developed into a successful portrait-painter. Samuel Palmer, on the other hand, bore the impress of Blake's spirit for a longer time. In his youth it showed in an intensely imaginative treatment of pastoral landscape—work which, in its bold rhythms, exuberant color, and strong emotion, has a curious resemblance to that of certain modern painters, and which stands by itself, as Mr. Binyon justly observes, in English landscape art. In his later years Palmer, like Richmond, lost the immediate influence of Blake; he joined the Old Water-Colour Society and became an accomplished exponent of the mid-Victorian style; but in some of this later work, and particularly in his etchings, we feel now and then a breath of Blake's spirit, cheapened and sentimentalized but still vital.

It was Edward Calvert, however, who was the most genuine artist of the group, and Mr. Binyon deserves our gratitude for resurrecting him from comparative neglect. A few years older than the other "Ancients", he had seen a good deal of the world before he met Blake, and the master's influence did not affect his own individuality as much as it did the others'. The bond between the two men was further below the surface; Calvert had little of Blake's flaming mysticism, but he approached one side of Blake's nature in the peculiarly meditative and imaginative quality of his mind. He might be called a nature mystic, attempting to recapture in his work something of the religion of a more primitive and pastoral race.

Calvert's early works—mostly engravings—were inspired by Blake's woodcut illustrations to Virgil, and were closer to Blake's essential spirit than those of any other of the group. In middle life he went through a long period of study and experiment, during which he developed a theory of color based on correspondences with music, which sounds strangely modern. His later work, mostly in oil, was entirely different from his earlier style, having certain striking similarities to that of Albert P. Ryder, although it did not show so intense an interior life as that of the American. It has great beauty, however, and in many respects is among the most individual work done in England in the last century.

In this book Mr. Binyon has recreated a particularly interesting group, none of whom, perhaps, were very "important", but who all had distinct individualities which enriched the art of their time. And in the work of Edward Calvert, and the early work of Samuel Palmer, he has brought to light art which

seems very much alive today, and which has many curious affinities with the modern spirit.

Over ninety pictures by the various members of the group are reproduced. The choice as a whole is good, although there are too many of Samuel Palmer's later etchings for my personal taste. The reproduction is excellent, eight of the illustrations being in color, and all of them being allowed a generous page margin.

Those who know Mr. Binyon's previous books do not need to be told that this one is beautifully written. He is one of the rare writers on art who seem to be able to create in words a literary equivalent for their subject, so that we feel in his prose the same emotion that we feel in the art about which he is writing. This does not mean that he indulges in "fine writing", but simply that he allows the subject to speak through him and to mold his style. LLOYD GOODRICH.

THE PRACTICAL BOOK OF CHINAWARE. By H. D. EBERLEIN and R. W. RAMSDELL. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company, 1925. ($10.00.)

Books on ceramic arts are innumerable and range in subject matter from the general to the particular, from the ceramic arts of a people to the consideration of a fabrique. Even to the seasoned connoisseur the mass of published material must at times become somewhat unwieldy; the New York Public Library has published a list of the books on its shelves having to do with ceramic arts and there are about eight hundred items. And so it seems probable, due to this abundance of writing on the subject, that a compact and general work on porcelain alone will prove its usefulness.

Such a book has been written by Messrs. H. D. Eberlein and R. W. Ramsdell with the J. B. Lippincott Co., as publishers. It is called "The Practical Book of Chinaware." The popular word "chinaware" has been used by the authors to cover all porcelains, Eastern and Western, true porcelain (hard paste), and artificial porcelain (soft paste). As fine a ceramic body as Wedgwood's Jasper Ware is not mentioned since even pottery of such refinement does not come within the scope of this book. Also, the priceless rarities of Oriental porcelain are passed over with slight mention for it is the acknowledged intention of the authors to write only on such porcelains as might reasonably come under the eye or into the possession of the collector of average means.

The contents of the book consist of opening chapters on the origin, the making, and the decora-

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tion of porcelain and a chapter on advice to the student. The various sources of porcelain are then taken up in detail under national headings accompanied by many illustrations of typical specimens some of which are printed in color. The book puts in concise form for the student or for quick reference for the old hand a large portion of useful, general information on chinaware and is, as it was intended to be, a practical book on its subject.

Edwin J. Hipkiss.

The John Quinn Collection of Paintings, Water Colors, Drawings and Sculpture. Huntington, N. Y.: The Pidgeon Hill Press. Distributed by Joseph Brummer and E. Weyhe, New York City. 1926. ($2.00).

This volume contains a complete list of the paintings, watercolors, drawings and sculpture (exclusive of Negro and Chinese) in the Quinn collection, and reproductions of over two hundred of the most important items, among them being seventeen Picassos, nine Matisses, six Seurats, and nine Derains. The book thus forms a record of one of the most important collections of our time—a record that gains an increased value from the fact that the collection is rapidly being dispersed.

Recent French Books

Les Influences Orientales Dans la Peinture Toscane. By Gustave Soulier. Laurens, Editeur, Paris.

M. Gustave Soulier, assistant director of the French Institute in Florence, who has previously written authoritative studies about Tintoretto and the Umbrian origins of Raphael, believes that the art of Asia (the germ of all occidental schools, according to another historian, M. Emile Male) reached Italy through the Etruscan inheritance transmitted in an uninterrupted manner, and that it furnishes the first key to Tuscan art.

According to M. Soulier the first artisans who built Italian monuments were oriental workmen who imported a ready-made style, and the painters were "maestri greci" from Byzantium. He discovers in early Sienese paintings a Chinese influence.

We agree with M. Soulier on all that concerns the Oriental influence on Sienese and Tuscan schools; however, Piero della Francesca, Fiorenzo di Lorenzo, Angelico and Gozzoli saw and liked Persian miniatures and Chinese paintings but adapted them to the Florentine taste of their period.

Portrait Florentin de Botticelli à Bronzino. By Jean Alazard. Laurens, Editeur, Paris.

The seventeenth and eighteenth centuries admired the Italian seicento and ignored the quattrocento. The quattrocento vogue was started by Ruskin, and now M. Jean Alazard is endeavoring to communicate his enthusiasm for the work of the two forgotten masters Salviati, also for Pontormo, who painted magnificent frescoes for the royal villa of Poggio at Caiano, near Florence, and Bronzino, who painted a white Venus hung at the National Gallery, London.

Les Délices de l'Italie. By J. L. Vaudoyer, Plon, Editeur, Paris.

Lovers of Italy should not fail to read a book written by the most faithful of them. Jean Louis Vaudoyer's love for the Italian peninsula is hereditary. The book is dedicated to M. Vaudoyer's grandfather and greatgrandfather, both architect pensioners of the King of France at the French Academy in Rome, from 1784 to 1788 and from 1827 to 1831 respectively.

Jean Louis Vaudoyer, who is one of the most learned and distinguished critics, has contempt for the art of Picasso and his followers, but he is matchless when writing about anything Italian: Palladio's palaces by moonlight, Mantua, the city of swans, Raphael's Farnesina, the painters of Venice and Venus: Carpaccio, Titian, Tintoretto, Veronese, Tiepolo, Longhi and—Whistler. He discovers deserted masterpieces and loves everything about Italy: landscapes, fascists and trattorias.

Venise Seuil des Eaux. By Paul Leclere. Watercolors by Van Dongen. La Cité des Livres, Editeurs, Paris. (300 frs.)

One more book about Venice, but the Venice of 1926. The flashlight watercolors by the Dutch painter Kees Van Dongen owe nothing to Longhi, Guardi, Canaletto, Whistler, Casanova, Byron, Ruskin or Henri de Regnier.

Van Dongen is a painter of the hectic clientèle of international palace hotels. His ladies with very short skirts and short hair keep running from Palm Beach to Deauville and from Cairo to the Lido. They have found their own painter.

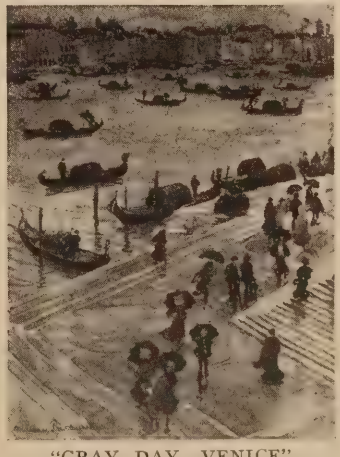
Van Dongen is unquestionably the head of the Ritz-Carlton Claridge *de luxe* school of art, but he may perhaps appear to our grandsons as the Constantin Guys of postwar days or possibly as the Rowlandson of the twentieth century.

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Le Diable au Corps. By Raymond Radiguet. Illustrations by Maurice de Vlaminck. Marcel Scheur, Editeur, Paris. (300 frs.)

Le Diable au Corps is a cynical book written by a cruel Casanova of eighteen who also wrote *Le Bal chez le Comte D'Orgel* and died at nineteen. These two novels are undoubtedly among the best which have been published in France for the last ten years.

Vlaminck's popular romanticism would have been more suitable for the illustration of a record of extraordinary crimes or a history of grotesque and sinister suburban tragedies, but all the same his lithographs are exceedingly beautiful.

Les Peintres Francais Nouveaux: Marcel Gromaire. Twenty reproductions and a critical study by Jean Cassou. Edition of the Nouvelle Revue Francaise, Paris. (3.75 frs.)

The new French painters previously introduced by this series of little handbooks are Matisse, Vlaminck, Rouault, Utrillo, Laurencin, Segonzac, de la Fresnaye, Derain, Bonnard, Maurice Denis, Odilon Redon, Yves Alix. The latest is Marcel Gromaire, born in 1892, who has just solidly established himself amongst his elders and obtained an enormous success at the last Salon des Indépendants with his canvas "War."

The preface by Jean Cassou, though described as critical, is all praise and very little criticism, like most contemporary so-called "criticism."

The birthplace of Gromaire, Noyelles sur Sambre, his childhood spent at Douai, his travels in Belgium, Holland and Germany, explain his fondness for hard-working, beer-drinking, sensual and silent humanity. The models of Gromaire are anything but elegant and look like primitive wooden statues roughly hewn, but the artist possesses what is essential for fame nowadays—a strong, genuine, entirely original personality. He paints a world of his own and remains at an equal distance from vulgar literature and old-fashioned academism.

Jacques Mauny.

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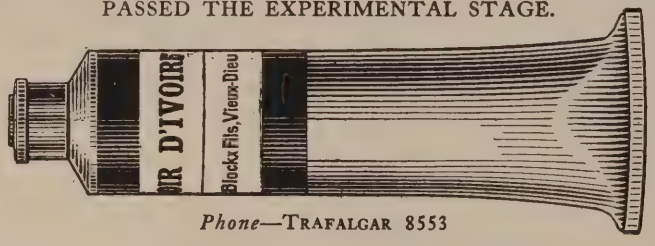
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THE ARTS

FOUNDED BY HAMILTON EASTER FIELD

FORBES WATSON, *Editor* — WILLIAM ROBB, *Manager*

LLOYD GOODRICH, *Associate Editor* — VIRGIL BARKER, *European Editor*

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CONTENTS

PAGE

FRONTISPIECE: THE MARRIAGE OF ADAM AND EVE, BY JEAN DUVET 238
EDITORIAL 239
A TRANS-ATLANTIC CHRONICLE—IV *Virgil Barker* 241
ROBERT LAURENT *Helen Appleton Read* 251
JEAN DUVET *William M. Ivins, Jr.* 261
SCIENCE AND ART *Charles Downing Lay* 272
THE PARIS INDEPENDENTS, AND OTHER NOTES *Jacques Mauny* 274
THE DANCING OF ANGNA ENTERS *Louis Kalonyme* 278
THE CORCORAN BIENNIAL 279
NEW YORK EXHIBITIONS *L. G.* 281
THE ART OF THE FILMS—"ALOMA OF THE SOUTH SEAS" *Quinn Martin* 288
BERLIN NOTES *C. Adolph Glassgold* 289
BOOKS—
OLD MASTERS AND MODERN ART. VOL. II (Sir Charles Holmes) *Alan Burroughs* 292
LA PEINTURE MODERNE (Ozenfant and Jeanneret) } *Jacques Mauny* 294
LES ANCIENS CHATEAUX DE FRANCE }
OLD ENGLISH HOUSES (J. Alfred Gotch) *Harold Sterner* 295
JOHN SLOAN (A. E. Gallatin) *L. G.* 296

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

HELEN APPLETON READ is the successor of Hamilton Easter Field as Art Critic of the *Brooklyn Daily Eagle.* Her studies at the Art Students' League gave her a thorough professional preparation for her work.

WILLIAM M. IVINS, JR., whose writings are already well-known to readers of THE ARTS, is Curator of Prints at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. His latest book, *Prints and Books,* has recently been published and will be reviewed in an early issue.

CHARLES DOWNING LAY is not only a distinguished landscape architect, but a painter and etcher as well. He is also the author of *A Garden Book for Autumn and Winter,* and has written on a wide variety of subjects for THE ARTS.

LOUIS KALONYME is a frequent contributor to magazines, and has written extensively on painting and sculpture as well as on the theatre, dancing, and allied arts.

C. ADOLPH GLASSGOLD is a painter and water-colorist, and has recently been working in France and Germany.

ALAN BURROUGHS is Curator of Painting at the Minneapolis Museum. He has been a frequent contributor to THE ARTS, and was formerly Art Critic of the New York *Sun.*

HAROLD STERNER, whose article on the Architectural League exhibition will be remembered by readers of THE ARTS, writes from the standpoint of the practising architect.



JEAN DUVET

THE MARRIAGE OF ADAM AND EVE

Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

THE ARTS

VOLUME IX MAY, 1926 NUMBER 5



TRIUMPH OF BACCHUS THE MASTER I. B.
Courtesy of M. Knoedler and Company

THE opening of The Cloisters at 191st Street and Fort Washington Avenue, New York, as a branch of the Metropolitan Museum, was an occasion unique in several respects. I do not recall that any such ingenious and complete attempt in America has been made to recreate the atmosphere of a distant past. The collection was formed originally by the sculptor, George Grey Barnard, who with the aid of a purse, small compared to those of our great millionaire collectors, has managed to assemble and incorporate in the building now called The Cloisters, many fragments and complete pieces of mediaeval sculpture. The result of Mr. Barnard's labors is that The Cloisters has so much of the flavor of Gothic and Romanesque art that only the fault finding purists will fail to succumb to its charms.

This sort of ingenious reconstruction of a bygone day could easily be overdone, and might mislead the too ambitious museum interior decorator toward theatrical efforts that would destroy rather than enhance our enjoyment of a museum's possessions. Such efforts, to be successful, require the services of an amateur. Himself an artist and a lover long since of mediaeval art, Mr. Barnard had for his guide the artist's eye rather than any overwhelming fund of erudition and orthodox museum training. He could make as many mistakes as he wanted to without calling down upon his head the wrath of the learned. He could proceed unafraid and unrestricted.

The museum has a responsibility to the public at once necessary and hampering. For the museum to indulge, like the happy and irresponsible amateur, in archaeological inconsistencies or unorthodox variations would bring down upon the heads of the directors of the institution the accusation that they were misleading their trusting public. The amateur does not set out to lead or mislead the public. To satisfy his own desires he contrives The Cloisters, or sets up in Boston's Fenway a Venetian palace. And by this process the public becomes the fortunate possessor of two of our most unusual collections, both far more personal in quality than the official public museum and both offering a most refreshing escape from orthodoxy in museum planning.

The small personally assembled collection or museum always acts as a good influence

upon its large official neighbors. It is very difficult for the great official museum not to become completely dehumanized. And collections like The Cloisters act as a deterrent to its natural growth toward quantity and pomp. What Mr. Arthur Pope once called "museum fatigue" is a sickness that spreads beyond the visitors to such tremendous all inclusive institutions as The Metropolitan Museum and The Louvre. It attacks the spirit of the whole vast undertaking and the brain, too encumbered with mere accumulation to undertake the finer and more severe study of æsthetics, settles down to the plodding exactitudes of secondary archæology.

A much warmer and more creative side of archæology is exemplified in the ingenious construction of The Cloisters. It is a more attractive effort, more a work of love, than the Roman court which McKim, Mead and White raised within the confines of The Metropolitan Museum.

There is an opening in this great city for such an enthusiast as Mr. Barnard to start a museum dedicated to modern art. The Metropolitan is greatly in need of a branch museum of modern art. An amateur who would reconstruct our own period as devotedly as Mr. Barnard has a portion of the mediæval period could soon shake hands with immortality, and win the gratitude of his generation. New York now has a museum of mediæval art. Heaven send it a museum of modern art, so that folks may see what is going on in the world.

FORBES WATSON



THE BAR AT THE FOLIES-BERGERE — EDOUARD MANET

Recently sold by the Thannhauser Galleries of Lucerne, Switzerland



THE PAPAL PALACE, AVIGNON

A TRANS-ATLANTIC CHRONICLE—IV

By Virgil Barker

Just after sunrise on a December Sunday Paris had not yet commenced its daylong noise and maze of traffic, and its streets showed strangely spacious in the frost-cold morning air. The city was having, too, a respite from fouling fogs; buildings and pavements and bare trees silver-pointed themselves upon the eyes in one even tone of glass-gray pallid clarity. Only the turbulent dark Seine broke the immobility of the scene, rolling through the picture so fast and high as seemingly to threaten even these bridges of iron and quai-side walls of stone.

Deep into the coal-gas murk of a cavernously arching train-shed the level sun-rays shone with promise of a fair day. Presently the cars slipped out through low-huddled and gradually thinning houses to open country. Until noon on either hand stretched poplar-bordered fields, brown grainless earth empty of all human life. A few stations, with their close-clustered houses almost as lovely as the encircling fields, bore famous names—Dijon, Chalons-sur-Saone. In early afternoon, far to the left, rose the Jura range of mountains, snow-topped beginnings of the Alps.

A tunnel or two brought about a change of gradient and a perceptible change of direction in flowing water. There rose into consciousness an anticipative homesickness for the southern sun and the southern sea.

Upon the modest rocky slant-shadowing heights, below which the train now wound along, could be glimpsed distant towers; the gradually subsiding ridges were topped by low stone farm houses with warm-hued roofs of old tiles. The rapid dusk shrouded the suburbs of Lyons and the valley of the Rhone was hidden in complete darkness.

Avignon as it exists today is a patch-work of history, from the scarce traces of pre-Roman Celts to the drab or pretentious nothingnesses of the nineteenth century; but domi-

nant over all is the fortress-palace of the popes and enclosing all is their crenellated wall.

Avignon's story is not one of the continuous growth of a homogeneous people or one of the logical development of any distinctive principle, whether of government or religion or art; it is rather a story of irruptions of forces and personalities from without. Even the chapter of the popes is but an episode, though the most important, in a disconnected chronicle of far greater scope.

There are great names in the record. The Arabs and the Franks, the Papacy and the Huguenots, the Dread Companions and the armies of the Kings of France fought for possession of the city. In sacred legend it has the names of Saint Martha, the sister of Lazarus, Saint Bénézet, the builder of the bridge, and the child-bishop Saint Pierre de Luxembourg; in more sober history it has those of Raymond of Toulouse, at least two great popes, Benedict XII and Clement VI, Petrarch and Laura, all intimately interwoven with its fortunes. Avignon was the scene of notable sojourns by Rienzi, Queen Joan of Naples, Saint Catherine of Siena, Francis I, Marie and Catherine de' Medici, Cardinal Richelieu. More recently it was the home of John Stuart Mill and J. H. Fabre.

Through all these centuries the people of the city served merely as a chorus to hail the coming of a king or a pope, or as a provider of lavish entertainment for distinguished visitors—sometimes not as much as that, so that it required a visitation of the plague to get them into the story of their own city. This was the stage on which at various times were played various scenes which find their unity only in a vast drama involving all Europe.

It is not for the writing tourist to rehearse a chronicle of events which have no direct causal connection, but only the accidental one of locality and succession in time.* Besides his

* The narration of these events has been accomplished with great skill in Professor Thomas Okey's *Story of Avignon* (Dent's Mediaeval Towns Series).



ITALIAN SCENE: MOUNTAINOUS LANDSCAPE — CAMILLE COROT
Musée Calvet, Avignon



THE FISH-POND — XIVTH CENTURY FRESCO
Palace of the Popes, Avignon

concern is more with what is than what has been. He may well feed on book-hoarded knowledge if there is time to connect it with specific scenes and objects; but after all, it is with these as they impinge concretely on his senses that his business lies. Not to burrow back into the dead past but to apprehend the now-living spirit of places is the true delight of the sentimental traveller.

IN Avignon it is easy to step straight into the past; all that is needed is to turn aside on either hand from the two or three straight modern streets. Doing this will occasionally discover a broadly curving Renaissance way, but will almost always lead suddenly into the tangle of alleys which tied together the jumble of the mediæval town. Yet even in these narrow passages will be found many a doorway or window, sometimes entire *hôtels,* that are purely Renaissance, so delicately proportioned and so refined in detail that they make it easier to breathe in the cold constricted dimness.

It is just such juxtapositions of different periods which cause the perpetual slight surprise that is such a large element in enjoyment, and which make Avignon linger in the

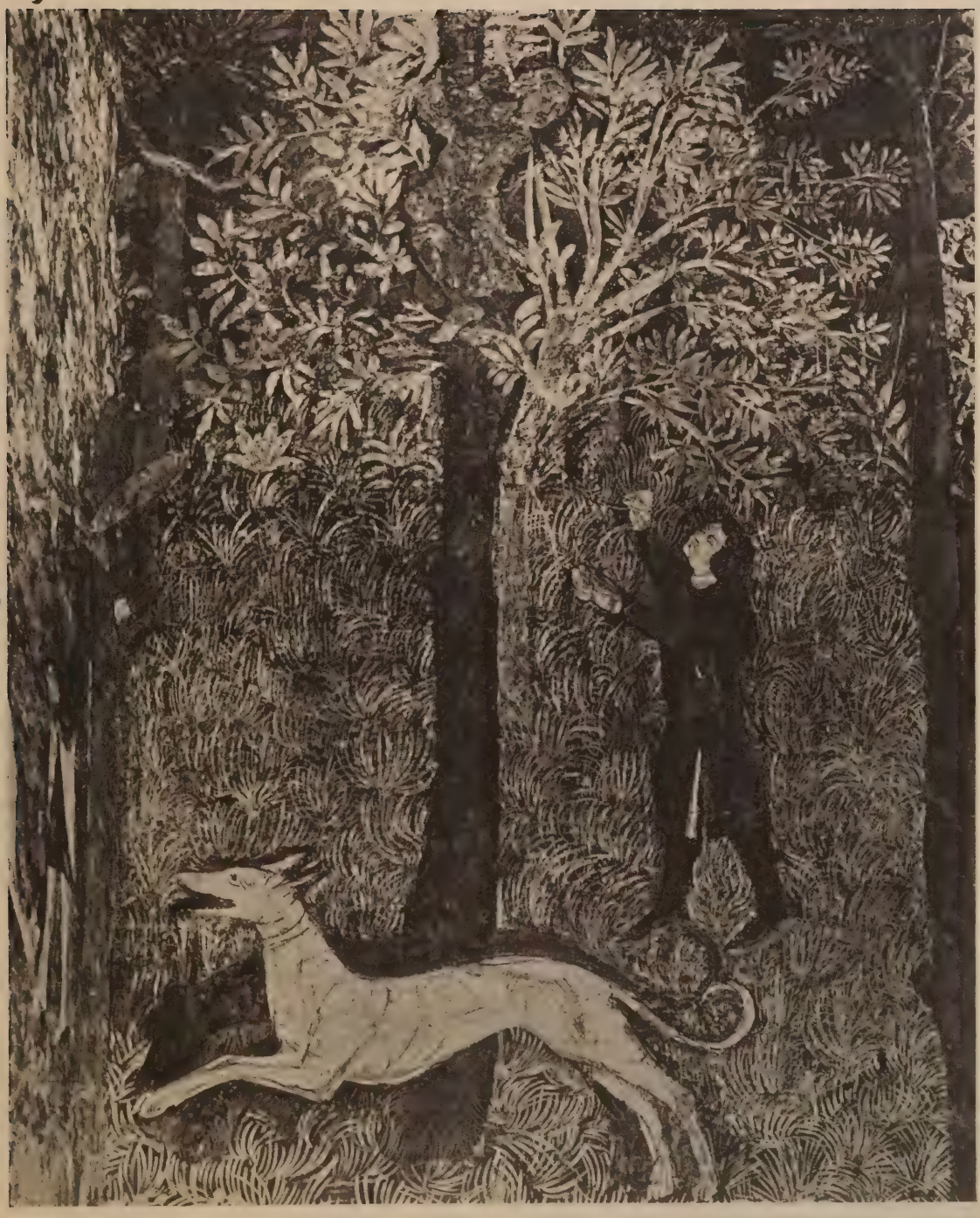
memory with such a complex charm. It is naturally impossible to escape the obvious contrast afforded by passing through an intact mediæval city wall immediately to a ruler-straight row of dingy shop fronts, or by trying to get a good view of an interesting fourteenth-century belfry over the commonplace nineteenth-century town hall that surrounds it. Then, there is the early seventeenth-century Mint, relying for its own effect upon a theatrical contrast between blank wall and over-carved festoons and masks and a coat-of-arms, which manages to assert itself so vulgarly in the very presence of the imposing papal palace, its elder by three hundred years. Hardly less obvious are the repeated contrasts between various church interiors, which are themselves simple to the point of severity, and their most prominent contents, which are mostly pompous and frigid mock-religious compositions by Pierre Parrocel, Nicolas Mignard, and other painters of the seventeenth century.

A more complicated set of differences is to be found in the exterior of the old papal cathedral, Notre Dame des Doms, alongside the palace. The main mass of the entrance tower is of the twelfth century; it is almost without apertures and presents a heavy, sombre aspect. But in front of this stands a portal of antique grace, with Corinthian columns and a finely proportioned frontal arch. An astonishing circumstance is that this portal, once decorated with famous frescoes by the Sienese, Simone Martini, that have almost entirely disappeared, was put there soon after the massive structure against which it is built; and its lovely detail stands mysteriously isolated in the stretch of centuries between Roman and Renaissance architecture, an echo of the one, an anticipation of the other. The upper part of the tower was rebuilt in 1405, apparently not without some lessons having been learned from the portal below. The officious nineteenth century crowned the whole with a grotesquely colossal gilt lead statue.

But Avignon's uniquely beautiful example of architecture is the façade of Saint Pierre. As a whole it dates from 1512, so late that Renaissance details have entered into the lovely Gothic *ensemble*. The portal it is, however, which so notably achieves a fusion of elements that would ordinarily bring about disruption. The mouldings and bosses foretell the coming of an art that will obliterate the aspiring lines which they decorate; more prominent details whose traces only can be now discerned probably revealed more plainly still the influence of the Renaissance. The full force of this wind of inspiration is seen in the superbly carved wooden doors. These are the work of Antoine Volard, of Avignon, who by this one production alone deserves remembrance for decorative inventiveness, boldness in handling his material, and the realization of a remarkably rich play of sculptural light and shade. The Virgin and Child between the doors dates from still later, at the very end of the seventeenth century, and is attributed to another Avignonnais, Jacques Bernus; the drapery is handsomely treated and the figures breathe graciousness. From whatever point in the small irregularly shaped *place* the portal and façade may be regarded, they offer to the eye a triumphant harmony of loveliness.

THE *Musée Calvet* possesses a great quantity and variety of objects, many of them of high artistic merit—antiquities from Egypt, Etruria, Greece, and from the period of Roman occupation of Gaul; relics of the Middle Ages in great profusion, in particular certain pictures and statues from the never-finished and long-pillaged Celestins Convent; some Renaissance sculpture and much more from the dreadful *Salons* of the nineteenth century. All these objects are very much crowded together in various rooms on the ground floor—rooms so icily cold in December that careful examination of their contents was impossible. Collections of iron work and of Gallo-Roman small bronzes, toilet implements and the like in great profusion were similarly slighted, as was also the library.

But not even the cold could shorten the time given to the long gallery of paintings,



FRUIT GATHERING — XIVth CENTURY FRESCO

Palace of the Popes, Avignon



FRUIT GATHERING — XIVTH CENTURY FRESCO
Palace of the Popes, Avignon

which, for range and quality, must be exceptional in provincial France. There is a wall given up to the school of the region, with several examples of considerable interest, but the masterpieces are not here; Villeneuve-lès-Avignon, just across the Rhone, has one, and from that place was removed to the Louvre some years ago that magnificent Pietà which was reproduced in THE ARTS for June, 1923.

Two long panels of the school of Pieter Bruegel have some interest; one of them reproduces the same country, even the same church in the same group of trees, that is to be seen in his wonderful picture in the Metropolitan Museum. There is also a portrait which the catalogue gives to Holbein but which must certainly be assigned to somebody else. Not that it is not good enough for Holbein, but simply that it is not done in his way; it is good enough to make the reputation of some entirely new painter, if only some learned connoisseur would take the trouble to invent him.

One picture here starts the mind along a road of speculation—the *Mythological Landscape* (dated 1862) by Claude Félix Théodore Caruelle d'Aligny. In a complete ignorance of the facts, the thought occurs that perhaps in this man's work, if this painting is a fair example of his habitual manner, is to be found at least a partial accounting for the mannerisms of Puvis de Chavannes. Seen in relation to the sort of painting that prevailed at the time, of which there is sufficient in the same room with it to permit a judgment, this picture by Aligny is, in its treatment of form, more than half-way towards Puvis' excessive simplification. There are also here something of the later man's conception of composition and a pinkish version of his pallid color. All this is guess-work, however, after the fashion of certain writers on the Italian Renaissance; and guess-work is not quite so safe a game when it concerns a time which permits of its being so much more easily checked up by facts.

Much more important for its own intrinsic quality is the *Death of Joseph Barra,* an unfinished work of the year 1794 by Jacques Louis David. The youth thus memorialized

was a drummer-boy who had met death in the preceding year, thus attaining immediate renown and being decreed the honors of the Pantheon, on which occasion the ceremonies were under the special charge of the painter. The museum catalogue quotes from contemporary records his enthusiastic words: "It is such actions that I love to retell. I thank Nature for having given me talents by which to celebrate the glory of the heroes of the Republic. . . ."

This was the motive which animated the painter's mind and this is the content discerned in the picture even by John Addington Symonds, who wrote of "the sentiment of the upturned patriotic eyes." It is not possible now to regard such a conception as being an essential part of any picture's permanent appeal. At the same time it is not possible to go to the length of those who would banish such an idea from "pure" painting. It is one of those factors which may or may not be present, dependent upon the mental cast of the painter himself, which by itself can neither make a bad painting come alive nor smother a good one.



THE BATHING PARTY — XIVTH CENTURY FRESCO
Palace of the Popes, Avignon

Equally remote from purely pictorial qualities was David's dogma of the return to the antique, but probably to this was due his omission of contemporary costume. The result is a nude of singular beauty, informed with sentiment of a far higher and intenser order than the windy rhetoric of the *Sabine Women,* and expressed through drawing which for once rivals that of Ingres in sensitiveness. In the unfinished state of the painting it is hardly safe to write of the painter's final intention of design, but the position of the figure in the given rectangle could hardly be bettered; and what more than that is needed here? Just as it is the picture shows the same impeccability of placing seen in the *Madame Récamier,* the same bold reliance upon empty space to secure emphasis and dignity.

There are times when the Corot worshipped in the picture market grows very wearisome; the silvery mists wear thin and the stretches of green vaporousness with the inevitable red cap become a bore. To remedy



HUNTING WITH A FALCON — XIVTH CENTURY FRESCO

Palace of the Popes, Avignon

this state of mind, to refresh one's conception of Corot as a genuine artist, all that is needed is a sight of some earlier work, when his hand had both power and ease but had not yet begun to deal too facilely with those morning and evening twilights in which so much of form evaporates. Such a work is the example of his art in Avignon, which, for completely realized substance, is the finest painting in the *Musée Calvet.* It dates from 1842, midway in his career. It contains not a nymph, not a satyr, just three rustics and some goats unobtrusively distributed through a tranquilly luminous landscape, a stretch of nature at her richest and handsomest, extending in a clarity of daylight splendidly serene.

BESIDES the paintings in the *Musée Calvet,* there are several important groups of frescoes in the Palace of the Popes. In the Great Audience Chamber are the scanty remains of a series of prophets by Matteo di Viterbo; and in the Tower of Saint John is the Chapel of Saint Martial which he and his assistants decorated in the year 1345. These scenes from the life of the saint form a very crowded and not very well distributed series, the interest of which is mainly documentary. Below this chapel in the same tower is another, dedicated to Saint John, containing what are generally considered the most important of all the paintings in the Palace. Attributed once to Giotto, then to Simone Martini, and at length to unknown pupils of this painter, they are unquestionably of considerable historical importance. Severely marred in 1816 by Corsican soldiers, who removed many of the heads and sold them to collectors, enough of their pristine brilliancy remains to justify, on the score of quality, Crowe and Cavalcaselle's original mistake in assigning them to Memmi himself.

But whatever the consensus of opinion as to the relative importance of the palace frescoes, one visitor will always rank as much the most interesting those in a small room in the third story of the *Tour de la Garde Robe.* Against a background of shrubs and trees, which is interrupted only by door and window openings and one serious mutilation caused by the insertion of a fireplace, are groups of figures engaged in various open-air occupations—men fishing with net and bait and bow in a pond of amazing perspective, other men hunting with falcon and ferret and snare, boys gathering fruit, bathing women surprised by approaching hunters, and other scenes of outdoor activity.

No doubt this room gains in vividness through being entered most unexpectedly after a series of great bare halls and corridors; but the warming intimacy instantaneously established by that continuous mass of foliage would be memorable anywhere. The amount of labor that went into the making of it must have been prodigious. Indeed, the only thing which keeps it from being just as prodigiously tiresome is the fact that it is all done with the great freedom demanded by successful fresco; the never-failingly light touch and loose handling imply a sense of delight in the making which gives pleasure to the mind today. There is also great pleasure to be found in the variety of the figures themselves and in the naturalistic intention to be discerned in their engaging awkwardness.

It is precisely this naturalism that probably both surprises and pleases most. These frescoes offer such a startling change —and also, be it said in honesty, such a welcome relief—from the religious subjects which so greatly predominated at the time that there is at first a sensation of escape from the pall of iconographic speculation with which a host of writers have managed to enshroud the early history of painting. But this, of course, is entirely deceptive; for this bold raid on contemporary subject-matter and the circumstance of its occurrence in the papal palace raises entirely new questions of great complexity. Yet this much is true: the relatively tiny room in which, so recently as 1906, these paintings were discovered and liberated from their immolation under the whitewash of centuries, is now the living heart of the immense pile which stands mu-

tilated and useless but still majestic upon its bare and dusty *Place*.

FOR structural expression of character the Palace as a whole must be accorded high rank in architecture. Built to house the Vicar of God and to keep fresh in the minds of men the fundamental fact of the church, its main lines are emphatically churchly; even the modern mind feels a fitness in this architectural vesture for the mediæval ecclesiasti-



SWAN (Detail) XIVTH CENTURY FRESCO
Palace of the Popes, Avignon

cal idea. But this Vicar of God was also a worldly potentate who, though gradually lessening in power, was still powerful enough and rich enough to require and to erect this formidable fortress to guard his wealth and his person. To read the story of its building and discover the reasons for this tower and that battlement is to attain a thorough understanding of the uncertainties amid which the great ones of the middle ages had to live.

A fortified entrance leads through to an immense bleak courtyard where long and unkempt grass on one side still fortunately defies the French passion for neatness even in ruins. The Great Audience Chamber below and the Papal Chapel above, though cold and bare since the restorers have revealed how completely the military occupation effaced their old-time richness and splendor, yet measure up quite satisfactorily to the expectations awakened by the high-piled mass without. Hundreds of steps constantly vary the level underfoot, narrow passages twist long distances within the very walls, outside them galleries wind dizzily along and inside them other galleries that once sounded under the feet of cardinals and kings now echo only to the tramp of tourists. A kitchen, the ceiling of which is just one enormous funnel-shaped stone flue, yawns cavernously empty. And finally two great bending flights of steps, ladder-steep, lift one suddenly out upon the top of everything.

Immediately below the old papal cathedral rears an almost flat roof-pattern and thrusts up yet further its sham-gold enormity of a statue; beyond it spreads the garden-topped *Rocher des Doms*. Then, on a suddenly different level which gives one a sense of that rock's unseen height, rolls by the wide island-divided Rhone; and beyond it rise the towers and villas of Villeneuve. Steadily the river curves on to the left until it is joined by the Durance; the eye takes in a vastly spreading landscape bounded only by the far Alps, with Mont Ventoux rosy-snowed in the sun; but it finds perhaps its deepest satisfaction in coming to rest on the choppy sea of rose-brown tiles that cover Avignon.



BATHER — ROBERT LAURENT

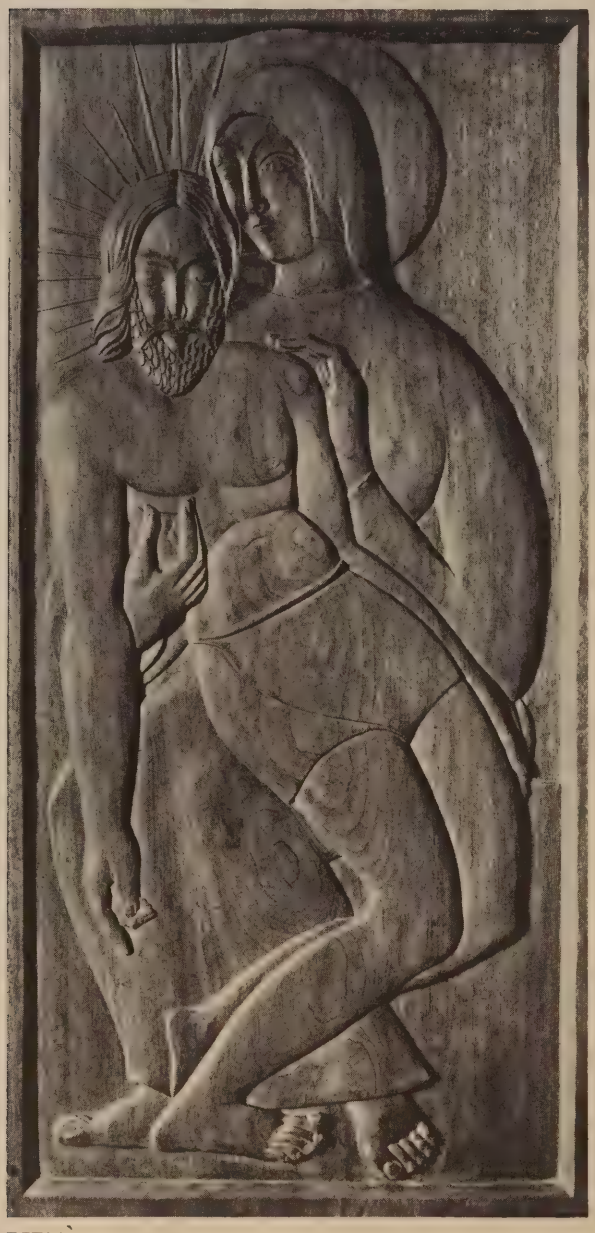
ROBERT LAURENT

By Helen Appleton Read

If the condition ascribed to the plastic arts in Europe at the beginning of this century has been described as chaotic, no clearly defined tendency manifesting itself, no prophet having come forward to point the way to a new development or opened up æsthetic vistas, as was the case with painting, the state of affairs in this country can best be described as complacent. No turbulent waters here muddied by conflicting currents; sculpture was guided along its smooth course by such serene traditionalists as Augustus St. Gaudens and Daniel Chester French. The only possibly disturbing element was the stormy emotionalism of Rodin with which our sculpture was strongly impregnated, the American art student considering that he was well along the way to success if he could tell the world that he was a Rodin pupil, if in actuality the Rodin influence resulted in nothing more than sculptures demonstrating rock-bound emotions or psychological states. Plastically speaking the world stood still. The enquiring mind of the twentieth century evidenced in other branches of the fine arts by its refusal to accept traditions and learned-by-rote formulas, did not manifest itself in sculpture, that is in this country.

In Europe however sculpture was subject for experimentation. With painting it strove to get away from the camera point of view to an analysis of form, differing from painting in that it was without the guiding, fertilizing influence of a Cézanne. Rodin, for all that he dominated sculpture for the last quarter of the nineteenth century, passed without leaving a line or tradition on which to build. The sculptor in search of a purely plastic expression from which he might derive inspiration was forced to look to primitive, archaic and exotic sources such as Doric Greece, ancient China, Assyria, the Gothic

image makers and the carvings of the obscure negro fetish makers or the reliefs of the Mayan or Aztec stone workers, with a resultant chaos of tendencies.



PIETÀ ROBERT LAURENT

Probably the disconcerting vitality of negro sculpture has had a greater influence upon modern sculpture than any one of these cited influences. With the discovery of negro sculpture came the revelation that an object could be plastically moving without having any ingratiating qualities other than pure form. As Roger Fry says in his essay on Negro Sculpture included in *Vision and Design,* "With the cult for Negro sculpture the tyranny of the Græco-Roman tradition was conquered." An idea supplemented by Marius De Zayas in his article on Negro Art which appeared in THE ARTS for March, 1923, "Negro art has been to the white man a fecund revelation. It has re-awakened in him æsthetic qualities that were obliterated by his own civilization and, in bringing them back to him, he adds them to his already acquired knowledge in order to go forward into the realm of art."

In this country negro sculpture despite the fact that it was exhibited as early as 1910, had small influence upon the main stream of thought. It was a cult for the extreme wing of the intelligentsia. And for that matter the appearance of such modern sculptors as Brancusi, Lehmbruck and Maillol, all of whom were well represented in the Armory show, had a comparatively small effect in comparison with the profound change in point of view which the paintings there exhibited produced. Paul Manship returning from the Roman Academy in 1912 or thereabouts with his jeweled, derivative sculpture, which introduced the archaic note into American sculpture, wielded a far stronger influence and has continued to do so. As recently as the exhibition held by the Society of American Sculptors two years ago, in the grounds adjoining the Hispanic Museum, it was the archaic note, stiff-gestured and naïvely smiling, which in lieu of anything really modern stood in the minds of the general public as the modernistic and ultra.

But outside of academic circles, to be seen only in the galleries of dealers sympathetic to modern art or in independent exhibitions, a few sculptors were experimenting with form in accordance with their own personal predilections, notably Robert Laurent, whose sculpture is the subject of the forthcoming paragraphs. It is a truism that every artist whose art is a sincere personal expression of



TORSO OF A WOMAN — ROBERT LAURENT



EVE ROBERT LAURENT

his age, is modern. It is a further truism that no age is homogeneous, and that diverse, sincere expressions may dwell together in the same age.

But in the popular usage of the term which signifies an emphasis on form and design, Robert Laurent is rightly considered a modern sculptor since his concern is almost entirely with the plastic significance of his subject and scarcely at all with its literary, emotional or philosophic import. He has created a definite tradition and style because he has been entirely himself, and not through any definite arbitrary alignment with the leaders of modernism. His career was a natural development, his interest in plastic expression brought about primarily through his apprenticeship to the famous Roman frame-maker Guiseppe Doratori, to whom he was apprenticed in 1908 and '09. Through wood-carving he came to have the impulse for expressing his artistic aspirations in plastic form, wood being an essentially sculptural medium. It is curious how often the craft of wood-carving or stone-cutting learned for practical purposes has been the stepping-stone to sculpture. Maillol, Bourdelle, Mestrovic, are some of the sculptors who attribute much of their subsequent understanding of craftsmanship, the respect for the quality of the material, the understanding of what a medium can and can not do, to their early apprenticeship to stone-cutter and wood-carver.

Robert Laurent is by birth a Frenchman from Concarneau, Brittany. Hamilton Easter Field had discovered the boy's marked artistic gift during one of his visits to France and so decided to assist him in developing it. Laurent was virtually adopted by Field and brought to this country while he was a boy of twelve. He therefore quite rightly considers himself an American sculptor. Field saw to it that his artistic training was not forced nor his appreciation hampered by tradition or cult. Field himself was the boy's first teacher. At the Columbia Heights mansion where the boy was brought up, many of the most liberal artistic minds of the day

foregathered, men who were in the vanguard, artistically speaking. He had, furthermore, as an inspirational background the famous Field collection which comprised works of art of many periods and peoples. The Field collection, it will be remembered, bespoke rare connoisseurship and a remarkable foresight in the matter of making sure appraisements of contemporary genius. Small wonder then that the boy grew up without the customary prejudices and things to be unlearned which have confronted many an artist at the outset of his career.

When he was eighteen he went to Rome with Field, where he was apprenticed to the frame-carver, who gave him his first impulse toward plastic expression. Maurice Sterne was with them and was also the young artist's teacher. This was before Sterne's visit to the South Seas, but his admiration for the primitive and exotic, the tendency to simplify form and to look for structure and volume were already apparent in his work without the impetus of a closer knowledge of the art of a primitive people.

It was about this time that negro sculpture was becoming the cult in Paris. Sterne and Field as well as Laurent were greatly impressed by the sculptural qualities and the beauty of surface which these little fetishes displayed. Laurent claims that the purely plastic quality of negro sculpture and the ovoid treatment of the forms have had a determining influence upon his work. The fact that the sculptures were of wood and showed a remarkably sensitive treatment of surfaces made them of still greater interest to the wood-carver who wanted to be a sculptor.

Since frame carving, although a purely decorative expression, gave Laurent his first direct impetus to sculpture, it was natural that his first plastic expression should have been decorative in quality, carvings in relief rather than in the round. These were the decorative panels designed for the bedroom of Hamilton Field's mother in the Columbia Heights house, still there, as he placed them shortly after his return to this country. For



PITCHER PLANT ROBERT LAURENT



PITCHER PLANT ROBERT LAURENT

subject matter he chose the everyday sights of Brooklyn Heights, the skyline of New York, the Brooklyn Bridge, views of Columbia Heights terraces, children, baby carriages, etc., a composite panorama.

While in these panels he was still far from achieving plastic freedom, they were however the stepping-stone to his sculpture in the round. They were followed soon after by those graceful symbolic flower and plant shapes, decorative in intention but expressing complete plastic freedom. These wood-carvings of flower shapes are Laurent's unique contribution to sculpture. I know of no other sculptor who has done this same sort of thing, who has been able to give the delicacy and spirituality of a flower shape and yet give it plastic vitality. They radiate that inner vitality which emanates from every true work of art. Flower subjects have continued to interest him and one of his most recent wood-carvings is of a pitcher plant. Sometimes these aspiring fecund shapes are realistic, sometimes symbolical, but all of them in their curling leaf, pointed shoot and budding flower, symbolize the essence of plant life, as Brancusi's bird forms symbolize the essential qualities of all birds. To these carvings Laurent has brought his fine craftsmanship and the feel for his material. By some obscure law of æsthetics, the grain of the wood has invariably helped him in carrying out his conception, supplementing the design and the shape of the sculptures. As, for example, when a flower twists and turns in spiral shapes the grain is found to twist, and when the shape is straight and geometrical the grain assumes perpendicular lines.

As was stated earlier in this article, Laurent was one of the pioneers in this country to regard sculpture from a purely plastic standpoint. He has never set out to copy nature and although in his figure work he uses such eternal themes as women and children singly or intertwined, they are regarded solely from the plastic standpoint, not from the philosophical or literary. As might be supposed, he works directly with his medium, chisels his alabaster or limestone and carves his wood without any preliminary studies in clay. He works without models but when the



MOTHER AND CHILD ROBERT LAURENT



TORSO OF A WOMAN ROBERT LAURENT

subject is well along, verifies his forms by making drawings from the model posed in a similar position. In carving direct, Laurent belongs to that group of sculptors who call themselves "sculperes," some of whom go so far as to subscribe to the belief that it is only by treating directly with the material that true plasticity can be achieved. Not that Laurent subscribes to so limited a viewpoint, which would spread the idea that manual dexterity in itself can produce plastic feeling. The surfaces of his sculptures are marked by a curious tactile quality which stimulates an impulse on the part of the beholder to touch the smooth swelling surfaces.

A quality of fecundity and of elemental things further characterizes his work, and an element of serenity and repose, a suggestion that all things in their essence spring from one eternal source. Hence his pre-occupation with the mother and child theme and with the growing, aspiring shape of his plant forms. The warm ample volume of some of these women's shapes, reminds one of those early expressions of the eternal mother which the primitive sculptor carved from flint or ivory. For all their primal quality of sex the sensual is completely absent.

Laurent has frequently been accused of being stylistic and of distorting his subjects in accordance with modernistic ideals. The story of his development should dispel such an opinion. If he chooses to reduce his heads to simple shapes, losing or generalizing the features, he does so in order to make them fit into the big general design. He thickens the torsos or limbs of his women so as to produce a columnar effect. This same simplification of form is carried out in the animal subjects. The rotund ducks and swelling roosters are among his happiest expressions and have a whimsicality and humor that is an added delight.

As frequently happens in the case of the sculptor who cuts direct, the piece of material from which the subject is to emerge suggests the shape. The fact that alabaster often comes in flat oval pieces has occasioned the flat oval forms into which his mother and child groups resolve themselves. One of his most successful decorative sculptures, a fish of flat oval shape, was suggested by a sliver broken from the large piece of alabaster. In the delicate tracery of the scales with which he has ornamented the form he has lavished some of his finest decorative craftsmanship. Tree trunks of which there are various shapes and kinds in his



BATHING BEAUTY ROBERT LAURENT

studio, suggest women's full length torsos, the massive thighs and generous proportions which he favors suggesting that they too have sprung from the earth. He still continues to carve decorative wood panels in which pattern is more strongly emphasized than plasticity. These panels, expert as they are, are no longer his most successful métier. They lack the flavor of personality found in his sculpture in the round, and are more reflective and derivative. In his other work he has created for himself a genuine personal tradition, and that subtle something called style, which a personal expression gives birth to.

The modern American sculptor seldom has picturesque surroundings upon which his commentator can dwell. But it so happens that Robert Laurent has inherited what is probably the most picturesque and beautiful environment for an artist that can be found in Greater New York. Here, surrounded by the elemental shapes of tree-trunk and stone-block, he carves his mental images into concrete form. With New York across the way, the calm repose of his sculpture about him and the dignity of the fine old house as a background, I know of no sculptor who has a more distinctive and truly picturesque environment.



HENRI II, KING OF FRANCE — JEAN DUVET

JEAN DUVET

By William M. Ivins, Jr.

Editorial Note: *The Metropolitan Museum of Art has recently acquired a very important group of engravings by Jean Duvet. This very interesting article, one of the few which have been published on his work, is being reprinted from the Bulletin of the Museum by kind permission of the editors. The illustrations are used by courtesy of the Museum.*

The oldest and the greatest of French Renaissance engravers was Jean Duvet of Langres, who was born in 1485, and presumably died sometime after 1561, the year in which his illustrations to the Apocalypse were printed in book form. Little or nothing is known about him except that he was goldsmith to the king. For those who desire to read the few and irrelevant facts that are known, reference is made to the study of his life and work by Jullien de la Boullaye, published in 1876, and to the article by A. E. Popham in the Print Collector's Quarterly for July, 1921. His work is very little known, as typical groups of it hardly exist outside the greater European national collections, and even isolated specimens are of the greatest rarity. His prints for the most part being plainly signed, and his style being so definite and easily recognized that there is little or no question about his authorship of the unsigned plates, he has been of little interest to the students and practitioners of attribution, to whose labors so much of our modern knowledge of primitive engraving is due, and in consequence his work has not been reproduced as has that of lesser but more "fräglich" men.

The fundamental reason, however, for his lack of renown is probably the same thing that has made his work rare, the fact that it is not cast in a popular mode and is probably more personal and idiosyncratic than that of almost any of his successors in the long line of French print makers. He began as a neologism and he has remained one—and thus aloof from those who must read as they run —a personality too highly developed, too thorny for all but the few who are willing to give the necessary time to an understanding of his artistic record. Especially has he been undervalued and misunderstood by the professional students and keepers of prints, who, while amiable gentlemen for the most part, have also as a general rule been noteworthy rather for their admiration of mastery in the technique of process than for their perspicacity in the discovery or appreciation of genius. The attitude of earlier writers is more or less adequately represented by Bartsch, who says nothing in Duvet's favor except that his style of engraving is a mess (*strapassonnée*) and may perhaps be understood when it is remembered that his Apocalypse was done after he had reached the age of seventy. Even our contemporary authorities, Professor Hind and Herr Kristeller, in their guarded praise and frank faultfinding, remind one very much of the note inserted by Dr. Thornton at the foot of the page in which appeared the first of Blake's woodcuts: "The Illustrations . . . are by the famous Blake . . . who designed and engraved them himself. This is mentioned, as they display less of art than of genius, and are much admired by some eminent painters." Although the eldest of French engravers, Duvet in time came after Dürer and Marcantonio, and he has never been wholly forgiven by the professed historians for his failure to follow in the technical path laid down by one or the other of his predecessors. At the very beginning he revolted from the path his French successors were to take, and a revolutionary is no more appreciated when he comes before than when he comes after the series of precedents that others lay down. Particularly in France this was and is a serious matter, for France is *par excellence* the land of academies, the country where precedents are of the utmost importance, where clarity is of more moment than virtue, the only highly civilized land where eighty is still "four twenty." Not



DUVET STUDYING THE APOCALYPSE — JEAN DUVET



THE APOCALYPSE: FOUR ANGELS RESTRAINING THE WINDS JEAN DUVET

until quite modern times has any spirit akin to his made prints in France, and even yet he is regarded askance for his rebelliousness against the rules long after to be laid down by Audran under the reign of the Grand Monarque.

Thus the fact, quite obviously, is that Duvet failed in elegance, that his lines were not tidy and neat, and that he had never studied the academic rules for the indication of swelling muscles or the ripple of light upon women's hair, and that he actually was so brazenly sinful that he sometimes used two or three bold lines to reinforce and make more prominent the contour of a leg or arm. He is also reproached because his designs for the Apocalypse are "crowded" and not open and simple—but of that more anon. His engraving crimes are thus many and awful, and only to be put up with on the ground that he was a poor provincial and the first Frenchman to make an engraved plate.[1]

It therefore becomes us, in this land where academies are merely mutual admiration societies and without authority, to look at Duvet through our own untutored eyes, and to see if possible what we find in his work.

First of all, and to get rid of it as quickly as possible, we find that he was an unkempt, uncertain draughtsman when it came to the representation of things in what are accepted as their actual, normal shapes—as unkempt and uncertain as some of our own contemporaries who prefer to put the big ends of tables on the far sides. But just as these contemporaries play hob with the rules of perspective, knowingly and of malice prepense, so possibly did Duvet—thinking perhaps that after all his tables were not real tables but pictorial elements which his hand was free to treat as he wished for his own purposes. There are much more improbable things which are believed as "laws of nature" by the most ardent and accurate of our modern painters and by scientists who, never yet having met up with David Hume, believe that they are in a way to discover "reality." If one stops to think of it for a moment, however, there is little in life that is philosophically more comic than adverse criticism of a picture on the score of its lack of reality, especially when every one knows immediately what it does represent. There is a whole chapter in the encyclopedia of futility to be devoted to that subject when the time for it comes, a chapter as long and as entertaining as de Morgan's book on the squarers of the circle.

> "And some they said—'What are you at?'
> And some—'What are you arter?' "

Thus, having admitted the worst and paid our compliments to it in due form, we can go on to inquire what else Duvet did besides draw "badly." The first thing we find is that he was not light (certainly no *léger duvet*) but rather full of a childlike, naïve solemnity and seriousness which led him to indulge in somewhat painstaking efforts to represent the things that were called for by the words of the texts he had set out to illustrate. The historians all criticize him for the lack of clarity and simplicity in his designs for the Apocalypse, saying that they were overloaded with detail and confused in their general effect. And what they say is true. These designs are chock-full of detail and at first glance they are confused—but, it may be demurred, suppose they are, what of it? Could he have given us a true pictorial view of the Apocalypse had he done otherwise? Of course, the example of Dürer will promptly be cited. *He* did not mix things up like that. And to this one can only say, again: "What of it? Did Dürer really attempt to illustrate the Apocalypse, or did he merely make some designs on its theme?"

Now there is only one way to answer this problem, and that is respectfully to refer our objectors on the score of clarity, etc., to the words of John as they were translated by the forty-seven. In few other books, possibly in no other book in English, is there to be found a more magnificent orchestration of multiple sounds and emotions, nowhere a more astounding sense of close-packed, crowded incident, and sweeping, irresistible movement. Men and devils and kings and armies swarm

[1] Topie, who presumably did the 1488 Breydenbach, was an Italian.



THE CRUCIFIXION — JEAN DUVET

and trample, and through all is the sound of trumpets and the ceaseless whirring of the wings of angels. There is Babylon, "that great city," but an incident beside the awe and the majesty of God. We close the volume and our ears still ring with the echoes of the mighty hosts and the dragons and the beasts, and are flooded with that "voice of mighty thunderings, saying, Alleluia," and our eyes recall "the merchandise of gold, and



THE APOCALYPSE: THE BEAST WITH THE SEVEN HEADS AND TEN HORNS — JEAN DUVET



THE APOCALYPSE: THE ANGEL SHOWING SAINT JOHN THE THRONE OF GOD, AND THE RIVER OF THE WATER OF LIFE — JEAN DUVET

silver, and precious stones, and of pearls, and fine linen, and purple, and silk, and scarlet, and all thyine wood, and all manner vessels of ivory, and all manner vessels of most precious wood, and of brass, and iron, and marble, and cinnamon, and odours, and ointments, and frankincense, and wine, and oil, and fine flour, and wheat, and beasts, and sheep, and horses, and chariots, and slaves, and souls of men," and we think of "the fearful, and unbelieving, and the abominable, and murderers, and whoremongers, and sorcerers, and idolaters, and all liars" and "their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone: which is the second death," and we also think of the city which "had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it: for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof," and of those therein who "shall see his face; and his name shall be in their foreheads." No, after all, it wasn't plain and simple and lacking in confusion, and great as are Dürer's designs he, by making them plain and simple and lacking in confusion, somehow failed to project into them just that particular surge and roar and impossible wealth of detail and movement which are the very pith and marrow of the book of Revelation. Doubtless Duvet too failed in his impossible task, just as any one might, but at least he made a more gallant and effective struggle to accomplish it than any other engraver of whom we have record. Moreover, we know that he was aware of the complexity of his undertaking and that he was at pains to understand it, for on the first print of his series he was careful to put a statement in Latin that the sacred mysteries contained therein were done according to the true letter of the text (*ac verae litterae textus*) with the aid of men more learned than the artist himself (*virorum peritiorum indicio*).

Thus, the charge of complexity and confusion is taken care of and instead of seeing in it the accusation of a fault we find it to be an acknowledgment of at least partial success. And, as we look again at the plates of Duvet's Apocalypse, we can see how much of movement and surge and roar and thickness of event he managed to crowd into them, and instead of being bothered by it as by an incompetency, we find it to be extraordinary and exciting, and a true sign of the artist's fundamental honesty and greatness. That he should have succeeded as well as he did is the strongest sign that one could desire of his skill and of his temperament.

But Duvet did other things than the Apocalypse, though that is his undoubted masterpiece, and in some of these other things he, first among French engravers in this respect as well as in the mere temporal sense, exhibited elegance, that greatest and most highly prized of the specifically French virtues. It was not the polished, manicured, marcel-waved elegance that was developed by his successors in the eighteenth century, nor that more sober variety which flourished in the seventeenth, but the rough, country gentleman's elegance of the time of Francis I and his immediate successors. It is to be found at its best in the plates of La Majesté Royale and the Henri II, roi de France, which in spite of their rarity are among the finest products of the burin in France.

One more aspect of Duvet's work remains to be noticed, the lyricism which is so patent in his Marriage of Adam and Eve. Here again he makes a crowded plate, full of incident in its every portion, and yet the two majestic figures stand forth in glory as they are united in one by the will of God. It is a pæan of joy, of happiness—the true springtime, eternal and unchanging, of human life, the conjunction of man and woman.

Of course, it is to be expected that there will be many who never will, never can, throw themselves into the frame of mind necessary to enjoy or appreciate Duvet's work—but for those who are able to do so, few more interesting prints have ever been made in Europe. His work, like the Apocalypse itself, is something which can hardly be expected to find many adherents today, its tempo and its swing and its imagery are so foreign to the time and the temperament of those who spend their lives running to and fro in motor



THE APOCALYPSE: THE WOMAN CLOTHED IN THE SUN JEAN DUVET

cars and whose solitary evenings are redeemed from boredom only by the interference of the radio. He is of a different intellectual temper—a much older one, and one to which some day, when the world shall have discovered the emptiness of mechanism, it may return with relief and spiritual comfort.



THE APOCALYPSE: THE SAINTS ADORING THE TRINITY JEAN DUVET



THE APOCALYPSE: THE FALL OF BABYLON — JEAN DUVET

SCIENCE AND ART

By Charles Downing Lay

It is curious to consider the chains which bind us and determine our limits of action. The free spirits and the Villagers swear they have thrown them off, but are they sober when they swear? All of us probably have somewhere a chain that clinks if we could but hear the sound, or shackles that hinder our action. Our fetters may be worn unconsciously and discovered only in a crisis or at a moment when we realize that we are wholly impulsive.

I know some of those which bind me and may expose others as we go along, but I have a greater interest in those of my acquaintances, for their chafing under bonds makes me unhappy.

The doctor is a scientist first of all. In his impressionable youth he is bound out to a laboratory method. He lives by tables of statistics, those graveyards of facts, and his attitude is ever one of certainty. He has no thought beyond the range of the clinical thermometer.

What shall we think then when we see the soul of an artist prisoned in a doctor's body? What a conflict must be there! The artist soul surging for expression, a partisan of partisans restricted to the championing of facts! His emotions tortured by bondage to a precise technique and his soul smothered by the training which makes him careful of detail, certain of his opinions, which are formed after many observations, each checking the one before. He consults his books to confirm a judgment already formed, and his tables to see how many times the outcome has been so and so, and what the mathematical chances are of its happening so in this case. It is all set down, cut and dried, with no room for guess or the happy inspiration of the artist.

We may see in his handwriting the signs, recognized by graphologists, of the intuitive spirit which knows without being told, which jumps to conclusions, like Eva to the cakes of ice, for like her he would save himself from the hounds of stupidity; from the ferocious gatherers of useless information. We can imagine the disturbance in a brain which should be like the honeycomb, full of cells stored with golden truths; if some day there should appear in it a living thought which might take wing to ramble over the world or fly to the farthest heavens.

The artist soul, too, would wish to concern itself with art and artists, but when he speaks it is as the doctor who sees in art only a subject to be studied for evidence of abnormal qualities or of decided degeneracy. Since it does not look so to him, it must be that the painter saw things wrong; had, therefore, a defective lens in his eye, poor fellow! He can prove by cases that all painters, poets, musicians, sculptors have defective vision or hearing or mentality or that they are the victims of some disease. An unusual rhythm in music, or a different organization in a picture is to him abnormal; not like the average and, therefore, wrong and possibly perverted.

But what a loss is ours, for by his every gesture and slightest glance one sees the imprisoned spirit and knows that here was a man to set the world on fire could he but start afresh and create beauty in painting, in sculpture, in music and in poetry.

Is it not sad to see these positive qualities of a living, glowing leader turned to the negative routine of saying, "Do not drink," "Do not eat prunes," "Do not"—"Do not." It is enough to make us curse the father that helped him to such a low estate.

Is there a possibility of freedom through compromise? Can the artist-poet so bound to earth lead the scientific cohorts to some living, progressive accomplishment which will stir men's hearts and lead them on as in some holy war? Can stimulation for the spirit, an urging to greater feats of thought and a freer atmosphere for the soul of man

come through the leadership of such materialists? It is doubtful, and this artist soul goes marching on to the grave more unconscious of its fetters, more hopeless of throwing them off, while we look elsewhere for our leaders.

Sometimes the tables are turned and we find a scientific soul devoting itself to art and trying to express itself in pictures or in sculpture. If such a one does figures he thinks of the laws of perspective and of anatomy. He must show the structure of the inside when he represents a person. Every bone, every muscle, must have its outward indication, so that the observer can prove by summing all the facts that it does represent a person and not a scarecrow. Yet we are not so punctilious when we meet one another. A flash of the eye, a grasp of the hand, tells us that there is a real person there. We need no facts come from their graves to convince us and no summing up to prove that the total is correct.

The scientist-painter when outdoors is geologist, botanist and meteorologist. He gives us all the facts of the shapes of hills, of the structure of rocks and of the flow of rivers. His trees never grow on an inhospitable soil and one might from his pictures write a treatise on ecology. His clouds are what they should be, nimbus, cumulus, cirrocumulus, cirrus. He is never caught darkening clouds to heighten the contrast with the sunlit figures. There is nothing to offend another materialist in his pictures and nothing wrong anywhere, except that he has chosen an impossible way to paint a picture. There is nothing in his pictures to suggest the mass and solidity of the hill; no hint of the movement and force of the river; no thought of wind or sunlight or of the joy of life. For as the true artist knows, the facts of art are not the same as the facts of science. In art it is always true if it looks right, no matter what the measurements may be. It is the thing we think it is which must be represented, not the photographic snapshot. Our conception is what we paint, but the scientist turned artist seems not to know this and goes on bound hand and foot, painting pictures or making statues which are always kept from being good by conscience, by integrity to perceptual facts. The qualities which are necessary to a great picture are few and unknown to scientists. They are a vitality of organization, which makes us feel at once that they are quick, not dead; reasonableness of arrangement, permitting rapid perception; suitability of color, which stimulates or pleases; together conveying through the eye a message which tells us no less surely than the quiver of a lip or the shrug of a shoulder that there is a personality there, and last of all a thrill of joy surging through us which makes us know that it is beautiful.

Science and art are far as the poles asunder. One cannot serve art and science too. We hoped once that science would help art, be a useful handmaiden to lighten the work of the artist, but it was the hope of a nightmare—not of a waking moment. It is the function of science to codify, to catalog, to systematize, but the artist is beyond these things and free. No sooner is a musical scale fixed, a rule of harmony and rhythm stated, than the artist wearies of it and hears new rhythms and new harmonies in old discords. He gets, perhaps, from the banging of a dishpan an emotion which pleases him, and it is of no consequence if the scientist proves it to be an unmusical sound, too full of overtones for pure and cultivated sensuousness to enjoy.

In painting it is the same—the artist sees new ways to paint old pictures, discards perspective if he likes, and refuses to be bound to what the photograph tells of movement. Of anatomy he need know no more than what everyone knows of his own body.

Can the scientist turned artist be freed? I think not, for his soul and mind are congenitally imprisoned and he can only be happy when he has forgotten art and the desire for quick vitality and paints only for the scientist. But we can pray for freedom from him and from the chains which he forges in his Stygian laboratory, a freedom which we do attain when we know the truth about him and all his works.



STILL-LIFE — GEORGES BRAQUE
Courtesy of Paul Rosenberg

THE PARIS INDEPENDENTS, AND OTHER NOTES

THE Société des Independants, founded in 1884 to show the work of artists who refused to submit to the rules and taste of the official salons, held its exhibition in April at the Palais de Bois of the Porte Maillot after a recent retrospective of real importance had reminded the public that the work of some of the greatest modern leaders—Cézanne, Seurat, Matisse, Van Gogh and Douanier Rousseau—had first been revealed at the Independants. Their thirty-six previous shows have been held in such strange places as the Coliseum storehouses, the municipal hothouses or skating rinks, but the Palais de Bois, which will be torn down afterwards, is an ideal place for its purpose and an excellent light subdued by thin cotton screens, reaches every picture equally.

"No Jury, No Prizes" is the motto. Anybody can show anything done in any way, this being just what makes the Independants interesting. The pictures, like the building, smell of cheap fresh paint and cheap fresh wood. If very few of the 1850 exhibitors really had anything to say beyond their envy for real "stars," they never are dull and most things reveal a strong dislike for boring and timorous conventions. Things like *"Les héros de la poussière a l'encouragement"* and "The Classification of Cats" put me in a far better frame of mind than a composition by M. Ménard; as for de Creeft's "Picador," a strange affair built entirely of corrugated plates, empty corned beef boxes, funnels, etc., though perhaps not "serious enough" for some persons I confess I see more in it than in lifeless academic sculptures. Gargallo's "Prophet" and Pevsner's constructions certainly are extraordinary works of art, unlike anything I ever saw.

Previously the interest at the Independants was confined to two large rooms where the most striking and recent æsthetic experiments were grouped, and after seeing them the public used to walk out, doing no more than smile at kittens with ribbons and other

naïve specimens of the "weekend school." The majority of members of the society having protested against this habit, a perfectly democratic, alphabetical classification was adopted, after the most ardent members had resigned as a protest against this new arrangement, which diffuses the interest and reduces the effectiveness of individual works.

In a recent interview Lhote, who besides being a successful painter writes excellent articles in the *Nouvelle Revue Française*, declared: *"Le snobisme et la spéculation sont les deux mamelles de la peinture moderne."* We agree with him on that. Many pictures also were painted on short notice for this Palais de Bois and the artist never thought of any other destination for them; they are like ephemeral canvas and wood structures erected for this artistic Coney Island. Other pictures have been worked up in order "to reproduce well." But there are also modest and less noisy canvases, almost unnoticed in this conflict, which would give deep pleasure in the quietness of an artistic home.

Until recently all exhibitions used to show, more or less, what artists had found in Cézanne (and it is extraordinary all that has been found; in fact most of the men who came to notice before 1914 based their careers on this personal discovery.) The latest newcomers follow these followers—which is very much easier, but at the end there is very little left of the lofty beauty of Cézanne's work.



BOWLERS — O. COUBINE (*Czecho-Slovakia*)
Société des Independants

There are certainly no very great things to be discovered in the 1926 Independants. It would be a rapturous feeling to discover a really unknown artist of great size, but in the absence of that it is still a fine sensation to see interesting newcomers steadily becoming great.

The most perfectly independent of Independants, Matisse, shows a still-life and an interior (the latter was reproduced in the June, 1925, issue of THE ARTS). These two pictures, which certainly are far from being among his best or even among the best of his latest work, glow and give a lasting pleasure. Whether it is dated 1905 or 1925 the art of Henri



MAN WITH A SHOVEL — SAUL BAIZERMAN (*American*)
Société des Independants

Matisse remains permanently young and fresh, as intoxicating as a first love affair, as full of happiness as a morning on the Riviera. It is not tormented by a constant need for new æsthetic inventions like Picasso's, and is always faithful to the sweet spirit of the frescoes of the Moorish cafés which influenced the artist from the Northern town of Cateau Cambresis in 1911. I remember that M. Stschoukine of Moscow, who owned one of the largest and finest collections of modern paintings, which has since become a national Soviet museum, once said to me: "Picasso is pain, Matisse pleasure." I always remember that when I see a Matisse picture.

Though all young artists have a cubist tendency, there are very few pure cubist pictures. In the painting of Victor Servranckx I see the beauty of steel-making in a Belgian town described in a cubist fashion. Amédée Ozenfant is faithful to the "purist" theories developed in his and Jeanneret's recently published book, but his two large compositions in spite of their qualities show that the possibilities of strictly didactic art are limited.

A hit among the 3726 exhibits is made by an American born in Russia, Saul Baizerman, who sent the huge statue of "A Man with a Shovel." This big working man, not unlike Gromaire's figures, has at any rate the merit of giving the impression that he is going to do some real work.

Jean Viollier is a Swiss representative of the neo-classic school. The novelty in his case amounts only to the use of a primitive Italian technique for painting an Apollinaire or "surrealiste" scenario, while the same old-fashioned brushwork is used by Madeleine Luka for expressing an old-fashioned sentimentality which is more comical than ironical. This artist obtains an enameled texture which is unusual, but both Viollier and Luka like the work, before anything else, to be carefully done and, I am afraid, must prefer David to Cézanne.

Though also full of early Italian reminiscences, the very primitive "Piazza" of the Swedish painter Agren Olof has a great charm. Pictures like Wenceslas d'Erceville's humble farm are always refreshing when found in the neighborhood of coarse and aggressive pictures. There is a modest and quiet middle-class, white collar poetry in Coubine's work which is far from being vulgar.

In the case of Joseph Bolegard modern distortions are combined with classical rhythm, reminding one of Raphael's decorative frescoes, to represent commonplace laundresses. Beaudin like Pruna is inspired by some aspects of Gris' cubism but introduces human figures in decorative schemes directed by great streams of curves. But the large canvas by Leopold Survage, "Women at the Well," being less artificial, has a deeper beauty. Arthur Fillon is also a post-cubist who introduces nudes in his compositions. His panel is very attractive.

Psychologists will perhaps explain why, in general, the 1926 nude ladies are so hideous while a small proportion remain too sweet. It is also interesting to note that a great many artists who are not Jewish

have become fond of painting Jewish scenes. The Carlsbad ghetto scenes by Vicente de Rego Monteiro seem to have been made by a sculptor who wants to become an illustrator.

"There always were Douanier Rousseaux" some people say; however, no other deserves the place he occupies; he has imitators and followers by the dozen and one of them has painted "Rousseau Mounting to Glory and Entering into Immortality."

There are some twenty-five Americans, who are mostly addicted to pictures of "old Paris." If instead of that they had sent some "new New York" pictures, or the like, I am certain they would have obtained a great success.

An important exhibition of Braque is being held to inaugurate a beautiful new hall on the ground floor at Paul Rosenberg, on the Rue La Boétie. Some very attractive things among the sixty paintings, drawings and gouaches shown are lent from the famous collections of Alphonse Kann, Baron Gourgaud and Comte Charles de Noailles.



WOMEN AT THE WELL — LEOPOLD SURVAGE (*Finland*)
Société des Independants

The art of Braque reminds me of Madame de Sévigné's most affectionate short letters and of what I read about the conversations of the seventeenth century when all that could annoy was avoided. Braque's kind and confidential conversations are most of the time confined to *"compotiers et pichets,"* grapes, lemons and napkins, and the languishing cocoa-powder Venuses which appear in the latest paintings seem almost unnecessary.

Braque's painted suggestions are, after all, in the old tradition of the decorative panels, but they seem to have been painted by a witty convalescent who has replaced traditional ornaments, cupids and shepherds with packets of tobacco, pipes and cards. Like the late de la Fresnaye, Braque tempers the cruelty of Picasso's and Gris' Mediterranean cubism by the sweetness of Ile de France. Nothing more tasty could be imagined for the sensitive minds and the sensitive eyes of today.

The first exhibition of Argentine art organized by the National University of La Plata was opened at the Jeu de Paume of the Tuileries after having been held in Madrid, and before being annexed to the Venice International in April. Most of the two hundred exhibits might very well belong to the old-fashioned and sleepy Salon de la Nationale, but on the other hand local types by Alfredo Gramajo Gutiérrez and the popular scenes by Antonio Bermudez Franco are the sort of things we wanted to find there; they seem to have the flavor of real Argentine stuff, which was lacking in the work of the other artists.

A great many *de luxe* editions have lately been published with lithographs, etchings, drypoints, or woodcuts by Laboureur, Laurencin, Galanis, Chagall, Dufy and others. M. Kahnweiler of Frankfort who, before 1914, discovered and launched Picasso, Léger, Braque and Derain, is also preparing books with illustrations by André Masson and Marie Laurencin, as well as "A Book" by Gertrude Stein with illustrations by Juan Gris, and "The Gertrude Stein Birthday Book" with illustrations by Picasso.

Jacques Mauny.

THE DANCING OF ANGNA ENTERS

By Louis Kalonyme



Francis Bruguiere

ANGNA ENTERS IN THE "FELINE" DANCE

RUTTED ritualism and æsthetic dogma, tied together with pretty literary ribbons, have muscularly and mentally bound the legs of dancing so invincibly since the first fresh harlequinade moments that the creative dance pantomime of Angna Enters seems revolutionary. And yet, though this twenty-three year old girl of Flemish, French and Austrian blood is one of America's few pioneers in the world of dancing, she is not by any means a revolté, or the conscious leader of a revolt against the one-two - three - *and* - four dance forms. What she does is much more provocative and exciting. She uses or disregards those dance forms, with or without the aid of music—that is, she has freed dancing for herself from its subserviency to other arts.

It is her dramatic sense of design that makes the dancing of Angna Enters so extraordinarily distinctive and refreshing. As she dances one sees a mind working with the tools that make up the human body. Every line, every gesture is the inevitable one, the only æsthetically valid one, an essential unit in an arbitrary design. Nothing superfluous is admitted, the lines are individually alive though part of an ensemble.

By introducing into dancing a first principle which is a commonplace to creators in the other arts, Miss Enters has created new boundaries for the art of dancing. In no other art was such an obvious principle so necessary. When Isadora Duncan draped herself in a clinging tunic, loosed her hair, and bared her feet, numberless post-Greek dancers were born. We have since seen how the tunic and bare feet have been made the touchstone of our Nordic Greek dancing. Isadora's revolt was against the ballet's prison of stilted geometric design. Though her dances were "interpretative" more perhaps of herself than of Brahms or Chopin, they had design of a sort, one could see round them and they were generally satisfying irrespective of the literary theme and the music.

When Angna Enters ventured into this world, quite accidentally—for it is a significant feature of her career as a dancer and mime that she began it first as a painter—she was about eighteen. Her previous acquaintance with dancing was limited to a ballet course she had pirouetted through some years

before in Milwaukee, where some of her adolescent years in this country were spent. But dancing had not interested her as much as painting, and it was as a student of that art (at the Art Students' League in New York) that she again approached dancing. Dissatisfied with her painting she believed that dancing somehow might help her painting.

What she found, however, was a stagnant world. Sterile adulation by Isadora Duncan's self-appointed disciples of that pioneer's methods without the spark that turned them into beautiful movement. She found dancing absolutely dependent upon music, she saw tasteless costumes and pseudo-Greek draperies. And that is how she began experimenting with what she calls her "compositions in dance forms."

There could not be a better description than this titular phrase of Angna Enters' dancing. For her compositions are brilliant restatements of old truths in dancing and its allied arts. She uses the dance forms, from the ballet to the Charleston, as part of the grammar of dancing, as a means. The dance forms and the pantomime are the verbs and the adverbs, the costumes are the nouns and the lighting the adjectives, and the music is any one of these. In one dance, music predominates: in another there is no musical accompaniment. There is never any "interpretation" of the music, although it may be used as illustration. For in Miss Enters' dancing the music flows from the dances. The costumes, which she herself creates, are not only glowing designs in themselves, but each costume is an intrinsic segment of the design of the dance. The dramatic lighting of the stage is equally intrinsic, coloring the costume and the body, coloring the gestures and the expression both of the body and of the musical instruments into a dance that is a perfectly fused expression of the theme.

All this is done amusingly, without symbols, high-signs, manifestos of a new æsthetic theology for dancing. For the dances are simple and entertaining. They freshen one with their good humor, their casualness, and charming sophistication. There is nothing esoteric about the dancing of Angna Enters. She has confessed that her living masters are the princes of the vaudeville and circus pavilions.

Her themes are largely dance expressions of feminine emotions. Some, like the pure painting of Manet, are pure dancing—such as her "Contre" and "Cakewalk" dances, or the marvelous "Dance of Death" which is danced without any music but the sound of the trapped rustle of a heavily pleated satin black dress. In her "Moyen Age," which is a fluid structure of movement based on the predominant religious thematization of Italian primitive painting and music, her unequalled gift (since Yvette Guilbert and not overlooking Raquel Meller) for pantomime emerges.

But I have not the space to give detailed descriptions of the brilliant dance painting which this young girl does on the stage. My rough sketch will have accounted in some measure, however, for the excitement of painters, dancers, musicians, critics and just ordinary members of her growing audiences, and for the fact that she is the only dancer since Isadora Duncan who has been able to give four concerts in one New York season, the latest one looming the early part of this month. If Angna Enters has done nothing else she has proved that dancing can be an art if the dancer happens to be an artist.

THE CORCORAN BIENNIAL

The Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C., began its tenth exhibition April 4th and will close it May 16th. The jury, consisting of Edmund C. Tarbell, Chairman, John C. Johansen, Jonas Lie, Leopold Seyffert and Robert Spencer, made no effort, apparently, to secure anything out of the ordinary, and as the invitation list is also limited to professionalized exhibitors, nothing unexpected was allowed to adorn the walls of the exhibition.

The Corcoran Gallery hangs its exhibitions exceptionally well. The rooms are not too large, the light is excellent, and altogether the display within its pronounced limitations, was agreeable in appearance. Those who are in the habit of visiting the various jury-made exhibitions in other cities found many old acquaintances among the paintings. So that it was not always easy to remember whether one was in Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, or at the National Academy exhibition in New York.

Among the paintings previously shown in other exhibitions, which again gave pleasure, may be mentioned Nude, by Eugene Speicher, Child in Chinese Costume, by William Glackens, Young Girl in a Large Hat, by Mary Cassatt, Child Playing with a Cat, by Mary Cassatt, Man of Segovia, by Robert



SHIP-CHANDLER'S ROW — ROBERT SPENCER
Corcoran Gallery Exhibition

Henri, Dead Tree—Tierra del Fuego, by Rockwell Kent, Woman Dressing Her Hair, by Kenneth Hayes Miller, Flowers and Reflection, by Clarence R. Johnson, Sea Gulls, by Gifford Beal, Notre Dame, by Cameron Burnside, Back Yard Society, by John R. Grabach, The Kitchen Table, by Elizabeth Paxton, and Giovanina, by Maurice Sterne.

Add to this list of canvases that are well worth inviting from one exhibition to another the long list of artists whose paintings are always acceptable at Washington, whether they are good examples or bad examples; add also four or five less conventional artists than those included among the official prize winners and prize hunters, and the general character of the exhibition is fully established.

Little surprise was felt when it was announced that the first William A. Clark prize of $2,000 had been awarded to Charles W. Hawthorne, for his boring painting entitled, The Fish and the Man. Mr. Hawthorne is this year's main prize winner, and The Fish and the Man is just the kind of picture that such a jury as the Corcoran Gallery was blessed with this year would take seriously.

The bestowal of the second prize of $1,500 upon W. Elmer Schofield for his efficient and rather mechanically painted The Little Harbor, was also to be expected. But the jury caused some surprise by awarding to Adolphe Borie the third prize of $1,000 for a nude that was depicted with a genuine painter feeling, entirely lacking in the two pictures that won the first and second prizes.

Mr. Abram Poole won the fourth Clark prize for a decorative portrait entitled, Spanish Sisters, very logically carried out and untouched by any breath of life.

Of the paintings by those businesslike exhibitors whom the Corcoran Gallery holds in such high esteem, and who added this year no special enjoyment to the exhibition, the list includes William Ritschel, William M. Paxton, John C. Johansen, Edmund C. Tarbell, Louis Kronberg, Frank Benson, Richard E. Miller, George de Forest Brush, Childe Hassam, and so on and so forth. Apparently Mr. Minnigerode and those who assist him in selecting paintings for the exhibition, never question the individual quality of a painting if the name attached to it is one of these.

As a matter of fact, the number of practitioners whose paintings are blindly and automatically accepted, is so great that it is practically impossible, the conditions being as they are, for the Corcoran Gallery to hold a suggestive or invigorating exhibition. It prefers to hang such sweet nothings as Childe Hassam's The Grove of Aphrodite rather than to explore courageously what more serious and less famous artists are doing.

Among the painters whose work was discovered with an agreeable sense of surprise in an exhibition so timid in its outlook, should be mentioned Andrew Dasburg, whose Hillside Dobi Houses was carefully hidden in a corner, Arthur B. Davies, Kenneth Hayes Miller, Marjorie Phillips, Ross Moffett, I. H. Caliga, Stewart S. MacDermott, Heinrich Pfeiffer, Hayley Lever, Charles Hopkinson, Allen Tucker, Max Kuehne, Arthur B. Carles, Theresa Bernstein and William Meyerowitz. And among the painters whose work is nearly always found on such occasions and who added a note of genuine interest to this exhibition may be mentioned Aldro Hibbard, Robert Spencer, Edward Redfield, Frederick Frieseke, Daniel Garber, Charles Morris Young and Eric Hudson.



INTERIOR — PAUL BURLIN
C. W. Kraushaar Art Galleries

NEW YORK EXHIBITIONS

ALTHOUGH the height of the exhibition season was past with the early part of April, there was still much to be seen in the New York galleries last month. The large exhibitions were over, with the exception of the Salons of America, which begins in the early part of May, but this made it possible to extract more from the smaller, individual exhibitions. These latter were mostly of home-grown talent, for few European artists are launched upon the American market in the spring.

AT the time of his first comprehensive exhibition, in the fall of 1924 at the Whitney Studio Club, Joseph Pollet was the subject of an article in THE ARTS. That the promise displayed in his work at that time has been carried out to a great extent, was proved by his recent exhibition at the Dudensing Galleries, No. 45 West 44th Street. Much of his recent work is more mature, more intimate, and strikes deeper notes than that which he has shown before.

Mr. Pollet is an artist who evidently does his best work only when he is raised to the highest pitch of enthusiasm. In such paintings there is a certain flame-like quality that is quite extraordinary. The name of Van Gogh comes to one's mind, but it is not a question of imitation or of surface mannerisms, but of a similarity of temperament. Some aspect of the visible world catches his imagination, and he puts it down at white heat; whether the result is successful depends upon whether he has been able to keep to this high pitch until the work is finished.

Such a temperament naturally has its disadvantages, and in the recent exhibition there were certain paintings which seemed to have been done when the wind of inspiration was blowing only faintly. In this class were almost all the large figure compositions, which were quite perfunctory



THE CLOCK-TOWER AT BAGNOLS — ALBERT ANDRÉ
Durand-Ruel Galleries

both in color and drawing, the only exception being the one called "Subway Station," showing crowds entering and leaving the turnstiles; it is significant that this was the subject which had the most movement and life. Some of the large panoramic landscapes, also, seemed somewhat empty. But in such landscapes as "Fallkill Farm," which we are reproducing, and "The Lake," the artist's remarkable lyrical gift reached its full expression, combined with a greater sensitiveness to form and color and a surer sense of composition than he had displayed before.

It will be interesting to watch the future development of this artist's work. There is no lack of enthusiasm, but what seems to be needed now is the patience to make the enthusiasm last over longer stretches of time and larger subjects.

ROBERT BRACKMAN, whose paintings were exhibited at the Babcock Gallery, is one of the younger painters and is more or less a product of academic training, being a former student of the National Academy of Design. There is much in his work, however, to indicate that he has not been content to remain in the academic fold. Not that he has adopted any of the obvious tags of modernism, for his work is by no means radical either in subject or treatment; but it displays a certain vigor and directness, and a search for qualities that are not merely sweet and pleasing, that sets it off from the work of the usual aspirant for academic honors.

Mr. Brackman's subjects are certainly not out of the ordinary, consisting of still-life, the model surrounded by the usual paraphernalia, and portraits and landscapes. He paints these things in a straightforward, almost matter-of-fact way, but with a well-developed feeling for their relations one to another, and a certain largeness of viewpoint. His color, although not particularly distinguished, is attractive and holds its place in the pictorial scheme. The plastic sense shown in his handling of the nude is fresh and unforced; in fact, it is this sense of freedom from strain and affectation that accounts for much of the attractiveness of his work.

EVERY year for a good many years the Durand-Ruel Galleries have held an exhibition of paintings by Albert André, and the event this year once more confirmed his reputation as a sincere and able painter who, if perhaps not in the front rank of contemporary artists, holds an honorable and well-deserved position among them.

There is nothing particularly startling about André's paintings; they do not shout at one; their strength lies rather in their unassuming and unfailing good taste. There is a quiet and subtle beauty of composition and color in his still-lifes, an agreeable sparkle and brilliancy in his landscapes. When he attempts more ambitious subjects, as in the large decorative composition of bathers in the present exhibition, he is not so successful; but within

certain clearly defined limits his art is quite perfect of its kind.

The exhibition included his work of several different periods, and it was interesting to note how little he had stood still, and how different, for instance, the subtle and gray-toned interiors of several years ago were from his latest street scenes, which are flooded with brilliant light.



FALLKILL FARM
Dudensing Galleries

JOSEPH POLLET

Hiler Harzberg, more commonly known as Hiler, whose paintings and drawings were on view at the New Gallery, comes to us with the approval of the French, for although he is an American this was his first one-man exhibition in this country. In France he seems to have been something of a celebrity, not only on account of his painting but on account of his unique method of supporting himself by playing the saxophone in a jazz band.

His subjects are mostly scenes of French life—cafés, theatres, restaurants, dance-halls and public markets, peopled with types which one meets every day—washerwomen, barbers, waiters, tobacconists, peddlers. His canvases, swarming with little figures, and with every salient detail carefully brought out, are painted with considerable humor. It is natural, spontaneous humor, without the strained effort to be esoterically amusing that spoils so much work nowadays. Hiler evidently looks upon the world with a lively interest and enjoys painting its humorous aspects. His relish for life is shown by the great number and variety of his canvases, every one of which is different in subject and treatment, so that his exhibition was singularly free from monotony.



HOME FOR CHRISTMAS
Daniel Galleries

PETER BLUME

There is, of course, more than a trace of Rousseau in his style, particularly in some of the pictures with larger figures, such as the "Promenade," with its striking design and powerful color. In general, however, Hiler is more consciously humorous and less serious than the old customs officer. And although his color sense is good and his drawing quite adequate for his needs, he has little of Rousseau's superb decorative sense or his tropically luxuriant imagination.

The foreword to the cata-



THE MOURNING FOR CHRIST — SCHOOL OF AVIGNON
From the Achillito Chiesa Collection, sold recently at the American Art Galleries

logue brings in still another name—that of Peter Brueghel. It is no disparagement of Hiler, however, to suggest that this comparison displays the lack of a sense of proportion.

Charles Demuth has been known for some time as one of the most finished and subtle watercolor painters in this country. His delicate flower pieces and landscapes and ironical circus scenes have for several years been familiar to the public.

His recent exhibition at Alfred Stieglitz's Intimate Gallery, however, presented the singular and stimulating spectacle of an artist revolting from his own artistic past and expressing himself in new and radically different forms. Demuth has evidently felt the danger that his work may degenerate into preciousness, for his latest creations are startlingly unlike his earlier ones, many of which were also included in the exhibition. Much of the recent work is in oil, and its broad, strong color and simple design form an interesting contrast to the subtleties and refinements of his former style. There are several poster-like abstract characterizations of various artists, that of John Marin being a bold, flag-like design of primary colors, while that of Arthur Dove is painted in a more earthy range. To my mind the finest thing in the exhibition, however, was the large painting of a calla lily against a blue background, in which he has retained much of the delicacy of his watercolors and has added to it a greater freedom and warmth.

No matter whether or not one prefers Demuth's new work to his old, however, it is a healthy sign that he has broken the old moulds and is searching for a new form of expression.

During the last few years the paintings of Paul Burlin have been seen less frequently in this country than in France, where he has been living. Hence there was a particular interest attached to his recent exhibition at the Kraushaar Galleries, which was the first opportunity that has been presented in some time to see his work as a whole and to estimate the progress which he has made since he left

this country. There has never been any question of Mr. Burlin's ability as a painter. He is one of the ablest of the American painters who use the modern forms of expression, and if at times there has been a slight feeling of coldness in his work, it was undoubtedly due to the fact that he was continually experimenting.

The work included in the recent exhibition indicated that one result of these experiments was a warmer, more personal expression than he had attained previously. There was nothing particularly ingratiating about these latest paintings, for they made few concessions to popular taste, but there was no doubt about their power and effectiveness.



IDLE MOMENTS — ROBERT BRACKMAN
Babcock Art Gallery

It is salutary for us to remember now and then that there is other American art besides that of the United States. Two countries south of the Rio Grande were represented among the month's exhibitions, Mexico and Gautemala—the former by an exhibition at the Art Centre of paintings and drawings by Jean Charlot and work by Mexican school children, and the latter by the pictures of Carlos Merida at the F. Valentine Dudensing Galleries.

Merida is of Indian stock but has worked in Paris with the leaders of the modern movement. He paints the life and people of his own country, and his style has a strongly Indian flavor in its flat design, the arbitrary curves of its outlines, and its sultry, violent color. His color sense is his strong point, for there is little plastic feeling in his work, and his line is too formal to have much life. Essentially he is a decorative artist, and as flat decoration his paintings are striking and attractive.

Charlot, on the other hand, gives one the feeling of a Parisian who has adopted a more primitive style without losing any of his own sophistication. There is no doubt about the Mexican character of his work; its typical and often humorous picturing of Mexican life, and its hot, pungent color, like the flavor of Mexican food, are unmistakable. But the viewpoint is more ironical, and the workmanship more skilful.

There is a quality in the watercolors and etchings of Charles Downing Lay that is often lacking in the work of the professional painter—a sense of downright honesty and sincerity, a feeling that the artist is searching for reality and attempting to portray it without compromise. It is not particularly skilful work; the artist has ample technique to say what he wishes to say, but not much left over to make a display. His drawing is sincere drawing, without any seductive curves. In his watercolors of women reading and doing house-work, and boys in boats or on the beach, one feels that the artist's main concern has been with character in the people and the places. His experience as a landscape architect was evident in his outdoor watercolors and



IN THE GRECO ROOM — MARJORIE ORGAN
New York Society of Women Artists

etchings, with their sense of space and their feeling for sunlight. The exhibition was held at the galleries of E. Weyhe.

The spring exhibition at the Daniel Galleries presented a group of artists whose work is well known to frequenters of galleries, and also a few whose names were less familiar. In the former class were Charles Sheeler, Preston Dickinson, Charles Demuth, and Yasuo Kuniyoshi.

On the other hand, Peter Blume, whose "Home for Christmas" we are reproducing, was a newcomer. In this picture and in his "Flower Abstraction" he displayed a definite feeling for pattern and an attractive color sense. A more familiar name was Elsie Driggs, some of whose exquisite and fragile flower studies were shown.

At the Rehn Galleries was a small group of Ernest Fiene's watercolors. One missed in them the firm and clearcut character of his oils, but in some of them there was a compensating delicacy and lightness of execution, notably in one of a flower subject. As a whole, they indicated a healthily experimental turn of mind.

The sensation of the Whitney Studio Club's group exhibition in the middle of the month proved to be the work of Franklin L. Gifford, a house-painter living in Woods Hole, Massachusetts, who contributed a series of "Historical Scenes of Woods Hole". These paintings, largely on account of their author's profession, achieved a remarkable amount of newspaper publicity, but they had the unusual feature of deserving a large part of it. Although quite unsophisticated, Mr. Gifford has considerable ability as an artist. There was nothing crude about his work; on the contrary, it was refined even to the point of asceticism. His delicate and austere grays were not only distinguished in themselves but had the additional merit of being entirely characteristic of this section of the coast, as were the quiet, subtle lines of the low-lying shore. Altogether it would be difficult to find pictures more typical of the New England seacoast and of a certain side of the New England temperament.

A strange contrast to the austerities of Mr. Gifford's work was furnished by the paintings of Lloyd Parsons, with their massive forms and rich, warm color. It is to be noted that Mr. Parsons has suc-

ceeded to a great extent in getting away from the extreme hotness of color which used to mark his work, and from the feeling that his nudes had been blown up from the inside, although one still lacks the sense that they are altogether solid to the touch.

The other exhibitors were Isabel Bishop, who showed a group of quiet and carefully painted still-lifes and interiors; Mabel Dwight, whose pictures of the subway showed a sense of humor and a gift for caricature; and Duncan Ferguson, whose sculpture exhibited a good deal of variety in materials and subject.

At the Montross Galleries was a group of watercolors by American artists, perhaps the most striking of which was Charles Burchfield's "Gates Down," one of the most effective works that he has exhibited recently. H. Varnum Poor showed a group of eight plant and flower studies, delicately drawn and refreshingly free from any consciously posed feeling. A name not often seen in the art galleries was that of Alan Burroughs, whose watercolor of "The Cove" was sensitive and imaginative. Harry Hering showed two straightforward and vigorous landscapes.



THE BALL MUSETTE — HILER
The New Gallery

The first exhibition of the newly formed New York Society of Women Artists, at the Anderson Galleries, was on the whole a lively and interesting affair. The membership of the new organization can certainly not be said to be conservative, and there was plenty of individuality and color—in fact, one felt after a while that there was possibly too much color and too little of the less spectacular but more solid qualities.

Among the paintings, the work of Lucile Blanch made a favorable impression. Her "Two Sisters" had wit and a delightful feeling for surface and color, and her landscapes were honestly painted. Theresa Bernstein's sketchy method seemed somewhat inadequate for her large portrait, but was at its best in a smaller beach scene. The flower pieces of Catharine Liddell were attractive in color and pattern. From the standpoint of humor and character Marjorie Organ's drawings bore away the honors.

In the sculpture section the work of Concetta Scaravaglione stood out as the most capable. It had boldness of form and a fine feeling for surface finish, but its workmanship was perhaps too coldly perfect to be altogether attractive. L. G.

THE ART OF THE FILMS

"ALOMA OF THE SOUTH SEAS"

By Quinn Martin

It has always been a more or less obvious fact that much of the reason for a lack of widespread applause for any given subject among the better things of the cinema lay in the unhappy truth



Famous Players—Lasky Company

GILDA GRAY IN "ALOMA OF THE SOUTH SEAS"

that not very many persons, relatively, in proportion to our populations, have even so much as seen the better things. A picture play which is branded too good, only too often has, by virtue of its very excellence, damned itself. In other words, although there seems no justification for presuming that the rank and file of the picture and play-going public would not—*could* not— be expected to respond to objects of beauty, whether those objects are moving or standing still, it is a fact that Mr. Art, once he announces himself or causes himself to be so introduced, frightens the masses and transforms the poor, old Inferiority Complex into hysteria. To Hell with your art! Give us plenty of menace and let us go home to our nightmares!

So that it does appear, in bringing out a new and extremely interesting film version of "Aloma of the South Seas," the Famous Players-Lasky Company has been considerably more than ordinarily prudent. They have cast in the leading role of this comedy-drama of the South Seas a young woman who has sent the shimmy dance into household popularity throughout the world—Miss Gilda Gray, that remarkable Polish lady who, for shaking herself nightly in Mr. Ziegfeld's "Follies" of a season or two ago, became at once the highest paid dancer which the theatre ever has known, and gathered into her collection of congratulatory epistles, penned by enthusiastic auditors out front, the handwriting of such persons as, for example, His Royal Highness, Edward Albert, Prince of Wales; a President of the United States; Eleanora Duse; Professor Max Reinhardt; David Belasco and many, many others. Out of a Broadway night club came Gilda Gray, and today vast estates are hers, and a proud and envied husband, and fame. With the presentation of this cinema, "Aloma of the South Seas," she will personalize her national reputation as she has not been permitted to do before. For everywhere there will be shouts and murmurs as to the loveliness of this pictorial production.

Everyone who has watched the progress of such handsome contributions of photographic skill as, for example, "Grass" and "Moana," knows that only a wilful determination *not* to risk the chance of undergoing a drab evening in the theatre has caused the public to fail to render these objects profitable investments to their owners. But here, if you please, we find (as I see it) the most amazingly flavorous example of natural outdoor painting in terms of moving pictures yet brought to our silver screens. And the public, that great, stubborn fellow, will not dare miss seeing it on pain of forfeiting one of the grandest exhibits of the Gilda Graysian movement in all history. Every solitary scene in this full-

length picture play has been photographed along the sea-coast of Porto Rico, and all the genius for apt and adept camera placement which long has reposed in the trick box of M. Maurice Tourneur has been brought into play richly in the preparation and selection of locations on which to "shoot."

One does not sit long before this curtain without realizing in a sort of shocked, agreeably surprised fashion that Miss Gray, so resolutely restricted in the past to the charms of bodily grace and motion, has supplied M. Tourneur also a face (particularly a profile) which is exquisitely chiseled for the cinema. And so we find this young woman acting most acceptably a part of considerable exactitude in a film which, at least, would seem to offer itself most plausibly as a study by photographic treatment in the great, windswept, sun-shiny out-of-doors.

These sea-coast views—these reproductions of that warm and lazy land down yonder, where the winds mingle with the salt sprays; where birds flutter through fragrant gardens; where ocean tides move up to caress a sheet-white shore; where breakers burst high in air, scattering little points of rainbow over all below—these, as shown in "Aloma of the South Seas" are joys which no man will fail to feel. It seemed that in "Moana," which was, to be sure, a dignified and a worthy achievement, deserving, I know, of far more than it has received, that nothing much more could be done for the faithful transference of an atmosphere into shadows upon a screen. In "Aloma of the South Seas" there is infinitely more of the true feeling for naturalness. It did seem to me that I had, indeed, for two hours on that afternoon in which I witnessed it, departed from the vortex of Manhattan Transfer and set me down, for the time, somewhere along the smooth, white beach of Porto Rico, there to see unfold before me the vast reaches of the Atlantic and to feel the gentle breezes blowing beneath a golden sun.

Words being the feeble, unreliable things which they are, there shall be no attempt on the part of your correspondent to essay here and now an appreciation of the dance by the agile, healthy and uninhibited Miss Gilda Gray.

BERLIN NOTES

THE words "academy" and "academician" in the circle of modern American art prompt a shrug, a sniff or a tirade. To the American painters of the advance guard these words are anathema and with good cause. Hence it is not surprising that the American visitor in Berlin enters the sanctified halls of the *Academie der Kunst* with a fair-sized chip on his shoulder. But curiously enough the chip falls unheeded and he departs with preconceptions completely at sea. The stronghold has opened its gates and like Constantine the Great sanctions freedom to all creeds.

With a mental set cemented by previous visits to so-called "modern galleries" this same American dares the *Neue National Gallerie* at the former Crown Prince Palace and views with increasing wonder paintings by members of the *Academie* touching frames with an array of canvases that one can see at only the most radical modern galleries in New York. To regain mental equilibrium the distraught visitor rushes to the *Jury Frei* show, hoping to find there at least a familiar experience, yet prone to believe that in the general perversity of Berlin he would find the "Old Guard" intrenched there. But miracles without end; there hanging boldly with the rebels are works of the *Academie* painters distinguishable, however, only by the initials M.D.A. or P.D.A. after their names in the catalogue.

In desperation he turns to the *Secession Exhibit.* Surely there——! But without avail, for the situation is repeated; academicians arm and arm with left-wingers. He returns home to study the catalogues and discovers that a fourth of the names listed in the *Academie* exhibit are repeated in the catalogue of the *Jury Frei;* that half of the names in the *Secession* were academicians and that a considerable number of the latter were represented by paintings in the *Neue Gallerie*—and he seeks an explanation.

The solution of the enigma resides in giving to the terms "academy" and "academic" a new meaning, at least for Germany. With a change of political institutions German art has assumed a new aspect. As a direct consequence of the war and its disruptions there arose in Germany a group of modernists who swung art from its deadened level to an elevation extremely precarious. Much of the work of these men, the greater part perhaps, was distinctly social and propagandist, but the impetus imparted by their lack of restraint and their freedom of theme and technique has had its lasting and bene-

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ficial effects, although the artists themselves have dimmed in importance or tempered their spirits. However, the innocuous academy could not resist their onslaughts and was effectively effaced from the scene, but not until it had played the historical part of seasoning the untamed spirit of the revolt with the necessary salt of restraint.

Of the fruits of this coalescence was the foundation of the state-supported *Neue Gallerie* dedicated to the collection of representative works of the foremost contemporary Germans. They have now about five hundred canvases of such men as Pechstein, Franz Marc, Feininger, Hofer, Macke, Campendonk, Klee and many others; names still spoken in New York with a sense of revolt. But such men are today the acknowledged leaders of German art. Whether or no they are products of an indigenous German spirit or are merely sub-lunary lights of the Frenchmen is a question outside our present concern. What does interest us is the decided fact that Germany is aiding her living painters in a fashion unknown in our own country or even France.

For reasons known alone to directors of art galleries the American public is unacquainted with the flowering genius of modern German art. It would repay us to look to Germany for an instance where provision for contemporary art and active encouragement has stimulated creation and nourished a movement that justifies the expenditure. For ten years Germany has produced prolifically and the barriers that formerly existed between the experimentors and the staid academicians no longer exist. The extremes have merged and the stream flows on smoothly, comparatively free from the stupid restrictions that still operate in the United States. One hardly has the temerity to hope for a similar attitude even in New York, yet its consequences compel one to such utopian dreams.

STRETCH our Independent Show at both extremes, the academic and the ultra-modern, enlarge the number, hang each picture on a fine burlap wall unhampered by others on all sides, house the whole in a capacious building and one gets an idea of the splendor of the *Berliner Jury Frei Kunstschau.* To walk through the exhibition without halting to look at the pictures was a delight in itself. Each picture had its own place on the wall uncontested by claimants above and below, and one didn't need to stand on chairs or get down on knees to get the "proper angle." Each of the twenty-five rooms was finely hung with an eye for the ensemble. Every bit of statuary was set off to its best advantage, and the spacious rooms

gave an opportunity to see things in the large. That feeling of exhaustion that attends one on an excursion through the Independent Show in New York was absent.

As might be expected one found numerous products of the "old school," but these were carefully hung by themselves in some unobtrusive corner.

The extremists of the left wing, unlike those in our own country, reveal in their work a technique and finish that denotes careful and patient study. Where one observes technical proficiency among the painters at home one is apt to find reminiscences of the staid academy, but here among the Germans the out-and-out radicals show a proficiency and skill that would satisfy the most meticulous.

Every type of "ism" was represented; the Constructionists with their limited but interesting geometric problems—dark slabs of wood against highly colored tin strips and inserts of glass; the school of Paul Klee and Klee himself with his child-like visions; the Compressionism of Oskar Schlemmer, who despite the cabalistic label composes form and color with intelligible effect; the Cubism of Marcousis who like many of his compatriots figures in almost every Berlin Show; and the distinctive things of Kampmann, Rabus, Van Hauth, Dülberg and others who as yet have not acquired or been damned with labels.

Walther Kampmann's fresco "Mutterschaft," in spite of the weak philosophical abstractions which strove to justify its creation was nevertheless exceptionally worthy, and like all that is valuable in painting was sufficient unto itself without literary addenda. It was lighted below by a strong incandescent lamp whose rays were to be broken into prismatic colors by a number of glass plates inserted perpendicularly into the fresco. What was interesting about these plates and the lamp was their arrangement relative to the figure of the woman rather than their efficacy in the assigned function.

Kolbe, Gies, Löber and Wolff were represented by excellent casts and marbles, Löber's "David" being to my mind a far keener appreciation of the biblical figure than Michael Angelo's, though not conceived on nearly so heroic a scale.

C. Klein, Domscheit, Schmidt-Rottluff and Gawell had strong vigorous canvases, while Bela Czobel and Bissier carried into their modern vision elements of the early Italians.

There were large arrangements for mosaics, interior decorations and landscape architecture with models constructed on a grand scale. Unfortunately the architectural exhibit was too limited for the

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proper survey of the movement that is making the German building a thing of art.

Two rooms were set aside for Abyssinian paintings collected by Dr. W. Fuchs. These are done in oils on rough, unfinished linen and illustrate biblical stories in a naïve and curiously un-Christian manner and give the effect of Persian miniatures. The flavor of the Orient is pervasive even where European figures modernly clothed are strangely included with saints and cherubim.

C. Adolph Glassgold.

BOOKS

Old Masters and Modern Art. Vol. II.—The Netherlands, Germany, Spain. By Sir Charles Holmes, Director of the National Gallery. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co., 1926. ($7.50).

When a certain enthusiastic artist once said, "I'd like to paint that view," his friend asked, "What for?"

It was a serious, judicial request for a reason that would explain the purpose of a picture. The artist himself did not care, since he had, like others, inscrutable ways of arriving at his æsthetic destination. But the layman did care; and a layman usually stirs himself to listen when there is any prospect of hearing an explanation of art. It may be nonsense to the artist, but it is solid food for the public. It sounds like maxims from a first reader to the professional, but it may very well be inspired teaching to the gallery visitor.

Sir Charles Holmes, describing the northern schools of painting, as exemplified in the National Gallery and a few other English collections, has the wide experience and well read background that enables him to inspire the layman. His new book, which is volume two of what will be a three volume series, answers the layman's question "Why?" in regard to the painting of the Netherlands, Germany and Spain. He begins with Hubert Van Eyck and ends with Goya. The introduction describes the social conditions that bore on the production of pictures in the north—the development of a new class of art patrons and another kind of architectural setting for art; the country house and domestic life are described as the reasons for the characteristics of painting in northern Europe, where "a painted piece of blue sky or vivid sunshine, so vivid as for the moment to seem almost real, would be a comfortable

possession on a gloomy afternoon, as would one of those conversation-pieces which enable us to peep, as it were, through the picture frame into another room and find good company there."

The layman should also appreciate the author's comparison of Italian and Northern ideals, in the course of which "fundamental principles" are expressed:

"When we set eyes on a picture all that we take in at the first glance is a general impression of the design, the pattern of the painted surface. Our primary consciousness is of masses of dark set against light, of one colour against another. A moment later their contrasts of tone and colour and contour begin to stimulate our senses, in proportion to the power of the artist and our own capacity to appreciate him. Lastly, if the painting is to satisfy us for more than a moment, if it is to carry conviction with it, we must feel that we have to do with no mere presentment of externals, but with something substantial, something rich in 'content'. It must, in short, detain us by its Infinity when it has stimulated us by its Vitality."

In spite of the use of abstract words capitalized into importance, it is understandable that the layman will gather from Sir Charles Holmes' definition that there is more to painting than subject matter. And that is worth while. It is also worth while for him to realize that there is more than a similarity in finished surface between Mabuse and Van Eyck, Memling, Dürer or Holbein; portraits by Mabuse "have a metallic completeness which we might be tempted to call perfection if we did not know what others (named above) had done with no less precision and with a far more penetrating eye for all that underlies the surface of the human countenance."

Clearly the author does not attempt analysis in the manner of Dr. Albert C. Barnes! He is consistently writing for the gallery visitor and especially for the tourist visiting the National Gallery. He is steadfast in that loyalty, as well as in loyalty to the British School. He comments on a portrait by Mabuse, saying it "comes near to catching the spirit of childhood which Velasquez and Van Dyck, Reynolds and Gainsborough, in later centuries were to interpret so delightfully." Or again, in regard to the marvelous portrait of Dona Isabel by Goya, he notes the painting of the sleeve; "Gainsborough himself would have respected such superb craftsmanship. Indeed, it is with Gainsborough that Goya, like Velasquez, has technically very much in common."

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It is not fair to revert to æsthetics in this connection. Sir Charles Holmes evidently did not mean to bother with anything of the sort. He has his standards of Unity, Vitality and Repose, but the casual reader will not be delayed thereby. The bulk of his book is an entertaining summary of the history of northern painting, in the form of a catalogue arranged by schools and subject matter.

ALAN BURROUGHS.

LA PEINTURE MODERNE. By OZENFANT and JEANNERET. Edition Crés, Paris. (35 frs.)

LES ANCIENS CHATEAUX DE FRANCE. Contet, Editeur, rue de Bagneux, Paris. (8 volumes, $60, or $8 each.)

Messrs. Ozenfant and Jeanneret belong to the "purist" school of painters. They commence their book *La Peinture Moderne* with the more or less familiar arguments that imitation and subject have no place in the art of today, and that painting must express the mechanical and geometrical character of modern civilization. They then go on to develop some theories which are quite their own. "Works of art," they say, "only have a value when they are universal." They define the universal quality which they find in all great art, as follows: "The primordial sensation is that of weight translated into plastic language by verticals; the sign of support is horizontal; our optic sensitiveness and associated ideas are organized in accordance with that perpendicular system. The different shapes may be analysed in their relation to the initial vertical sensation." Purism, they say, is a technique, "a general grammar of sensitiveness."

For our benefit we are shown a selection from Messrs. Ozenfant's and Jeanneret's purist pictures, and in order to make the dry bread of purist developments easier to swallow, plenty of jam is added in the shape of a very attractive selection of works of art, of the past as well as of the present, with a geometrical effect.

These theories are sound and logical enough, but the best arguments should be in the paintings themselves, and unfortunately purist art does not seem to be a strong enough argument.

A book like *La Peinture Moderne* is composed very much like a school book which tells us sharply what we must or must not like; among millions of works of art a few only are chosen to illustrate a personal point of view which at the end becomes very narrow.

It is interesting to compare this sectarian method

with that employed for the presentation of another book recently completed after nineteen years of careful preparation. This book deals with architecture, landscape gardening and interior decoration, and the title is *Les Anciens Chateaux de France*. Historical and technical notes accompany the most perfect photographs of the most perfect specimens of architecture and decoration. The book develops no theory and prescribes no particular school or style; the achievements speak for themselves and the observer is left to form his own judgment.

It is always salutary for our conceit to be constantly reminded of the achievements of the past. A plan for a garden "a la Française" by le Notre is unquestionably a very high intellectual creation of shapes assembled in a certain order. The same executed with "parterres de broderies" and "miroirs d'eau" affords the purest satisfaction one may find in geometry. A façade by Mansart, Gabriel or Belanger is a pure poem made with vertical and horizontal lines and colors which appeal to our mind.

JACQUES MAUNY.

OLD ENGLISH HOUSES. By J. ALFRED GOTCH. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., 1925. ($7.00).

IN this new volume the author traces the history of English domestic architecture in a somewhat less technical vein than he has followed in former works. His long familiarity and sympathy with the subject are evident throughout and have enabled him to give the reader fresh insight regarding the old architecture of the English countryside and the lives of the people from whom it issued. Anecdotes and contemporary comments, taken often from obscure sources, make entertaining reading for those to whom the personal side of architecture holds some significance. It is, for instance, amusing to hear Horace Walpole's comment that Blenheim looked "like the palace of an auctioneer who has been chosen king of Poland".

The book is casually informative rather than critical, but the writer is plainly somewhat prejudiced, and not without justification, against the type of pompous and unlivable palaces that came into existence in England during the eighteenth century. Italian designs were imported in wholesale fashion, and without geniuses at hand like Inigo Jones and Christopher Wren to render them congenial to British soil, this resulted in an architecture that was cold and barren of the charm that earlier work so particularly held.

The evident scholarship and sympathetic research contained in the book are expressed in an entertaining

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enough way to satisfy the layman reader, but one fears that the latter, if perchance he is a prospective house builder, will fail to read the lesson that lies in the charming but mild flow of this story; a story which should constantly remind the reader, but do not do so with obvious emphasis, of the essential need for honestly self-evolved taste as a basis for all domestic architecture. Instead one can pictu him fastening on the first illustration that meets his fancy and hurrying off to the architect, innocently intent on adding another architectural plagiarism to the landscape of Long Island. However, it is only the sad spectacle surrounding one today that tempt one into demanding that every book on architecture should be fool-proof.

HAROLD STERNER.

JOHN SLOAN. Edited with an Introduction by A. E. GALLATIN. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company, 1925. ($2.50).

In this book Mr. Gallatin adds one more to the all-too-short list of works on contemporary American art and artists, a field which few publishers have so far had the courage to enter.

The work of John Sloan lends itself particularly well to reproduction in book form, because it is the work of a man who is first and last an illustrator, using that much-abused term in its broadest sense—the sense in which Hogarth, Daumier and Gavarni were also illustrators—men intensely interested in the life around them, and eager to capture its fugitive aspects and its peculiar flavor. The work of such men loses less in reproduction than that of more purely subjective artists, and the illustrations in the present volume convey all of Sloan's rich and racy humor and his love of character in people and places. Few painters have caught the spirit of New York City as he has, and his New York pictures, many of which are reproduced, form a unique record of the varying moods of the city.

Mr. Gallatin writes a pleasant and appreciative introduction to the book, and we are glad to see that he has the courage to defend that much-despised element in a work of art, the subject, which has come in for such hard treatment lately at the hands of the more dogmatic minor prophets of modernism.

The thirty-four illustrations are well-chosen and include some of Sloan's most characteristic paintings, as well as several of his etchings and drawings. The reproduction is excellent, and the book as a whole is a most attractive tribute to a richly gifted American artist.

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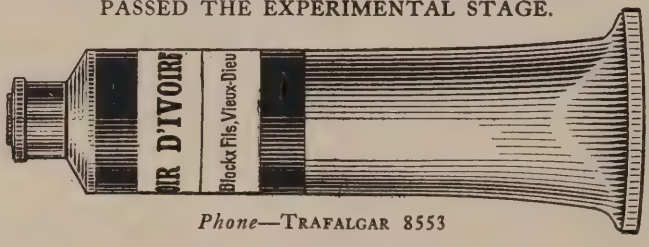
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Contents

HISTORIC PHILADELPHIA NUMBER

Foreword: Governor Pinchot
100 Years of Art: Dr. A. E. Bye
The Centennial of 1876
Events and Portents of Fifty Years: Dorothy Grafly
Colonial Craftsmen: S.W.Woodhouse
Contemporary Crafts: E. Longstreth
The Colonial Chain: Fiske Kimball
The Modern Suburbs: B. G. Wallace
Democracy in Art: Samuel Fleisher
The Art Collections: Harvey Watts
The New City Plan: J. I. Bright
Archæological and Art Notes and Comments
Book Critiques
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THE CINEMA, BY VIRGINIA WOOLF—X-RAY AND ART—BIRCH-BARTLETT COLLECTION—ROUAULT—PARIS NOTES — FILMS — EXHIBITIONS — BOOKS

) *cents a copy* JUNE, 1926 *$5.00 a year*

BECAUSE of the constant demand for back numbers of THE ARTS and requests for information regarding articles carried in past issues we are publishing below a list of those in which our readers have indicated more than usual interest.

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THIS is the season of the year when the artists, like other people, fly to the country. But while others go to play, or sometimes just to get away from the heat of the city, the summer is not the playtime of the artist. It is then that he does much of his best work, then that he is able to concentrate without interruptions upon creative ideas.

Artists have a good eye for the country. Nearly everywhere they go it is pleasant to follow them, whether through the lovely Hudson River country that leads to Woodstock, or along the fine roads of Cape Cod or the North Shore of Massachusetts to Gloucester. Wherever artists congregate in small or large groups, it leads the automobile owner to delightful country.

With a little investigation it is easy to see the works of the painters and the sculptors before they have been shown in the galleries throughout the country. You can make your own discoveries in summer time. Why not combine an agreeable tour with the discovery of a work of art?

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CONTENTS

		PAGE
FRONTISPIECE: STATUE OF KORÉ, GREEK, ABOUT 580 B. C.		298
EDITORIAL		301
A NOTE ON THE BIRCH-BARTLETT COLLECT	*Forbes Watson*	303
THE CINEMA	*Virginia Waalf*	314
GEORGES ROUAULT	*Waldemar George*	317
X-RAYING THE TRUTH ABOUT OLD MASTERS	*Alan Burroughs*	325
ST. MARTIN'S OF CHADENAC	*George Boas*	334
A NOTE ON ADVERTISING ART	*Lloyd Goodrich*	338
NEW YORK EXHIBITIONS	*L. G.*	342
THE ART OF THE FILMS—"SILENCE"	*Quinn Martin*	350
PARIS LETTER	*Jacques Mauny*	351
BOOKS—		
ART STUDIES, 1925	*Lloyd Goodrich*	353
ART IN EVERY DAY LIFE (Harriet and Vetta Goldstein) / EVERY DAY ART (Ami Mali Hicks)	*Elizabeth Lockett*	355

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

VIRGINIA WOOLF is one of the most prominent of contemporary English novelists and essayists, among her published works being *Mrs. Dalloway, Jacob's Room,* and *The Common Reader,* the latter being a collection of her essays. She is also one of the founders of the Hogarth Press in London.

WALDEMAR GEORGE is the editor of *L'Amour de l'Art* and has written extensively on modern art and artists. Readers of THE ARTS will remember his article on André Dunoyer de Segonzac in the January, 1925 issue.

ALAN BURROUGHS is Curator of Painting at the Minneapolis Museum. His article gives the results of experiments which he has been conducting for some time at the Fogg Museum of Art, and which he is now continuing in Boston under the auspices of Harvard University.

GEORGE BOAS is associate in philosophy at the Johns Hopkins University, and is a frequent contributor to periodicals.

ELIZABETH LOCKETT is one of the younger American painters, who has written appreciatively of her fellow artists.



STATUE OF KORÉ (*Detail*) GREEK. ABOUT 580 B.C.

Purchased recently by the Berlin Museum of Antique Sculpture. Courtesy of the Reinhardt Galleries and Dr. Jacob Hirsch



STATUE OF KORÉ (*Half-length View*) GREEK, ABOUT 580 B.C.
Courtesy of the Reinhardt Galleries and Dr. Jacob Hirsch



STATUE OF KORÉ GREEK, ABOUT 580 B.C.
Courtesy of the Reinhardt Galleries and Dr. Jacob Hirsch

THE ARTS

VOLUME IX JUNE, 1926 NUMBER 6

A FEW of those much maligned people who devote their winters to reviewing successive exhibitions of art for the newspapers of New York, sat together recently and discussed informally the season that has just passed. Despite the superstition that art critics carry an invisible quiver of arrows and spend their days stalking artists to make them their targets, the truth is that the reviewers for the New York press are in general warmly friendly to the artists and delighted to observe and herald a contemporary's success.

In the conversation already referred to, it was not the artists at whom the critics shot their arrows. On the contrary, the general tenor of the critics' remarks was that the younger American artists are full of promise, whereas the patrons which those artists, like all other artists who have preceded them, need, in order that they may fully realize their capacities, are stricken with a terrible timidity.

Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney, Ferdinand Howald and a few other names came up as shining exceptions, but in general the consensus of opinion was that a majority of the ladies and gentlemen who desire to stimulate the contemporary production of art, are afflicted with a desperate fear of not being applauded for their purchases if those purchases include the works of relatively little known native artists.

In this issue of THE ARTS there is a discussion of the Birch-Bartlett collection and of the benefits and pleasures to be derived by students in Chicago through its permanent exhibition at the Institute. It was, of course, a magnificent gift that Mr. Bartlett made, and there is no intention on the part of this magazine to minimize the donor's generosity when the question is asked whether anyone could imagine a French painter—Mr. Bartlett is an American painter and his collection contains no American pictures—making a collection which did not include any French works. Even Frenchmen, delighted as they are by the fact that such vast sums of American money are spent on French art, have asked me why it was that Americans are so afraid of their native production.

To be sure, as I have pointed out before on more than one occasion, organizations like the Friends of American Art in Chicago buy many, indeed too many, popular conservative pictures. Great numbers of paintings by Americans are purchased in America, but the young men who are creating more venturesomely and who do not enjoy the benefits of the businesslike ways of advertising practised by the entrenched official art organizations, despite much favorable comment from the critics do not receive the deserved support that would be theirs if American buyers of modern art were not in general such a timid lot.

The group of critics agreed that the most commercial and perfunctory painting or drawing by any well known French "modern" will easily out-sell, to American buyers, a far better painting done by an American who had not been as much exploited as his French confrère.

In the end they declared that if the splendid promise of the present movement in American art is balked, it will not be the artists' fault, but the fault of the ignoble attitude of those men and women interested in contemporary art who prefer to win applause by being fashionably right in their acquisitions to doing something toward strengthening and encouraging the production of art in the communities to which they belong.

FORBES WATSON.



STILL LIFE — VINCENT VAN GOGH

The Birch-Bartlett Collection



STILL LIFE — ANDRÉ DERAIN

A NOTE ON THE BIRCH-BARTLETT COLLECTION

By Forbes Watson

THE gift of the Birch-Bartlett Collection to the Art Institute of Chicago brings to that Museum a number of famous paintings whose authors were not hitherto represented in the Institute's galleries. Mr. Frederick Clay Bartlett, who with Mrs. Helen Birch-Bartlett, formed the collection, is himself a painter. He and Mrs. Bartlett originally began the collection for their own pleasure, but after they had purchased Seurat's Grande Jatte, they began to collect with the idea of eventually presenting the collection to a museum.

It may surprise those who know Mr. Bartlett's career as a painter to find that American artists play no part in the Birch-Bartlett collection. To the writer this seems an unfortunate omission, particularly as the collection has been given to Chicago, where, among those who are interested in the more liberal expressions in painting, there is so frequently observable a tendency to think that the smallest painter in France is better than the biggest painter in America.

However, Mr. Bartlett has fully explained why he confined his collection to European paintings. He believed that by making a collection of modern continental art, he would best supplement the resources of the Art Intitute, since the Friends of American Art, in his opinion, cover the American field, and since, at the time when he was first forming his collection, the Art Institute had no fund for purchasing modern foreign art. Furthermore, Mr. Bartlett had in mind the value to students of showing them good examples of foreign art from Cézanne to Picasso.

Chicago has had the privilege of seeing



THE BASKET OF APPLES — PAUL CEZANNE

rare examples of modern painting in the Martin Ryerson collection. The Birch-Bartlett collection introduces a number of painters not represented among those whose works Mr. Ryerson purchased. Together the Ryerson and Bartlett pictures constitute probably the most comprehensive group of paintings belonging to or associated with what is commonly called the modern movement in art.

It is a curious fact that the outstanding picture in the Birch-Bartlett collection, the famous Grande Jatte, should have taken so long to find a home in an American museum. Nearly fifteen years ago the picture could have been purchased for a reasonable sum, probably a fraction of the amount which Mr. Bartlett paid for it, and at that time an effort was made to secure it for the Metropolitan Museum. But the purchasing committee would have none of it, and thereby missed a splendid opportunity, something which the purchasing committee of the Metropolitan Museum has done before and since.

This painting, which is reproduced once more in conjunction with the fresh study for it belonging to the Adolph Lewisohn collection, was originally published in THE ARTS, March, 1923. Both the study and the final canvas are works which, to contemporary eyes, stand out as masterpieces of late nineteenth century French painting. The reputation of Seurat, like the reputations of nearly all of the painters included in the Birch-Bartlett collection, has increased vastly since the beginning of the twentieth century. Today the fame of these artists has reached what well may be in most if not in all



MAHANA NO ATUA (DAYS OF THE GOD) PAUL GAUGUIN

cases, its apex. For American students in particular, this painting is a valuable source of reference, for in our art schools, or rather more especially in the large popular official art schools, the old superstition of what might be called brush stroke painting still lingers in some of the classes.

What I have called brush stroke painting is that kind of painting which the half-trained student indulges in when his efforts are directed more toward a clever use of the medium of oil paint than toward the relating of every speck of color on his canvas to every other speck. And no young man who has had the misfortune of studying under one of those successful popular portrait painters, who still follow from a long distance the tradition of Sargent, or under one of those thin high-paletted academicians who, with what amounts to a set palette, dash off an effectively and agilely thin transcription of an obviously pictorial subject, could fail to learn something of value to him by giving to Seurat's masterpiece a few periods of thoughtful study.

He might easily learn from his first hours of study that his years in an art school if it happened to be under the training of men whose conception of painting is limited to mere picture manufacturing and slippery cleverness, had been a miserable waste of time and money. He would certainly begin to realize that there is another conception of art than that which is taught by a certain type of professional exhibitor who practices a limited trick of painting, to the repetition of which he devotes long sleepy years.

The Chicago Art Institute's school has



THE ARTIST'S BEDROOM AT ARLES VINCENT VAN GOGH

taken up the valuable young years of a large number of students by putting them under the guidance of some of our most successful prize winning academicians, teachers whose whole idea of art is on a far less dignified plane than that to which Georges Seurat aspired. And La Grande Jatte will not hang for many years in the Art Institute's galleries without doing its share with other great pictures that are there toward letting in the light upon the Art Institute's school.

Even if some of the students attracted by the overwhelming reputation which Seurat's painting now has, should merely copy the work or the manner of work, no great harm will be done. Anyone with enough patience to attempt to repeat Seurat's methods would learn from his efforts something that very few official art schools and too few liberal art schools inculcate, namely, patience. At the present time the reputations of the great gods of the moderns, at least of the French gods, have been boomed so astoundingly that in all probability few of them will stay on the dizzy heights where we have placed them. It would not surprise me in the least if within another ten or twenty years Seurat's reputation took a considerable drop. But what difference would that make? The student will still be able to discern in his work such purity of idea, such personal conviction in presentation, such a fascinating combination of classical aloofness and humorous detail, that slippery cleverness will become distasteful to him.

Long before the avalanche of books and articles which heralded the particular revolt



THE GUITARIST PABLO PICASSO



WOMAN WITH AN AQUARIUM — HENRI MATISSE

coincident with the rise of Cézanne's fame, there were painters who considered the rectangle within which they proposed to build their design as a single large unit. Every inch of the canvas purposefully related to all the other inches. This idea is nothing new and does not belong solely to contemporary æsthetic thought. It is a key-note in all great painting, past and present, Oriental and Occidental, but it is most clearly seen in oil paintings in which the methods of a Cézanne or a Seurat are apparent, methods which in Seurat's case are clearly far more obvious than they are in the less meticulous painting of Cézanne.

But again I come back to the two outstanding benefits which this painting has to give to the young American student. He so often enters upon his career under the misconception that the art of painting is a matter of wallop, cleverness, and quick emotions, his mind is so frequently closed to the deeper beliefs in dignity, patience and long enduring conviction. Yet, no one who did not feel the true dignity of painting, whose mind was not capable both of apprehending life and of comprehending design, who could not state his fundamental idea with fullness yet with all necessary eliminations—no one without this spiritual and intellectual equipment could produce a painting worthy to be hung in the same room with La Grande Jatte. That is not to say that Seurat was not sometimes slightly boring in his superlative methodical-



UN DIMANCHE À LA GRANDE-JATTE — GEORGES SEURAT

In the Birch-Bartlett Collection—Reprinted from the March, 1923, *issue*



UN DIMANCHE À LA GRANDE-JATTE — GEORGES SEURAT

In the Adolph Lewisohn Collection

ness. In some of Seurat's less successful achievements there is more than a hint of fatigue, but La Grande Jatte is not one of these. Like the Bathers, which now hangs in the Tate Gallery, it is Seurat at the highest point of his genius.

Since the Birch-Bartlett collection was first hung in the Art Institute, Mr. Bartlett has secured three additional works. One is a still life by Cézanne of the most orthodox type, the kind that a legion of imitators have tried in vain to emulate. A collection of modern art which aspired to be correct would not be acceptable without a proper Cézanne still life. I wish Cézanne had secured a patent on the rumpled table covering so that a few hundreds of his imitators could have been sent to jail.

Still, great names are never safe from the aping. Henri Rousseau's fame has caught a host of them in its net. But how lucky Chicago is to have not only the Bartlett Rousseau but also the one from the Quinn collection that now belongs to Mrs. John Carpenter.

Of the paintings in the Birch-Bartlett collection that I know best the little still life by Van Gogh is one of my favorites. It makes more than one of its neighbors look thin and self-conscious. Here is something really from the heart and unmannered. Here is no thin intellectuality, no desire to be in the



WOMAN ON A ROSE DIVAN — HENRI MATISSE



LA MYRKA — EMILE OTHON FRIESZ



THE CASCADE HENRI ROUSSEAU

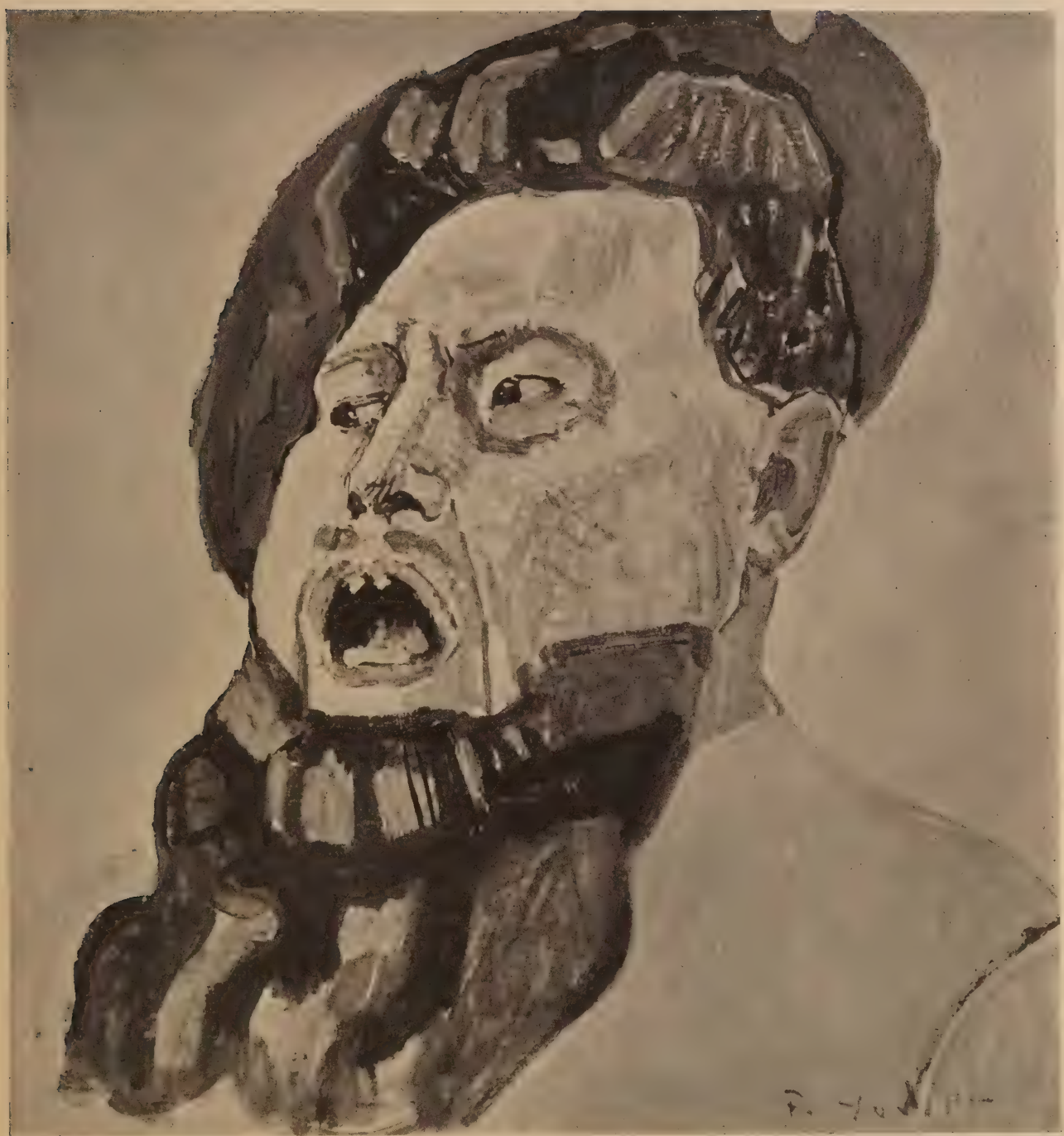
mode and win a fashionable audience. It is deep, rich, sonorous, more honest than Rousseau, more lovable than Cézanne.

I have known the old man playing a guitar by Picasso for years even before John Quinn owned it and it has always seemed to me to represent Picasso in a sentimental and affected mood. Picasso is too gifted to fall completely; but how could a picture be much more self-conscious? However, for the student who would know his Picasso, and the French now recognize the dangers of his pyrotechnical versatility, this canvas is one of the most famous specimens of the "blue" period which up to almost the present time was much in favor with collectors.

But if the Picasso is strained to the point of "artiness" who can look at the Bartlett Matisses without unalloyed pleasure?

Although I know many of the Bartlett pictures and have seen them often, a more formal criticism must await the opportunity to study the entire collection as it is now hung. The Birch-Bartlett memorial is a splendid gift and now that Mr. Bartlett has stated his preferences in French art (there are also some Hodlers) he may be led to make a collection of American paintings. It is a wonderful field for a painter who knows. And Mr. Bartlett quite evidently knows.

The names of the artists represented in his collection follow: Paul Cézanne, André Derain, André Dunoyer de Segonzac, Emile Othon Friesz, Paul Gauguin, Ferdinand Hodler, André Lhote, Henri Matisse, Amadeo Modigliani, Pablo Picasso, Henri-Julien Rousseau, Georges Seurat, Maurice Utrillo and Vincent Van Gogh.



HEAD OF A SOLDIER

FERDINAND HODLER

THE CINEMA

By Virginia Woolf

People say that the savage no longer exists in us, that we are at the fag end of civilization, that everything has been said already and that it is too late to be ambitious. But these philosophers have presumably forgotten the movies. They have never seen the savages of the twentieth century watching the pictures. They have never sat themselves in front of the screen and thought how, for all the clothes on their backs and the carpets at their feet, no great distance separates them from those bright-eyed naked men who knocked two bars of iron together and heard in that clangour a foretaste of the music of Mozart.

The bars in this case of course are so highly wrought and so covered over with accretions of alien matter that it is extremely difficult to hear anything distinctly. All is hubble bubble, swarm and chaos. We are peering over the edge of a cauldron in which fragments seem to simmer, and now and again some vast shape heaves and seems about to haul itself up out of chaos and the savage in us starts forward with delight. Yet, to begin with, the art of the cinema seems a simple and even a stupid art. That is the King shaking hands with a football team; that is Sir Thomas Lipton's yacht; that is Jack Horner winning the Grand National. The eye licks it all up instantaneously and the brain, agreeably titillated, settles down to watch things happening without bestirring itself to think. For the ordinary eye, the English unæsthetic eye, is a simple mechanism, which takes care that the body does not fall down coal-holes, provides the brain with toys and sweetmeats and can be trusted to go on behaving like a competent nursemaid until the brain comes to the conclusion that it is time to wake up. What is its surprise then to be roused suddenly in the midst of its agreeable somnolence and asked for help? The eye is in difficulties. The eye says to the brain, "Something is happening which I do not in the least understand. You are needed." Together they look at the King, the boat, the horse, and the brain sees at once that they have taken on a quality which does not belong to the simple photograph of real life. They have become not more beautiful, in the sense in which pictures are beautiful, but shall we call it (our vocabulary is miserably insufficient) more real, or real with a different reality from that which we perceive in daily life. We behold them as they are when we are not there. We see life as it is when we have no part in it. As we gaze we seem to be removed from the pettiness of actual existence, its cares, its conventions. The horse will not knock us down. The King will not grasp our hands. The wave will not wet our feet. Watching the antics of our kind from this post of vantage we have time to feel pity and amusement, to generalize, to endow one man with the attributes of a race; watching boats sail and waves break we have time to open the whole of our mind wide to beauty and to register on top of this the queer sensation —beauty will continue to be beautiful whether we behold it or not. Further, all this happened, we are told, ten years ago. We are beholding a world which has gone beneath the waves. Brides are emerging from the Abbey; ushers are ardent; mothers are tearful; guests are joyful; and it is all over and done with. The war opened its chasm at the feet of all this innocence and ignorance. But it was thus that we danced and pirouetted, thus that the sun shone and the clouds scudded, up to the very end. The brain adds all this to what the eye sees upon the screen.

But the picture makers seem dissatisfied with these obvious sources of interest—the wonders of the actual world, flights of gulls, or ships on the Thames; the fascination of contemporary life—the Mile End Road, Piccadilly Circus. They want to be improving, altering, making an art of their own—

naturally, for so much seems to be within their scope. So many arts at first stood ready to offer their help. For example, there was literature. All the famous novels of the world with their well known characters and their famous scenes only asked to be put on the films. What could be easier, what could be simpler? The cinema fell upon its prey with immense rapacity and to this moment largely subsists upon the body of its unfortunate victim. But the results have been disastrous to both. The alliance is unnatural. Eye and brain are torn asunder ruthlessly as they try vainly to work in couples. The eye says, "Here is Anna Karenina," and a voluptuous lady in black velvet wearing pearls comes before us. The brain exclaims, "That is no more Anna Karenina than it is Queen Victoria!" For the brain knows Anna almost entirely by the inside of her mind—her charm, her passion, her despair, whereas all the emphasis is now laid upon her teeth, her pearls and her velvet. The cinema proceeds, "Anna falls in love with Vronsky"—that is to say the lady in black velvet falls into the arms of a gentleman in uniform and they kiss with enormous succulence, great deliberation, and infinite gesticulation on a sofa in an extremely well appointed library. So we lurch and lumber through the most famous novels of the world. So we spell them out in words of one syllable written in the scrawl of an illiterate schoolboy. A kiss is love. A smashed chair is jealousy. A grin is happiness. Death is a hearse. None of these things has the least connection with the novel that Tolstoy wrote and it is only when we give up trying to connect the pictures with the book that we guess from some scene by the way—a gardener mowing the lawn outside, for example, or a tree shaking its branches in the sunshine—what the cinema might do if it were left to its own devices.

But what then are its own devices? If it ceased to be a parasite in what fashion would it walk erect? At present it is only from hints and accidents that one can frame any conjecture. For instance at a performance of *Dr. Caligari* the other day a shadow shaped like a tadpole suddenly appeared at one corner of the screen. It swelled to an immense size, quivered, bulged and sank back again into nonentity. For a moment it seemed to embody some monstrous diseased imagination of the lunatic's brain. For a moment it seemed as if thought could be conveyed by shape more effectively than by words. The monstrous quivering tadpole seemed to be fear itself, and not the statement "I am afraid." In fact, the shadow was accidental, and the effect unintentional. But if a shadow at a certain moment can suggest so much more than the actual gestures, the actual words of men and women in a state of fear, it seems plain that the cinema has within its grasp innumerable symbols for emotions that have so far failed to find expression. Terror has besides its ordinary forms the shape of a tadpole; it burgeons, bulges, quivers, disappears. Anger might writhe like an infuriated worm in black zigzags across a white sheet. Anna and Vronsky need no longer scowl and grimace. They have at their command—but here the imagination fumbles and is baulked. For what characteristics does thought possess which can be rendered visible to the eye without the help of words? It has speed and slowness; dartlike directness and vaporous circumlocution. But it has also an inveterate tendency especially in moments of emotion to make images run side by side with itself, to create a likeness of the thing thought about, as if by so doing it took away its sting, or made it beautiful and comprehensible. In Shakespeare, as everybody knows, the most complex ideas, the most intense emotions form chains of images, through which we pass, however rapidly and completely they change, as up the loops and spirals of a twisting stair. But obviously the poet's images are not to be cast in bronze or traced with pencil and paint. They are compact of a thousand suggestions, of which the visual is only the most obvious or the uppermost. Even the simplest image such as "My luve's like a red, red rose, that's

newly sprung in June" presents us with moisture and warmth and the glow of crimson and the softness of petals inextricably mixed and strung upon the lilt of a rhythm which suggests the emotional tenderness of love. All this, which is accessible to words and to words alone, the cinema must avoid.

But if so much of our thinking and feeling is connected with seeing there must be some residue of visual emotion not seized by artist or painter-poet which may await the cinema. That such symbols will be quite unlike the real objects which we see before us seems highly probable. Something abstract, something moving, something calling only for the very slightest help from words or from music to make itself intelligible—of such movements, of such abstractions the films may in time to come be composed. And once this prime difficulty is solved, once some new symbol for expressing thought is found, the film maker has enormous riches at his command. Physical realities, the very pebbles on the beach, the very quivers of the lips, are his for the asking. His Vronsky and his Anna are there in the flesh. If to this reality he could add emotion, and thought, then he would begin to haul his booty in hand over hand. Then as smoke can be seen pouring from Vesuvius, we should be able to see wild and lovely and grotesque thoughts pouring from men in dress suits and women with shingled heads. We should see these emotions mingling together and effecting each other. We should see violent changes of emotion produced by their collision. The most fantastic contrasts could be flashed before us with a speed which the writer can only toil after in vain. The past could be unrolled, distances could be annihilated. And those terrible dislocations which are inevitable when Tolstoy has to pass from the story of Anna to the story of Levin could be bridged by some device of scenery. We should have the continuity of human life kept before us by the repetition of some object common to both lives.

All this guessing and clumsy turning over of unknown forces points at any rate away from any art we know in the direction of an art which we can only surmise. It points down a long road strewn with obstacles of every sort. For the film maker must come by his convention, as painters and writers and musicians have done before him. He must make us believe that what he shows us, fantastic though it seems, has some relation with the great veins and arteries of our existence. He must connect it with what we are pleased to call reality. He must make us believe that our loves and hates lie that way too. How slow a process this is bound to be, and attended with what pain and ridicule and indifference can easily be foretold when we remember how painful novelty is, how the smallest twig even upon the oldest tree offends our sense of propriety. And here it is not a question of a new twig, but of a new trunk and new roots from the earth upwards.

Yet remote as it is, intimations are not wanting that the emotions are accumulating, the time is coming, and the art of the cinema is about to be brought to birth. Watching crowds, watching the chaos of the streets in the lazy way in which faculties detached from use watch and wait, it seems sometimes as if movements and colors, shapes and sounds had come together and waited for someone to seize them and convert their energy into art; then, uncaught, they disperse and fly asunder again. At the cinema for a moment through the mists of irrelevant emotions, through the thick counterpane of immense dexterity and enormous efficiency one has glimpses of something vital within. But the kick of life is instantly concealed by more dexterity, further efficiency.

For the cinema has been born the wrong end first. The mechanical skill is far in advance of the art to be expressed. It is as if the savage tribe instead of finding two bars of iron to play with had found scattering the sea shore fiddles, flutes, saxophones, grand pianos by Erard and Bechstein, and had begun with incredible energy but without knowing a note of music to hammer and thump upon them all at the same time.



THE PALACE OF UBU ROI — GEORGES ROUAULT
Courtesy of Joseph Brummer

GEORGES ROUAULT

By Waldemar George

Georges Rouault is one of the very rare representatives of romanticism in present-day French painting. French art is generally considered to be one of the most significant manifestations of the classical spirit. Recently the English critic Roger Fry bestowed the brevet of classicism on some of the most typical painters of our generation—Picasso, Matisse, Bonnard, Braque, Derain and Segonzac. However diverse and varied the tendencies of these artists, they personify a state of mind which can be described as classic. For classicism is not an historical concept but a purely psychological one.

In the greater part of contemporary French pictures, color and line fulfill only a technical function. Whether colorists or draughtsmen, the painters are careful not to give these elements the value of symbols. No matter whether the sovereign line encompasses the color, as is the case in the compositions of Pablo Picasso, or whether it is dissolved in waves of color reflecting the light, as one sees it in the canvases of Bonnard, or whether, subservient to color in the case of Henri Matisse, it remains submissive to the laws of a new harmony, capable of changing the relations of forms, its role is always confined to covering a surface with a tracery, apparent or hidden, of strokes, the expressive signs of a well-understood language.

In a classical picture, whatever the style,



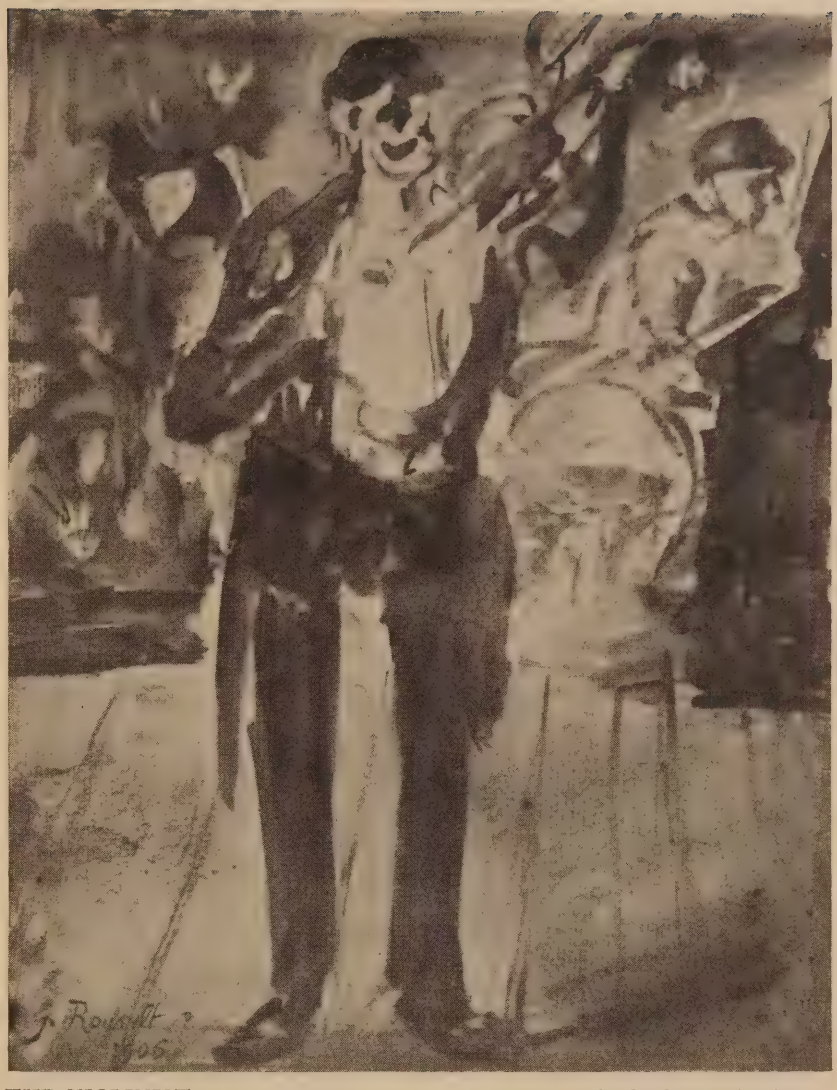
NUDE STUDY — GEORGES ROUAULT
Vollard Collection

the plastic and constructive element takes precedence over the symbolic element. A classical work is self-sufficient. It is an end in itself. In order to understand its meaning it would seem superfluous to proceed by means of analogies and correspondences. A simple example borrowed from the history of art will illustrate our thesis. Let us compare a drawing of a hand by Raphael to the hands of Christ on the Cross by Mathias Grunewald in the triptych of Isenheim at Colmar. A hand by Raphael is a perfectly organic whole, whose beauty remains in essence purely proportional. It speaks the specific language of forms. It belongs to the plastic realm. But a hand by Mathias Grunewald is a living symbol. Grunewald endows form with an emotional power which permits him to go beyond the object. By the association of ideas the painter forces a definite order of emotions upon the spectator.

The German school and the Spanish school are rich in romantic pictures, and if on the other hand the Italian and French schools abound in classic works, we must acknowledge that the last century produced in France a certain number of artists who can take their places in the great family which has been made illustrious in former times by Grunewald, Tintoretto, El Greco, Rembrandt, Caravaggio. I will mention only Géricault, Daumier, Delacroix, Rodin, Cézanne and Van Gogh. The names of these six artists whose activities extend over a whole century are enough to balance in the minds of those who call the French school not only classic but also "classicist", the influence of David, of Ingres, of Corot, of Edouard Manet, of Seurat, of Renoir and of Aristide Maillol.

Cézanne, who claimed to "make of impressionism something lasting like the art of the museums" and who dreamed of "recreating Poussin from Nature", was nevertheless a romantic. The canvases of his youth which one can study at leisure in the beautiful Pellerin collection, bring us face to face with a vehement spirit, incapable of curbing the fury

of his inspiration. His style, his choice of subjects, his drawing, his tragic color are those of a painter who gives a material body to inner visions rather than of one who registers optical sensations. The drama of Paul Cézanne lies precisely in his will to combat ceaselessly his latent romanticism and to subject it to a new order. The "Grandes Baigneuses" of the Pellerin collection is convincing testimony of the conflict between these two contrary forces which must have taken place in the soul of the man of Aix. Cézanne was able to attain equilibrium only by imposing cruel restraints upon himself. In making us witnesses of his inner drama he takes on stature in our eyes and his work acquires for us a value not only æsthetic but also simply human.



THE VIOLINIST — GEORGES ROUAULT

The favorite pupil of Gustave Moreau, Georges Rouault between 1904 and 1907 was one of the *Group des Fauves* formed by Derain, Vlaminck, Othon Friesz and Henri Matisse. At least one can describe as *"fauve"* his work which dates from this period. As a matter of fact, Rouault has always held aloof from clans and coteries. He has worked alone. The attempt has been made to represent him as a follower of Daumier in line and of the young Cézanne in color. But if there are certain analogies between the art of Rouault and the manner of these great artists, it cannot be a question of direct influence or of voluntary borrowings.

In a period when painters are sacrificing to a vain formalism, banishing the subject from their works and forcing themselves to be classic, even traditional, this visionary dares to take up themes which he glorifies by his sense of tragedy and by his power of transposing to the plane of art the elements borrowed from life. A painter of character, a mystical painter, a religious painter, Rouault is all of these and in addition a powerful realist. His Clowns, his Christs on the Cross, his Women of the Streets, his Fairs, are so many dramatic visions rendered concrete. This gallery of monsters has not issued from an hysterical dream. It has a basis of experience. It is the product of a mind endowed with a singularly keen gift of



HEAD OF A WOMAN — GEORGES ROUAULT
Vollard Collection

observation. But like Daumier, Rouault raises to the level of types the models which he draws from reality. His painted work forms a whole predominately pathetic. His emotional capacity is so much the more powerful in that a single inspiration seems to preside over all his pictures with an accent and a colorful rhythm marked by a mysterious lyricism.

The art of Georges Rouault is not, I repeat, an art of optical perception. The painter bears within himself the necessary sensation of color. The theme adequate for his temperament serves at the most as a support for his plastic idea. Rouault is one of the few living French painters whose creative processes present some interest from a purely psychological standpoint. If the art of Pierre Bonnard is an effusion, if the art of Picasso lies often in the realm of speculation, if the art of Derain and of Henri Matisse partakes of technology, Rouault is not a simple artisan of the brush who conceives his works in front of the model, palette in hand. His color, made up of transparent and lake-like blues which are traversed by waves of a sombre and opaque red, slashed with stripes which indicate the form without determining its exact outlines; his drawing which is a kind of writing, a form of speech, a means of expression and not a carefully learned, beautiful penmanship, are the creation of a true romantic painter, whose passion and ardor often get the better of his sense of method.

And yet Georges Rouault refrains from being a painter who tries to make his art say more or something else than it can express. He claims to practice his profession with the sole concern of painting and painting well. Throughout his "literary", descriptive and lyrical subjects, throughout all the gamut of his tempestuous tones and his



WOMAN ACROBAT — GEORGES ROUAULT



THE WEDDING — GEORGES ROUAULT

spectral forms, Rouault is searching stubbornly for absolute painting free of all bodily and earthly fetters. It is this strange alloy of realism and spirituality which forms the distinctive feature of the art of Georges Rouault.

One should see the artist in the exercise of his austere duties as curator of the Moreau Museum. With the bald head and the clean-shaven, lean face of a mediæval monk, clothed in a solemn jacket with long black skirts, covered with an enormous great-coat, and wearing a skull-cap, he receives his infrequent visitors in the office, where he lives surrounded by copies of Correggio made by Gustave Moreau. This Museum is the most sinister place in the world. If it were not for the charming and picturesque setting of a street lined with private houses almost all of which date from the Second Empire, and the proximity of the Gare Saint-Lazare, one would think oneself a thousand miles from Paris.

Rouault, who has the unfortunate reputation of being a forbidding person, is on the contrary responsive to the slightest marks of respect. He readily shows his most recent work—water colors, oil paintings, etchings. Certain of his engravings, executed for Ambroise Vollard, bear brief texts. These are quatrains, of which the painter is the author and which recall at times the poems of Villon. Written in old French or else in that slang whose popular animation abounds in rich images, they cast an entirely new light on the nature of the painter. The name of François Villon comes again to my mind. It seems as if the soul of the great French poet, at once mystical and lewd, seeking in prayer and fasting redemption from the sins which he had committed, has taken up its habitation in Rouault, this mystic of painting, one of



TWO NUDES — GEORGES ROUAULT

Courtesy of Joseph Brummer



BATHERS — GEORGES ROUAULT

the few Catholic painters which our period has produced, and one of the few whose essentially modern work is clothed with the aspect of a veritable Passion.

In the course of this article we have intentionally passed over to some extent the study of Rouault's technique. We have done this because this technique is very personal to him, because it eludes classification, because it loses its reason for existence if one judges it and if one considers it as an objective rule capable of being widely applied. One could not very well understand an essay on Gauguin or Seurat which did not include an important section devoted to the manner of painting of these artists, who were first and foremost anxious to objectify their means of expression. Such is not the case with Georges Rouault, whose workmanship, admirable on another account, has no secrets, and who subjects his ductile matter to the injunctions of a mystical spirit, an occult force which dictates his color, his pictorial composition, his drawing, his writing, his style.

X-RAYING THE TRUTH ABOUT OLD MASTERS

By Alan Burroughs

Editorial Note: *Mr. Burroughs has been conducting the experiments here discussed at the Fogg Museum of Art, Cambridge, Massachusetts, and is at present continuing this work in Boston under the auspices of Harvard University.*

Years ago it was possible for a man of judgment to pick up bargains in "old masters" that would form a monument to his taste and to his just understanding of future artistic values. But the day of easy bargains in this field has passed. Pictures by famous men can scarcely ever be ferreted out of small villages and run-down country estates. The field has been searched thoroughly by visitors from other countries, by natives, by amateurs and by professionals whose livelihood depends on the buying and selling of art. Every town seems to have been visited, every church and convent noted where there might be a possible "find." Scholars have spent their energy in tracking down pictures supposedly lost, or in trying to find those actually disappeared from sight. Critics have rearranged the names of the painters represented in well-known collections, taking the authorship of some pictures away from one artist and granting the fame of other names to other pictures. They have been exercising all their skill in defining the characteristics of the painters with whom they are familiar. They have discovered the existence of painters not hitherto known and not yet known by name. They even have invented names to fit certain pictures which they believe are by a definite person who otherwise can not be pigeon-holed. The whole field has been so thoroughly worked, so completely covered and so logically bounded that all the chances for a romantic or adventurous discovery would seem to be offset by a great weight of critical infallability.

Consequently, when a *wise* business man wants an "old master" today, he visits an art dealer and places an order as he would at his brokers. He does not, except in rare cases, rely on his own judgment. He realizes that the buying and selling of art is a business, and that the study of style in painting demands a scientific training almost as painstaking as the study of Aztec hieroglyphics.

Nevertheless the lure of finding a treasure in the form of a hidden, dirty and unrecognized picture tempts some collectors, as it tempts some dealers. Because of that temptation other people are further tempted to satisfy the demand for undiscovered "old masters" by forging them, by altering genuinely old but damaged pictures into "perfect" examples, and by utilizing any method, however unscrupulous, to get their false wares accepted.

It is not only in recent years that the fake has come into prominence. The first person to conceive the idea of supplying the demand for "old masters" by deliberately manufacturing them in his own studio must have lived a long time ago. Fake-makers in the fine arts have existed for hundreds of years. In the seventeenth century certain artists in Venice made a business of supplying copies of old paintings; and in the next century there were many more, dealing in Raphaels "still fresh from the brush." Documents of the time tell about forgeries "as like as anyone could wish them." It is not necessary to enter into the history of faking, but I would like to point out that plenty of facts point to the existence of many false pictures even in late Renaissance times and especially in the eighteenth century when the cultured of all Europe were anxious to obtain pictures by the great painters of Italy. It is obvious also that the custom of touring Italy as a part of one's education, which began at this time, stimulated a class of trade which still goes on under the name of "tourist trade" and consists mainly of articles especially

manufactured for that purpose, including imitations of old pictures, more or less tawdry.

Of course not all copies are fakes. A copy of an original painting may have been made by the artist himself or by a pupil working under the artist's direction. All successful artists of the Renaissance time, and earlier, employed assistants and conducted shops where patrons could see pictures painted for someone else and could order duplicates for themselves. Thus a copy may actually date from the same year as the original painting and be equally well the work of the artist who made the original. Sometimes these copies are exact duplicates. Occasionally the artist has improved on his first picture. More often, probably, he has left the work of copying to one of his assistants who naturally has not been able to reproduce the master's genius, no matter how well he has reproduced his technique. A copy, then, may be an old painting, dating from the same time as the original or from a number of years later; it may be exact or it may be a freely drawn interpretation, in which the copier's own technique and taste are paramount.

We can account for other kinds of copies in other ways. A serious student learning to paint by trying to copy the works of famous old masters may leave behind him pictures surprisingly like the originals he has been studying. A "second-hand" dealer may see the possibility of passing on the copy as a genuine work to some unsuspecting tourist. The student may not know that his study picture will be transformed into an "old master" merely by the application of a coat of dirty varnish. Or he may be so in need of cash that he willingly contributes to the world's stock of imitations.

The wiles of the out-and-out professional faker are too many and too subtle to catalogue. A good forger can age a painting four hundred years without insurmountable trouble. From time to time pictures reach this country which seem to be absolutely authentic, but which are the mysterious product of a super-faker who knows enough about genuine pictures to reproduce surface appearances exactly. Even a connoisseur has difficulty in keeping up with the advances in the forgery "business." What chance has the lay buyer?

And yet how ridiculous it seems. If the buyers of art were to spend money in business dealings as carelessly as they usually spend it in buying pictures, they would be in no position to collect at all. The buyer rarely knows the actual conditions of his purchase in art; he may believe he sees worm holes on the back, if the picture is on wood, or cracks in the paint; but he knows none of the circumstances which the expert knows so well. He is gambling as surely as a Minnesota farmer buying Mexican oil stock. Usually he has but a few facts, and those unverified, which are effectually swamped in a romantic hope that this time he has been more clever than the clever faker. If he has been cautious enough to ask someone's opinion, he is still in danger, for opinions in art are comparable to opinions on the stock market—a few may be worth a fortune, but the majority are worth only bankruptcy proceedings.

Obviously the one great need in all buying and studying of old pictures is a method for seeing through the tricks of the faker, copier and imitator. The private buyer needs it; the public gallery or museum needs it. If some way of disclosing the fake could be put into general use, the standard of art in public museums and large private collections would be clarified and raised; the thousands of dollars spent annually on dubious "old masters" would be saved, at least from that obvious waste; and the connoisseurs would be better able to perform their task of solving the problems which are scattered through the history of art.

It is not enough to have the opinions of men who know picture facts. Opinions can never take the place of facts themselves.

What the picture buyer must have is a dispassionate, untemperamental, simple and reliable means of studying old paintings. And



Courtesy of the Minneapolis Institute of Arts.

PHOTOGRAPH (TOP) AND X-RAY OF A PORTION OF A PAINTING ATTRIBUTED TO GIANPETRINO, SHOWING A CHARACTERISTIC METHOD OF BUILDING UP FORMS IN UNDERPAINTING. THE ARTIST'S STYLE CAN BE STUDIED MORE ACCURATELY IN THE X-RAY THAN IN THE ORIGINAL.



A WELL EXECUTED FORGERY, COMPARED WITH ITS X-RAY—A STRIKING ILLUSTRATION OF THE X-RAY'S ABILITY TO DISTINGUISH BETWEEN OLD AND MODERN PAINT. IT IS NOTICEABLE THAT THE PANEL IS OLD WOOD.

it is this essential which is now being developed through the experiments undertaken at the Fogg Museum of Art at Harvard University under the direction of the Director, Edward W. Forbes.

The new method is "X-ray." This is the mechanical eye which sees facts—the kind that can be recorded on a sensitive film and studied at leisure in a mood as untemperamental as a doctor's when he examines an X-ray film to see where your arm is broken.

We know that any picture may have been painted by an old-time artist, by a pupil of the master or by a well-meaning copier, or it may have been repaired out of all semblance of its original condition by a restorer who felt it his duty to supply what time, bad material or accident has accomplished in effacing the original surface of the paint. Or the painting may be a forgery, made recently for sale to a more or less innocent buyer.

Each of these possibilities will leave some clue as to the truth on the X-ray film. A combination of circumstances leaves on the film a combination of clues. If the picture is original in some parts and restored in other parts, the X-ray will indicate those areas. If the picture is painted by a copier and then completely repainted by another who wished to improve the work, the X-ray will disclose that fact. The best use of the new method depends only on understanding the clue when it is observed.

The powerful X-rays penetrate wood or canvas, paints, varnishes, glazes—everything of which a picture is made, excepting heavy coats of white lead or zinc. The film

is exposed by the rays, so that the shadows of materials used in the painting are caught on the film according to the density of the materials themselves and their thicknesses. White lead, being very dense, is impervious to short exposures and leaves a very heavy shadow. Lamp black is shot through by the rays so easily that it leaves no trace on the film. Earth colors and mineral colors, with varying densities, cast shadows of varying strength. Modern chemical paints and vegetable colors cast shadows so faintly that they can scarcely be seen.

This, then, the X-ray reveals: it shows the difference between several kinds of paints. It shows how those paints were put on, it shows what the interior of the picture is like, it tells what is the condition of the surface on which the paint is applied, it calls attention to any changes in the course of the painting of the picture, it outlines sharply all cracks or holes hidden under the restorer's brush and it records something of the artist's style through and through.

The reader might believe that old colors —I mean those prepared exactly in the manner used in the fifteenth century—could be employed so as to fool even the X-ray, provided a man skillful as the ancient artists were skillful could be found to do the work today. This point, however, has been met. The experiments on copies of old pictures made by students at the Fogg Museum proved the subtlety of the X-ray. These students learn the old-time craft by painting pictures similar to some in the collection of the museum; they prepare their colors in the old way, prepare their panels and apply their paints as nearly as they can in the manner of the old painters whose work they are studying.

But the X-ray leaves no doubt as to which are originals and which copies. In six test cases, no two of which were the same in



Courtesy of the Fogg Museum of Art.

PHOTOGRAPH (LEFT) AND X-RAY OF A SKETCH ATTRIBUTED TO CORREGGIO, SHOWING BY COMPARISON THE VALUE OF THE X-RAY IN STUDYING BRUSH-WORK AND DETERMINING THE METHOD OF THE ARTIST. THIS EXAMPLE, FOR INSTANCE, WILL BE VERY USEFUL IN STUDYING OTHER X-RAYS OF PAINTINGS ATTRIBUTED TO CORREGGIO

treatment or supposed to be similar, the copies all betrayed definite characteristics pointing to the same conclusion. In every case the copier's technique lacked firmness and straight-forward construction, his colors were not as clear as the old colors, his brush strokes less sure and logical. In addition, the copies differed from one another, so that it was possible to show that no two of them had been painted by men with the same technique.

There are other points. The most practical of these was the X-ray's capacity for disclosing repaints on old pictures. Rarely is an old painting found which is actually in a perfect state of health. If it is not change in humidity and temperature, it is rough handling that does the damage. Surface paints crack, blister and peel; wood panels decay, warp and split; colors are dimmed by dust and dirt; glazes or thin surface colors are rubbed away when old varnish is removed, and many pictures are over-cleaned. Whatever the number of causes contributing to a picture's damaged condition, the fact remains that few paintings are in a perfect state. Consequently a great number of paintings are repaired and repainted, some in spots, some in large areas.

The difficulty is to know exactly what parts of an old picture have been lost. Sometimes the repaint covers old paint that is good, even if damaged in spots. Again, the repaint may be so skillfully applied that the student is misled, when it comes to judging the style of the old work, by the style of the restorer. These and other possibilities make the study of old masters less accurate than it should be, and give the X-ray a still greater usefulness.

As in the case of the experiments with copies, the work on repaint was brought to a satisfactory point by testing a picture with the machine and then comparing the X-ray with indisputable facts. The portrait of a woman, owned in New York and sent to the Fogg Museum for X-raying, seemed on the surface to be one thing, whereas the X-ray showed it to be something else, not differing a great deal in outline and mass, but startlingly different in character. The face seen on the surface of the picture was that of a pretty woman with small nose, delicate chin, curving cupid-bow lips and large eyes turned coquettishly away from the spectator. The face seen on the X-ray film was not pretty, since the nose was larger, the chin sharper, the mouth wider and the eyes looking straight ahead in a steady, bold manner. According to the evidence of the X-ray, then, the portrait had been completely repainted and the old paint was still intact beneath the top paint. If the X-ray was right, the picture was worth cleaning. This was done. And the present condition of the portrait, with all the repaint removed and only the genuine old paint left, corresponds exactly with the X-ray film. The illustrations show the difference in character.

I have said that the X-ray can disclose forgeries, repairs and repaints on an old picture. I can suggest also how the X-ray can help in judging the authorship of an old picture. Please notice that the X-ray can only *help* in judging authorship; the mechanical machine can never take the place of the connoisseur's taste in this matter, nor do more than sort out facts on which art judgments are founded. But it will be evident that in bringing to light tricks of style and manners of using the brush which are the fundamentals of a working knowledge of attributive criticism, the X-ray is a thorough servant.

To explain is to describe two pictures in the Fogg Museum and the two X-rays of those pictures. The first is a small oak panel painted on both sides. On the front is the portrait of a man with hands together in devout fashion; behind him stands a bishop. On the back of the panel is an inscription and a coat of arms, giving the name of the sitter, Joost Van Der Burg, whose wife was named Katherine; a J and a K form a monogram on either side of the coat of arms. The last line of the inscription, partly illegible, gives a portion of the date, 149—. Some critics considered this painting to be the work of Gerhardt David, who is







Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

THE PHOTOGRAPHS AT THE TOP SHOW THE APPEARANCE OF A PAINTING ATTRIBUTED TO POURBUS THE YOUNGER, BEFORE (LEFT) AND AFTER CLEANING. THE X-RAY BELOW WAS TAKEN BEFORE THE PICTURE WAS CLEANED. IT INDICATES THE CONDITION OF THE GENUINE PAINT UNDERNEATH THE REPAINT AND WAS DEEMED SUFFICIENT EVIDENCE TO WARRANT THE CLEANING OF THE PANEL

believed to have begun painting in the year 1484 and who died in 1523. A student wrestling with the problem of the authorship of this picture would naturally consider that it must have been finished during David's active life as an artist.

The X-ray, however, gives different facts for the student to mull over. Beneath the joined hands of the portrait on the front are another pair of hands, or rather another hand, for the left hand only is clearly visible. The line of the shirt at the neck has also been changed, and the line of the shoulders and the back of the head. All these changes are old changes, made shortly after the first picture was completed, as is shown in the X-ray film by the density and crackling of both coats of paint. Why were these changes made? The explanation is to be found on the back, where the X-ray discloses an earlier coat of arms beneath the visible shield and a different monogram beneath the J K monogram mentioned. The early coat of arms is simpler, as it would be were the wife's insignia omitted. The earlier monogram consists of the letters F B, doubtless some former member of the Van Der Burg family. In short the X-ray shows that the panel probably was first painted a whole generation before 1500, or at any rate before 1484, when Gerhardt David is believed to have begun painting. This explains why so few critics have accepted the picture as an example of Gerhardt David's work; they felt it was not entirely in his manner. The X-ray uncovers the actual conditions and gives the critic more accurate information on which to base his conclusions as to authorship.

This is one example of X-ray usefulness in judging pictures. Here is another, less complicated perhaps, but equally illuminating. It is a large painting on canvas of the Madonna and Child and St. Jerome, by Polidoro da Lanciano, a Venetian painter who has been called "one of the most pleasing followers of Titian." Critics agree that this picture is by this painter, and that the painting is characteristic of the method practiced in Venice by the masters influenced by Titian. But what are those characteristics? How is the layman to know the difference between this and other styles?

The X-ray serves well, because it records the brush-work used by Polidoro and shows his particular method of working. Looking at the figure of St. Jerome one sees that his body is as large as that of the Madonna; he sits at the left of the composition, balancing her position at the right. But beneath the surface paint, the X-ray shows a smaller St. Jerome, placed by the artist in the background; it is the same figure smaller in scale. Evidently Polidoro began his picture with St. Jerome in that position and then changed it so as to make the figure of the Saint as important as the Madonna's. He also made another change. After he moved St. Jerome into the foreground he painted his beard falling down below the level of his hand as he leaned over his book. The confusion of lines probably made the artist shorten the beard by painting over the lower end of it. Studying also the brush strokes in other parts of the picture, it is evident that Polidoro da Lanciano was not a deliberate or consistently skillful painter; his strokes were not always put in where they had the effect he desired; he had to go over his work, and he had difficulty in making his strokes show the form or shape that he was painting. All this indicates, I believe, how the X-ray brings out facts on which knowledge of style can be based.

Other X-ray films emphasize the same point. A study head, considered to be the work of Correggio, can be called so with more assurance on the strength of the X-ray, which records a dashing style, a simple way of putting down a stroke just where it does the work intended by the painter, a cleverness of eye and a skill of hand that are entirely characteristic of a first-class artist. All the evidence of the test points to a fine technique, more so than does the surface appearance of the picture. A Gainsborough portrait showed fundamental skill of a sort that seems quite personal and distinctive.

Will any student be better able to clas-



Courtesy of the Fogg Museum of Art.

PHOTOGRAPH (LEFT) AND X-RAY OF A PORTION OF THE "ANNUNCIATION" ATTRIBUTED TO LORENZO DI CREDI, SHOWING THE ARTIST'S ALTERATIONS IN THE HEAD OF THE FIGURE, CHANGING THE TILT OF THE FACE AND CONSIDERABLY ALTERING THE FEATURES

sify the old painters according to their methods of working? Perhaps, after a large collection of X-ray films has been made, it will be easy to determine the authorship of unrecognized paintings by comparing their X-rays with those of authenticated paintings. It is too soon to state so in the form of fact, but the prospect is as encouraging as need be.

At present an enthusiast with a working knowledge of X-ray machines may assume that certain facts, in which the critic is interested, can be proved; and proved in such a way that a jury of laymen will recognize their rightness. The X-ray brings into the study of art a new form of reason, so that matters of personal opinion need not be the sole ground for our knowledge. Already in the business of buying and selling art the X-ray acts as a safeguard for the unknowing and as a guarantee for the connoisseur.

What other value has this work for laymen? It is a fair question, but one which deserves separate treatment in an article by itself. The plain reason for the existence of all art is public enjoyment. But hitherto the study has appeared so complicated that the public hesitates to give itself freely to paintings, as it does to music, literature and drama. If the X-ray is the means for putting common sense to work in the judgment of pictures, the public will receive some benefit. Less mystery and more fact will make the old masters more popular. And the confidence inspired by the use of the X-ray in the hands of the expert will inspire confidence in the minds of visitors to art galleries.



TYMPANUM—NORTHWEST ST. MARTIN'S OF CHADENAC

ST. MARTIN'S OF CHADENAC

By George Boas

The country of the Charente just to the southwest of the Poitou is especially interesting to the lover of Romanesque architecture, for not only are its specimens among the most beautiful in France, but also they are among the least visited. All the world knows Poitiers and Angoulême and Saintes, of course, but few have found time to poke their way into communities more difficult of access. The village of Chadenac, originally a Roman outpost of Pons, lies on a tiny road off the Pons-Jonzac highway, and is one of those hidden places which are always a delight to the amateur and sometimes also to the scholar. Chadenac might well be a joy to both. For æsthetically the battered remains of the church of St. Martin of Chadenac are among the noblest sculptures in France. And scarcely anything has been written upon them.*

The church as a whole is hideous. Its original date has been set in the second quarter of the twelfth century, but of the exterior only the lower part of the west façade and some of the window casings are original. In 1838, under the Bourgeois Monarch, the belfry was demolished because it was easier to demolish it than to restore it. Under the same beneficent rule two more than life-size figures were sawed in half, one to serve as a base for a letter box, the other for a bulle-

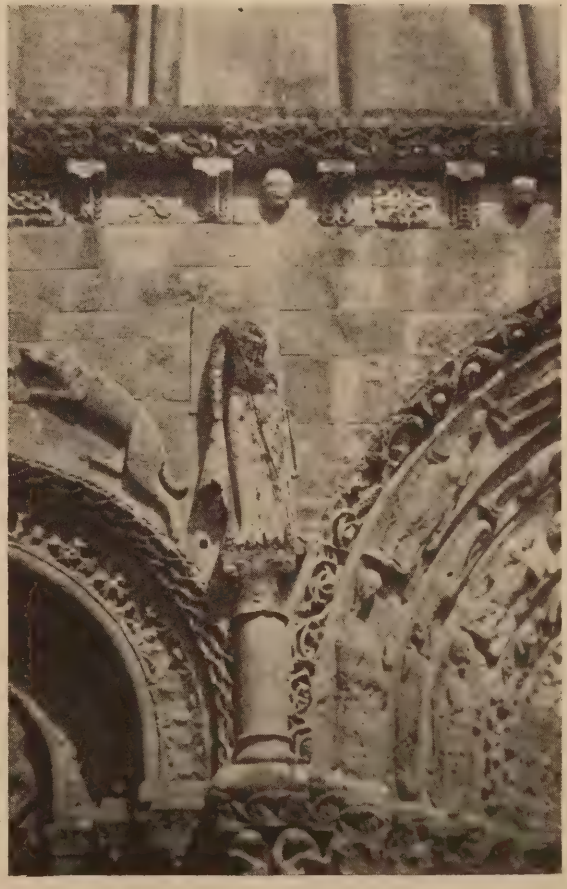
* Only two articles, so far as I know, and a section in Kingsley Porter. The two articles are Henri Nodet's "Sur Quelques Eglises Romanes de la Charente Inférieure," *Cong. Archéol. de France, LXIe Session,* Paris and Caen, 1896, and Julien Lafevrière's and Georges Musset's "l'Art en Saintonge et en Aunis," *Bull. de la Soc. des Archives Hist. de Saintonge et de l'Aunis,* 1884-5 and 1888. These are not easily read by students in America and Porter's book is made almost as inaccessible by its cost.



DETAIL, CENTRAL PORTAL



DETAIL FROM NORTHWEST CORNER



ANGEL ON TRUNCATED COLUMN, FLANKING, NORTH, THE ARCHIVOLT OF THE CENTRAL PORTAL



ANGEL ON TRUNCATED COLUMN, FLANKING, SOUTH, THE ARCHIVOLT OF THE CENTRAL PORTAL



DETAIL FROM SOUTHWEST CORNER

tin board. What became of their upper halves no one knows. Their lower halves still trample the monster Vice in the dust. The interior is equally hodge-podge. But the nave is at least fairly intact and gleaming under a fine coat of whitewash.

It is the remnant of the façade which is of interest to us.

The general scheme of the decoration seems to be the familiar battle of the virtues and the vices. On the northern corner pillar stands what is left of St. George, or another warrior knight, at whom an enormous dragon shaped like a hippocampus is bellowing from the southern corner pillar. On each side of the architraves are two beasts, resembling lions snapping at what is obviously the Lamb of God. In the tympana are two wrestling figures, which may be Jacob and the Angel. It makes little difference what they are.

The central portal is, as might be expected, magnificent. Its arches are flanked by two angels on truncated columns, now headless, one of which holds a lute. Her costume has that breeziness about it which one usually associates with the Renaissance. Indeed her whole attitude reminds one of Fra Angelico's musical angels. But all the sculpture shows that vigor which the extermination of dragons and other beasts of the Devil might well have demanded.

Yet with all their force these sculptures are restrained. The two pieces, mutilated by the government, glow under the afternoon sun, their rose and green patina like old



DETAIL, CENTRAL PORTAL

Chinese lacquer. They have, moreover, that same suave, self-contained, and very simple line of the best Chinese sculpture. Is this but another sample of the Graeco-Buddhist influence which left its mark indelibly wherever it was felt at all?

The church at Chadenac is officially under the patronage of St. Martin, although the villagers are surprised to hear so. Certainly the sculpture would seem to indicate either St. George or St. Michael the Archangel or merely a Templar. This question no doubt is unimportant. What would be more interesting is the history of this church, so strongly suggestive of Spanish models. It is in a district of exquisite ruins, Avy, Echebrune, Marignac, all within a few miles. But here is a suggestion of greater power and more originality than in these neighboring buildings.

The writer is no archæologist—as must be evident by now—and has no theory to offer. He simply feels that here is something especially beautiful which deserves study, and hopes that in publishing these photographs he has succeeded in awakening interest in something which has suffered from undeserved neglect.



CHESTERFIELD CIGARETTES — ADOLPH TREIDLER

Exhibited by Newell Emmett Co., at the Art Center

A NOTE ON ADVERTISING ART

If there is any form of art activity which can be said to be peculiarly characteristic of this day and age, it is advertising art. Just as religious painting was the unique contribution of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, so a distinctive feature of our age is the artist who aims to depict an automobile, a breakfast food or a toilet soap in so alluring a fashion that sales will follow. This, the most recent form of art, already numbers its devotees by the hundreds, and is now one of the most promising and remunerative fields open to the artist.



HEINZ SPAGHETTI — MERRITT CUTLER

Exhibited by Calkins & Holden, Inc., at the Art Center

But anyone who might have imagined that because advertising art is a peculiarly modern phenomenon, its contribution to art would be something new and vital, must have suffered a severe disillusionment if he visited the exhibition of original paintings and drawings used in advertisements, held recently by the Art Director's Club at the Art Center in New York. This exhibition presumably included the work which the art directors felt had the most serious claims to consideration as art, and therefore might be said to represent the conscious ideals of the craft.

Naturally, one does not expect advertising art to be profound or moving; one does not look for the same qualities in a poster that one finds in a Rembrandt; but one expects at the very least that it will be attractive, striking, decorative and entertaining. The great bulk of the work shown at the Art Center, however, was far from that. Dullness, the last quality that should mark advertising, was all too common. Solemnity, the disease which overcomes many copy writers at an early age, lays its heavy hand also upon the advertising artist, so that the average picture used in advertising bears the same relation to art that the average copy does to literature. One wishes that the commercial artist, like the other members of the advertising profession, would take his work a little less seriously. Humor is generally supposed to be a typically American characteristic, but it is almost completely absent from American advertising art. It was noteworthy that about the most humorous work in the recent exhibition was that of Don Herold, which to our eyes looked suspiciously like a frank kidding of the regular advertisement.

Humor of a sort, of course, was present in the work of the rural school of painters, of whom Norman Rockwell is by far the most effective. His straightforward photographic realism appeals directly and unaffectedly to two deep-seated and

widespread human instincts—the pleasure of recognition and the love of story-telling. It is difficult to quarrel with such work, it accomplishes so naturally and competently what it sets out to do. As advertising its appeal is enormous, as one can easily prove to one's satisfaction by turning the advertising pages of any popular magazine.

It is when one gets to the more deliberately "artistic" things that one sees how lacking in vitality and pep the average advertising picture is. Most of the figure painting shown in the exhibition would seem to indicate that the ideal of art directors and artists is a sort of cross between the National Academy and the Saturday Evening Post—an impression strengthened by the awards, which in most cases went to work displaying clever technique and good craftsmanship according to a kind of art school standard, rarely to work with any vitality of design—not that there was much of the latter.

One would think that the art directors would occasionally turn from these conventional and spiritless performances to the work of some of the less conservative artists, for the qualities that advertising calls for—the eye-catching boldness, the directness, the decorative sense—are the very qualities associated with much modern painting.



WESSON OIL — RENÉ CLARKE

Exhibited by Calkins & Holden, Inc., at the Art Center

It is significant that the most original and interesting things in the exhibition were contributed by a class of artists whose regular work lies in another field—the illustrators. In the black-and-white drawings of men like Henry Raleigh, Wallace Morgan and C. A. Voight, there was liveliness and keen observation, and best of all a saving sense of humor. Also the excursions of Ralph Barton into the field of advertising are always a welcome relief.

The drawback to the work of the illustrators, however, is the fact that the advertisements in which their drawings are used are seldom seen as a whole, because the illustrator, being outside the advertising field, merely contributes a picture to which the advertising man adds copy. The result is usually two separate and distinct things—an illustration and copy—lacking unity and directness. For that reason the work of a gifted commercial artist like René Clarke, who is actually in the advertising field, is in certain respects superior as advertising to the work of the illustrators, for although he lacks their liveliness and humor he has a feeling for the advertisement as a whole that they have not. His decorative sense, if somewhat thin, is genuine and distinctive, and his still-lifes were among the most attractive pieces in the exhibition.

It was in still-life, as a matter of fact, that some of the most individual work was found. It almost seems as if the intense study of pies, ice-cream, jelly and candy is actually developing a new type of still-life artist, whose aim is to create pictures so real that they will make us hungry. That this can be



COFFEE HENRY RALEIGH

Loaned by the Cheek-Neal Coffee Co., exhibited by J. Walter Thompson Co.

done without any loss of decorative feeling is shown by the work not only of René Clarke but of such artists as Merritt Cutler.

Another field in which original results were shown was that of photography. Among the strongest pictures in the exhibition were the plain unadorned photographs of workmen which were used in the Gorham Company's advertisements. To my mind they were far ahead of the average figure painting by the regular commercial artist.

With these few exceptions, however, there was not much in the exhibition that could be dignified by the name of art, and as a matter of fact there was little sign that there is any such thing in this country as advertising art in the sense of an original and vital form of art, separate and distinct from other forms. Most of the art used in advertising is an offshoot of illustration, and the best of it is contributed by the best illustrators; and it is only very occasionally that one finds a purely commercial artist who has any higher gifts than those of clever craftsmanship. So far there seem to be few artists or art directors who see the advertisement not as a more or less forced combination of graphic art, photography, typography, and copy-writing, but as a pleasing and attractive whole, catching and holding the attention by its own intrinsic qualities of color, form and design as well as by its copy and the story which it tells.

In this connection it is interesting to compare the work shown at the advertising exhibition with the screens by Drian which were recently used as backgrounds in the show-windows of Lord & Taylor. Here was work which, without making any pretensions to be serious art, was nevertheless the creation of an artist who is singularly gifted in his own way, and who expresses himself in an entirely personal manner. Without any portentous slogans or solemn adjurations, these screens succeeded in attracting an extraordinary amount of attention by their decorative quality, their delightful fancy and their lightness of touch.

Undoubtedly one reason for the poor quality of



STORE WINDOW, WITH SCREEN BY DRIAN

Lord & Taylor



CHAMPS ELYSÉE
Lord & Taylor

SCREEN BY DRIAN

most advertising art is the fact that it is really the product of several different individuals—the artist, the art director, the client—no two of whom may have the same ideas. Even if the art director is sympathetic to the artist's conception, the ultimate court of appeal—the business man who is paying for the advertisement—is usually not over-gifted with taste. The advertisement is therefore more often a compromise than a spontaneous creation. It is obvious that these are not the conditions under which an artist can do work with any real individuality, for if there is anything which is essential to the artist with any personality it is a free hand in his method of expression. This lack of freedom in the advertising field, as compared to that enjoyed by artists in other fields, undoubtedly goes a long way to explain why advertising art as a whole is not better than it is, and also why, in spite of its very respectable pecuniary rewards, it does not attract more highly gifted artists. Even in illustration, where fairly close restrictions are imposed by the text to be illustrated, there is far more freedom of interpretation and style.

And then, after all, it is barely possible that even the superlative excellences of Chesterwood Cigarettes and Ebony Soap do not hold as much interest for the artist as less businesslike subjects. Even under the best of conditions the business of celebrating the unique merits of commercial products may very well lack a certain vital quality that the artist in other fields finds in the disinterested painting of life as he sees and feels it.

But even if we cannot expect the same pictorial quality in advertisements that we do in the less utilitarian arts, we can at least expect them to be far more attractive and interesting than they are at present. This may sound idealistic, and the reply may be made that advertising as at present constituted sells the goods, and what more does the average hard-headed business man want? It is quite possible, however, that there are undeveloped resources in color and design that would help the business man to sell even more goods than he does now, and incidentally make it easier for a sensitive person to retain his sanity in an advertisement-dominated world.

Advertising art in this country, like the movies, is still in its infancy—an enormously overgrown infancy, the body far too big for the brain. At present its most vital elements are contributed by other arts, and in the work of only a very few artists do we see a dawning comprehension of advertising as a separate and distinct form of art.

LLOYD GOODRICH.



MARINE TERRACE, MARGATE (Aquatint in colors) ENGLISH, 1828
Frederick Keppel & Company

NEW YORK EXHIBITIONS

THE exhibition season was brought to a close this year, as usual, by the annual showing of the Salons of America at the Anderson Galleries, an event which always provides a lively note on which to end the season.

Like the Society of Independent Artists, the Salons is a no-jury institution, but while many of the artists who show at the former also show at the latter, the two exhibitions are quite different. The Salons is of course considerably smaller, with four hundred exhibits this year as against over a thousand for the Independent; but aside from mere questions of size the character of each organization is quite distinct.

The Independent in its immense size and range attracts all types of artists—beginners and students, children, aged ladies who are just learning to paint, workingmen and clerks who devote their weekends to art, as well as the regular professional artists whose names are well known to the public. It also attracts a special type, the deliberate manufacturer of "stunt" pictures, whose productions are designed to shock the bourgeois and draw a crowd. All these varied types, together with the large number of serious artists who show their work at the Independent, go to make up an exhibition of great range and variety, containing a good many works which are merely incompetent or merely sensational or merely dull, but also including, in addition to much good work by the better known artists, a certain number of surprises in the form of interesting contributions by newcomers. The Independent is well known for the new talents which it brings to light in this way, and although there may be some doubt

whether many of the talents thus uncovered ever ripen into maturity, there is no question that in affording these newcomers an opportunity to exhibit their work, the Independent fulfills an immensely useful and necessary function.

All that has been said about the Independent applies also to the Salons, but in a lesser degree. In the Salons exhibitions one is apt to find fewer beginners, fewer amateurs and unknowns, and fewer "stunt" artists. On the other hand a certain group of the younger professional painters and sculptors exhibits there in preference to the Independent, largely because the hanging is less democratically indiscriminate.

The result is an exhibition which is more select, but also in certain ways less interesting. It has not the large sprawling richness of the Independent, its luxuriant variety, or its unexpectedness. The relative absence of "stunt" pictures is certainly not to be deplored, but on the other hand the lesser known artists who show at the Salons are usually not as interesting as those at the Independent. It is only rarely that one comes upon the work of one of these unknowns which is of much interest; in most cases it is conventional and rather dull work which gives the impression that its authors are not quite competent enough to get into the Academy exhibitions. However, in giving these serious if not highly gifted artists a chance to exhibit, as well as the more talented professionals who also show their work there, the Salons like the Independent is fulfilling an important function. There is certainly a vital need for both of these large no-jury exhibitions in New York.



SEATTLE — LOUIS LOZOWICK
Salons of America

This year's exhibition was on the whole an excellent one, due largely to the work of the younger artists who are beginning to make a name for themselves rather than to the work of any new figures. There were not many surprises among the paintings and sculpture included, for not only were the names of the principal exhibitors familiar, but many of the outstanding works had already been shown at dealers' galleries or in other large group exhibitions during the season which has just ended.

Those who were responsible for the hanging of the exhibition arranged it so that the works of the lesser known artists were placed in the rooms on the fourth floor of the galleries, where they were excellently lighted but where they also presented a somewhat dreary ensemble. On the second floor were those whose names were more prominent, and in the first room particularly were concentrated the works of the directors of the organization and those who are closely connected with them. This arrangement gave a somewhat fictitious impression of the quality of the exhibition to anyone entering for the first time, and it is a question whether a more impartial arrangement might not have been better



AMERICAN CULTURE? ARDUINO IARICCI
Salons of America

for the good appearance of the exhibition as a whole.

One of the most striking pictures in this first room was Alexander Brook's large nude, a handsome piece of work which was exhibited once before this year at the Daniel Galleries, as was the case also with Yasuo Kuniyoshi's "Circus Girls." Between these two hung Vincent Canadé's serious and sober family portrait, and a winter landscape by Stefan Hirsch, somewhat too posed and self-conscious, but with an effective sense of mood. Katherine Schmidt showed a sincere but not particularly fresh landscape. Arnold Friedman's "Venus" at one end of the room has been seen before, but was effective and fine in color. Kenneth Hayes Miller's landscape did not seem to me to be as well realized as his smaller "Primitive Family" in another room. Dorothy Varian's tulips were painted with feeling and a fine sense of color.

In this room was one of the most individual landscapes in the exhibition — Edwin Booth Grossman's "Wells Beach Road," which we are reproducing. The feeling for character displayed in this painting of a flat seashore road lined with telegraph poles was quite extraordinary. Close by hung a picture as different in type as one could well imagine — Wood Gaylor's "Prohibition Ball," entertaining in its kaleidoscopic and metallic color. David Morrison contributed a sincere and simply painted view of a city backyard, which, however, did not have as much life as his smaller country landscape in another room.

In the less exclusive rooms the quality of the exhibits was more uneven. Among the more or less familiar pictures which one enjoyed seeing again were Peggy Bacon's delightful drawing "Summertime," and a quiet landscape by Harry Hering, which was unfortunately hung between two highly colored



SNOWBOUND HOWARD THAIN
Salons of America

neighbors. John Alger showed a severe but well painted portrait of Stefan Hirsch. C. Holmead Phillips, whose work stood out in the last Academy exhibition, contributed three landscapes which seemed less out of place here and which were painted with considerable skill if without a fully-developed personal feeling. Louis Lozowick's "Seattle," although not at all a sensitive piece of work, was effective in a rather mechanical way.



THE WELLS BEACH ROAD — EDWIN BOOTH GROSSMAN
Salons of America

One of the few discoveries of the exhibition was John Joseph Burgundy's "Early in the Morning in Bronx Park." Mr. Burgundy has shown at the Independent, but I do not remember seeing anything by him as ambitious or as successful as this picture. I have never been in Bronx Park as early in the morning as Mr. Burgundy has, but his nymphs and satyrs are painted with such conviction that it is evident that he must have seen them there. The remarkable mixture of fancy and literalness in this picture, however, does not account for all of its attraction, for it shows a considerable pictorial ability. The color has a certain harsh resonance that accords well with the autumn leaves scattered over the path.

Another painter whose work is not particularly



EARLY IN THE MORNING IN BRONX PARK — JOHN JOSEPH BURGUNDY
Salons of America



END OF THE VALLEY
Babcock Art Gallery

STAN WOOD

well known is John Hilfers, whose flower piece of lilacs, although painted tightly and without technical skill, showed a genuine feeling for the subject.

A phenomenon that was noticeable in this exhibition as well as at the Independent was the fact that some of the most lively work was contributed by Japanese artists living in this country and painting in a distinctly Occidental manner. Among these artists were Eitaro Ishigaki with his burlesque scene, Noboru Foujioka, with a picture of men playing craps, and Byron T. Tsuzuki with a capable but heavily painted flower subject.

The top floor galleries yielded only a few pieces that were out of the ordinary. Arduino Iaricci's "American Culture?" was more remarkable for its sardonic humor than for its painting, which was thin and somewhat weak in color. A dahlia by Elizabeth Driggs was sensitive, and Howard Thain's city snow scene was well painted and subtle in its values, although not over-strong.

In sculpture the exhibition was unusually strong, no doubt due to the influence of the vice-president of the Salons, Robert Laurent. Concetta Scaravaglione showed several pieces, among them a very capable but somewhat cold mother and child which had already been seen this winter. Myra Musselman Carr's sculpture had more warmth if not as much skill. A wood-carving by Henry Kries, "Woman and Gate," was handled with a good deal of feeling.

THE American small town and small city are evidently becoming characteristic themes not only of the literature of this country but of its painting as well. In literature they have their realistic and often sardonic interpreters in Sherwood Anderson and Sinclair Lewis and a host of lesser lights; in painting, among others, Charles Burchfield and Edward Hopper. Incidentally, it has always seemed remarkable to the writer that some enterprising publisher has not secured the coöperation of some of these artists in illustrating some of the scores of small-town novels which have appeared recently.

That this viewpoint on the American town is not confined to any one geographical section of the country was shown by the exhibition of watercolors by the Californian, Stan Wood, which was held during May at the Babcock Gallery. Mr. Wood's first exhibition last year at the same gallery created a favorable impression, which was renewed this year. As far as his subjects are concerned, he seems to be more interested in character than in beauty, and he is not afraid to paint the most unprepossessing aspects of things. The watercolors in the exhibition showed an agreeable feeling for the medium, which he handles with a downright firmness and skill but with no parade of cleverness. His main weakness at the present time is in his color, which has a tendency to become hectic in places;

there is a particular purplish red which creeps in where it does not belong, especially in his skies, where it destroys the sense of space and distance.



NEW YORK FROM GOVERNOR'S ISLAND — W. G. WALL and I. HILL
Macy Art Galleries

THE paintings of George C. Ault, assembled at the Neumann Galleries, showed a temperament interested in many aspects of the world, and yet interpreting them all in a distinctly personal fashion. Mr. Ault paints skyscrapers, ships in the harbor, elevated structures, streets at night, but in all these varied subjects there is an individual vision expressing itself in clear-cut, severely simplified forms and hard, enamel-like color. A style as uncompromising as this has no ingratiating surface qualities to cover up structural defects, so that it is a tribute to Mr. Ault's sense of construction to say that very few of his paintings seemed empty or lifeless. Occasionally one felt that the forms were simplified to the point of vacuity, but most of the pictures in the exhibition were effective and striking.

There is danger, of course, in a method like this, for the very qualities that give the work distinction may easily degenerate into mannerisms. In looking at some of the pictures one felt that there was a possibility that the tight painting, the brittle surfaces, the sharp-edged flat planes fitting one into another, may become a sort of intellectual game with the artist, taking the place of the deeper qualities of feeling and observation.



CITY SCENE — GEORGE C. AULT
Neumann Galleries

AT the galleries of Frederick Keppel and Company was an excellent collection of old English aquatints, from which we are reproducing the fine "Marine Terrace, Margate". These prints, with their precise drawing and their extraordinarily delicate, transparent color, represent a field in which the English artists undoubtedly achieved some of their happiest results. The attractiveness of these old prints is heightened by an almost complete lack of the self-consciousness which marks so much English portrait-painting.

Another group of prints even more unsophisticated



INTERIOR KENNETH HAYES MILLER

Presented by Mr. and Mrs. William Preston Harrison to the Harrison Gallery, Los Angeles Museum

was shown at the Macy Galleries, where there was a collection of old views of New York, many of which, like the "New York from Governor's Island", were fairly familiar. Some of the later prints published by Currier & Ives were remarkable for their combination of literal realism and unconscious humor—in particular, a series representing the activities of the New York fire department.

The late Ben Foster was one of the strongest and most capable of that group of older and more conservative American landscape painters who were affected relatively little either by foreign influence or by the modern movement. In many respects he and some of his contemporaries can be said to have been the legitimate descendants of the Hudson River school. Coming a generation later than the youngest painters of that school, they were influenced by the spread of Impressionism to adopt a higher palette and a greater boldness and freedom of technique, but essentially their vision was that of the earlier painters. In the memorial exhibition of Ben Foster's work held recently at the Grand Central Galleries, there was a mountain landscape which in its hard sincerity might almost have been the work of a follower of Asher B. Durand.

Ben Foster was perhaps less temperamental than many of his contemporaries. He had little of D. W. Tryon's delicate sense of mood or the revery of J. Francis Murphy. His was a more downright and realistic spirit. His forms were always hard and firm; his color was strong and full, sometimes



THE MODEL RESTING (Third Plate) JEAN-LOUIS FORAIN
M. Knoedler & Company

unpleasantly hot but at other times reaching the rich autumnal range of his fine wooded landscape at the Metropolitan Museum. His work was not particularly sensitive, but it had a vigor and sincerity that command respect.

An unusually complete collection of etchings and lithographs by Forain at the galleries of M. Knoedler and Company served to focus attention again on an artist who, while remaining somewhat outside of current movements, has continued to produce work which is peculiarly powerful in its own way.

Forain's tradition is that of Daumier, Degas and Toulouse-Lautrec, but his field is at the same time narrower and in certain respects more intense than that of these artists. His work has not Daumier's robustness, Degas' balance, or Lautrec's searching realism. He lacks, also, the mature sense of color and form that all these men possessed. Forain is a powerful draughtsman, commanding a line as live and stinging as a whip, but it is not in his formal sense that his strength lies, so much as in the intense emotional appeal with which he invests his subjects.

This emotional power shows in such themes as his scenes in courtrooms, where he gives vent to his bitter sense of social injustice, and particularly in his religious subjects, in which he has depicted the life of Christ with a vividness that few modern artists have approached. In these works he is less a realist than a dramatist.

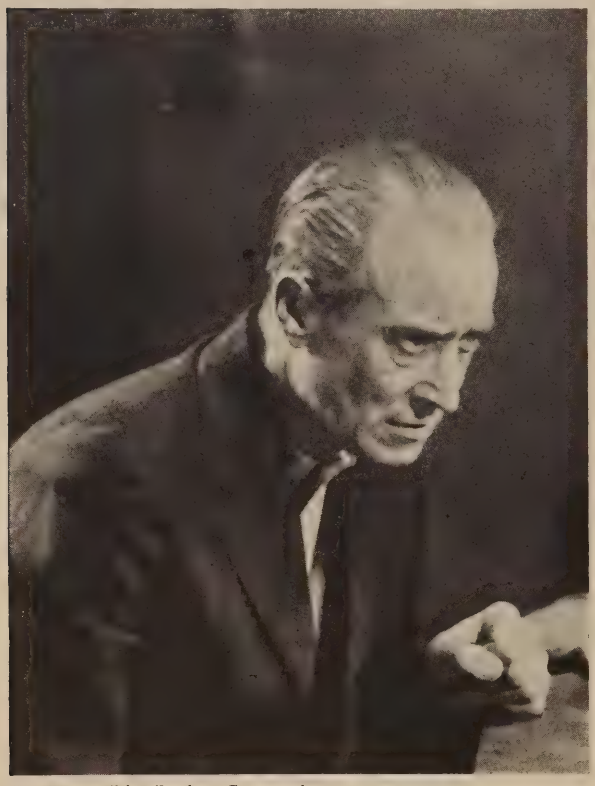
It may be that these qualities will not prove as lasting as those of more balanced natures, and that the very intensity and excess of feeling in Forain's work will militate against the permanence of his reputation. Whether or not this will prove to be the case, however, there can be no question of the force that we feel in his work today. L. G.

THE ART OF THE FILMS

"SILENCE"

By Quinn Martin

All good people who wish to see the best things in the motion pictures will go and watch the performance of H. B. Warner in "Silence." The year has not offered a more beautiful, more moving individual contribution to the screen's drama.



Producers Distributing Corporation
H. B. WARNER IN "SILENCE"

If Mr. Warner happened to be of Teutonic origin, and "Silence" had been put together in Berlin, the welcoming guns from the forts of Criticalium would be thundering away from Bar Harbor to San Diego. The fact is that no actor, not even the deservedly much praised Mr. Emil Jannings, of the Rhine country, has come through with a portrayal more faithful or more intensely dramatic.

"Silence" is made from last year's melodrama of the same name, written by Max Marcin, and played on the stage of the National Theatre in New York to large and enthusiastic audiences. In the cinema version it has been directed by Rupert Julian for the Cecil B. DeMille company known as Producers Distributing Corporation, and in view of the pitfalls so mercilessly placed in the path of any and all the motion picture "adaptations" it is worthy of the very utmost in encouragement which is likely to come to it. As a completed play in pictures it turns out to be something less than satisfactory, and still its leading part is acted so forcefully, so sympathetically, so masterfully that it is boosted to the topmost rung of the ladder of this year's films of merit. It requires a talented actor to do this sort of thing. That is just the point. Mr. Warner is of the true metal. It is more readily understood now why some few months ago he disposed of his home in Great Neck, gathered up his family and moved to Hollywood where he expects to live for some time to come. If he remains there long enough, somebody is going to go to sleep on the job one of these days and permit him to be cast in a drama equal to his fine gifts. This having been done, you will be likely to find a new cinema play to place alongside "The Big Parade" and "The Last Laugh" in your list of celluloid things which have not put you to sleep.

In "Silence" the leading man, Jim Warren, is a crook. A New York crook. One of those pitiable souls who simply hadn't a chance to be anything better. This crook is a fellow with a good mind. A young woman falls in love with him. But before a baby girl is born the crook in his frenzy to escape the police fails to return for the marriage, and his fiancée weds in order to avoid disgrace. The episodes of most depth and feeling are those, later on, in which the jail-bird goes to a Far-Western city in a last fling at meeting again his old sweetheart and his daughter. Broken, half-crazed, terror-stricken, he approaches the fine house in which his two precious ones live. He does meet the child. But presently there is a murder, and the crook, already hounded and suspected by detectives, is charged with the crime and sentenced to death.

The shooting, as all those sitting before the canvas are made to see, has been done by the child, herself, now grown to young womanhood. And in the last scenes she rushes to the prison, as the clock tolls off the last hours of her father's life,

and reveals the tragedy as it actually took place. Her father, believing she will be hanged in case her story is accepted, turns upon her, denouncing her, denying he has ever seen her before. And the long, silent march to the gallows proceeds.

These moments in which the condemned father gazes upon the lovely face of his daughter; that in which he first meets her, across the sill of the kitchen window; the prison scene wherein he repudiates her; the final journey to his death; the views in which he discovers again the man who has married his own fiancée; the deterioration, the ageing which comes upon him as events surge and beat about him—these dramatic pictures are all fine and real and human and irresistible. They will, I suspect, tear at your heart. In them you will, no doubt, experience something of the horror which rises up out of the pages of "An American Tragedy." Basically, this Jim Warren and Clyde Griffiths have much of the tragedy of life in common.

Needless to say, since this is a moving picture, Jim Warren does not die. Nor does his dear little daughter. And the manner of their deliverance is funny enough for Chaplin or Lloyd. But this is not, strictly speaking, the fault of Hollywood. Mr. Marcin so wrote his original play. He knew, as everyone does, that you can get away with anything in the playfully-called legitimate drama.

PARIS LETTER

The Jeu de Paume of the Tuileries has lately been used for exhibitions of paintings from foreign countries. After the first Dutch exhibitions, where some very fine Van der Meers and de Hoochs were lent by museums in Holland, we had a Swiss exhibition with important Holbeins and Hodlers, which also revealed a sweet "petit maitre" of the eighteenth century: Liotard of Geneva. In this splendid hall located on a terrace overlooking the most perfect urban scenery in the world, we have just been having modern Dutch paintings; but this exhibition was not as attractive as the former. Although most of these painters from Holland have the merit of not being under the influence of the great Parisian painters or the painters now in vogue in Paris, on the other hand they do not seem to have benefited from the examples given by the great pioneers of the nineteenth century. If the selection just presented at the Jeu de Paume really gave a good view of the modern Dutch artistic skyline, Dutch painters seem to be divided into two different schools: the first endeavors to express a certain aggressive mysticism, which, for the profane, is not very pleasant, while the second is chiefly engaged in researches of rich textures. G. H. Breitner seems to be the leader of the latter and his large portrait of a lady was the most striking exhibit.

This Dutch exhibition would have been a greater event if it had included photographs of modern buildings. The modern Dutch architectural movement is one of the most important in the world at the present moment and great things have been achieved lately in Dutch cities.

The exhibitions held at the Pavillon de Marsan at the Louvre are always perfect. Recently a delightful exhibition of miniatures, lovely portraits of flowers and animals, known as "the vellums of the Museum of Natural History" was offered to sensitive visitors. These moving little masterpieces by Robert Redouté and Van Spaendonck were painted in order to be used as documents for scientists at a time when photography was not invented. The artists were not the "M'as tu vu" sort; they did not endeavor to be original and to be radiotelegraphed at all cost; they did not work for firms but simply tried to paint a rose, a swan or the section of an elephant's trunk with the greatest care and accuracy. Art often has a greater dignity when the personality of the artist is not too apparent.

This time ancient silverware was shown. Very fine specimens were lent by the King of Sweden, and all these elaborate dishes and goblets were very rare (many valuable pieces were melted during the French Revolution). The earlier specimens were those I liked best; their wholesome, plain and logical elegance was pleasing. In the eighteenth century a very elaborate style was reached but in many cases the effect was spoiled by a crowd of complicated ornaments. In one case a whole group of undersea animals was executed in silver with unbelievable skill; but I prefer the healthy and simple features of the seventeenth century.

At the same moment a small exhibition of decorative art of a rare quality was held at the Galerie Barbazanges, including furniture by Pierre Chareau and Dominique, bindings and frames by Pierre

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Legrain, gold and silver work by Jean Puiforcat, and jewels by Raymond Templier. It certainly ranked as the most striking and perfect manifestation of the style of 1926 I have seen so far, a few well selected and well related specimens being more effective than the whole Coney Island of the late Exposition.

The style of 1926 is neat, accurate, sober; it owes a great deal to the businesslike quality of modern steel machinery and surgical instruments. Whether or not the artists are conscious of the fact, it shows a certain Americanization of French taste which is far from being unpleasant. Some exhibits have the cold, clean-cut dignity of Charles Sheeler's works as well as their perfect, well polished texture. If such a selection could be shown in the States it certainly would have a chance of arousing the interest of some patrons—a condition essential to the development of the twentieth century decorative arts. Fantastic amounts of money are spent by "philanthropists" on foundations which, to the disinterested observer, do not appear as essential as the foundation of a style adequate to the rhythm and conditions of modern life.

The bindings by Legrain will certainly rank as most distinguished specimens of modern decorative art. And here we had, at last, some modern frames for modern pictures (in this instance: Picasso, Matisse, Klee, Pascin and the Sicilian Giorgio de Chirico who has always had a strong fascination for the writer). All these curious frames were not successful but some of them were.

LIVING art may, sometimes, be divided into two schools. The first despise story-telling. Their pictures consist in arrangements of colors and volumes and in such arrangements only. It is after all a narrow viewpoint. The second is not so careful in avoiding telling anecdotes, and in the little *"salon de l'Araignée"* we found gathered some of the most attractive living artists.

Pascin had six canvases. Up to now the writer had resisted the art of Pascin but one of these paintings was the work of an artist who has reached the stage of highest skill and delightful ease. Pascin's voluptuous graphism plays with shapes and volumes in a rapturous style. This passionate art may be located in the neighborhood of Goya's etchings, the Japanese woodblock prints and the early drypoints of Picasso.

Next to Pascin, Chagall seems to be more a product of wild and mystic Russian Jewish peasant folklore, but some crude spring-time tale with sweethearts engaged in the traditional and poetic occu-

pations of sweethearts surrounded with green cows and budding groves is certainly fascinating.

Laboureur—delicate French poems written with neat drypoints; Touchagues—the best newcomer in the world of cartoonists; the charming Lucien Boucher; Roger Wild with his gruesome travelling circuses—were all there, as well as Hermine David who showed some Riviera drypoints in which we noticed a curious literary combination of obsolete reminiscences and modern devices. Marie Laurencin, who sent some colored lithographs, owes her success to her having understood that a few pleasant tasty things are more attractive than a lot of boring and ugly ones. She is now reaching the summit of her fame and was recently commissioned to design stage settings and costumes for Alfred de Musset's *A Quoi Revent les Jeunes Filles* at the great national Comedie Française.

There are two talented American exhibitors, Barber and Biddle, and a selection of recent drawings by Georg Grosz from Berlin who stands out as the most interesting expressionist German artist. He does not try to resist his German attraction for the sinister and the ugly, but on the contrary indulges freely in the sharpest and most merciless scientific observation of types selected in various countries but always belonging to the most hideous side of humanity.

I WANT to introduce to you *Cahiers d'Art* published by Morance. It is a sensible little publication; not too much stuff in it and the best quality. Short enough to be read by the commuter in his train and the artist before he has decided to resume work after a short interval of rest.

JACQUES MAUNY.

BOOKS

ART STUDIES: MEDIEVAL, RENAISSANCE, AND MODERN. Edited by Members of the Departments of Fine Arts of Harvard and Princeton Universities. Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1925.

THE annual publication of a new volume of "Art Studies" has come to be looked upon as an important event in the world of scholarship, consisting as it does of those essays on mediæval, Renaissance and modern art which the distinguished board of editors considers most worthy to be given a permanent form between the covers of a book.

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the book will have little appeal. No attempt has been made to make it popular, and most of the essays are concerned with the exhaustive study of highly specialized and restricted subjects. If it sometimes seems to the disinterested observer that an enormous amount of intelligent labor is being devoted to disproportionately small ends, it must be remembered that nowadays, owing to the thoroughness with which the field has been worked, it is only in this way that the boundaries of knowledge can be advanced. To say again even in a different way what has already been said, is outside the province of pure scholarship.

Many of the essays, such as C. R. Morey's incisive article on the Antioch Chalice and Frank Jewett Mather's "Two Attributions to Giotto," belong to the type of intensive studies of individual works of art. No matter how ably they are handled, the limited scope of such subjects necessarily restricts their popular interest to a considerable extent.

On the other hand, Chandler Rathfon Post's full and conscientious study of Martin Milmore has a wider appeal. Milmore was the sculptor who was responsible, among other works, for many of the Civil War monuments erected during the second half of the last century. Although no one could call him more than a minor figure, his work had a certain modest strength, which Professor Post is careful not to overestimate. Another article of more ample proportions is that of Frederick Mortimer Clapp on "Arhats in Art," which is the only one in the book devoted exclusively to Oriental art.

The volume begins with a brilliant essay by Georgiana Goddard King, "The Problem of the Duero," so compact and full of matter as to make somewhat difficult reading, but exceedingly interesting in the light which it throws on the Eastern influence on Spanish architecture. Raimond Van Marle contributes a sound and well-considered study of the early fourteenth century frescoes in the church of S. Flaviano at Montefiascone. Other articles are those by George Harold Edgell on an unpublished painting by Giovanni di Paolo belonging to the Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York; by Melville Webber on the frescoes of Tavant; Ernest Steinmann's "An Unknown Pietà by Michelangelo;" "A Quantitative Theory of Aesthetic Values" by Arthur Pope; and some very complete drawings and measurements of the Cathedral of Santiago de Compostela, by Kenneth John Conant.

Like almost all the publications of the Harvard University Press, this volume is a fine piece of

bookmaking, with an attractive and readable type page, well printed cuts, and a particularly inviting cover.

LLOYD GOODRICH.

ART IN EVERY DAY LIFE, by HARRIET GOLDSTEIN and VETTA GOLDSTEIN. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1925. ($6.00.)

EVERY DAY ART, by AMI MALI HICKS. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, 1925. ($3.00.)

"NOTHING could be more desirable than to have all decoration as well used as that which is found on the Parthenon." So say Harriet and Vetta Goldstein (respectively, Associate Professor of Art, and Instructor of Art, Division of Home Economics, University of Minnesota) in a volume "planned to serve as a text-book for students of art, of home economics and of salesmanship . . . and as reference book . . . for store decorators, advertisers, and homemakers."

Proceeding from the Parthenon by way of sundry masterpieces of painting, they lead this selected group of pupils to acknowledge "principles which can be used as a measuring stick to judge taste," to wit, "harmony, proportion, balance, rhythm and emphasis."

No sooner said than the measuring stick is put into action upon a work of judgment compassing the entire American scene, within and without; all the way from architecture and the planning of cities to designing a pocket-handkerchief, or to setting a dining-room table, where "sometimes the bright color of a dish of jelly or relish, placed at one end of the table, will balance a large amount of more neutral color in the food at the other end."

Presumably for homemakers, and perhaps also for such window designers of the Great Atlantic and Pacific Tea Company as might wish fully to master æsthetic problems akin to that of the jelly versus the neutral food, the "Munsell" and "Prang" color systems are quoted entire, including plates. Ah, take not these studies lightly, ye who decorate shop windows, since that man "whose display carries the eye away from something important is actually wasting his firm's money."

The authors would intensify our realization of the evils of these and other unæsthetic and fraudulent practices—would sharpen our sense of what is properly to be loathed; and to this end substantiate their statements by reproductions of most of the subjects mentioned in the text and a few more.



Going Away?

If you intend going away for the summer may we suggest that you send us your change of address as far in advance as possible?

Frequently at the close of the summer season we receive letters from readers to the effect that they have not received their copies. It is not unusual to find in many of these cases that the reader, due to an oversight, has failed to notify us of a change of address.

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The book is peppered with them, from the "manifestly absurd fly swatter decorated with wool flowers" to the free-hand drawing of sixteen unattractive women in hats they should never have worn.

Neither argument nor threat is omitted to convince the recalcitrant reader that "Bad Taste" (as God has given the authors to see it) is utterly wicked and abominable—that it is to be watched for, feared and avoided like the plague, and that "Good Taste," in which alone lies salvation, is both difficult and painful to acquire.

Since it seems they would uncharitably hound to death every work of human hand or heart, every machine product unable to pass the test of virtue, how humorous is the increasing suspicion that in this very volume of The Judgment of Taste, they themselves come rather a cropper upon all the five counts of "harmony, proportion, balance, rhythm and emphasis."

Ami Mali Hicks, author of Every Day Art, makes no boast of an æsthetic stemming from the Parthenon, nor does she reinforce her personal prejudices with pedantic rationalizations. Her aspiration is far simpler, and she apparently knows her public. I should imagine that to be composed of ladies inhabiting the remoter suburbs or those sequestered towns where the Sears Roebuck catalogue represents the sum of all things human.

During long rainy spells, grown folks as well as little tots can be kept quiet and happy by learning how to use cardboard, scissors and paste. Think of this: "Pleasing plants can easily be made at home by coating twigs and branches with a mixture of flour paste and starch, and glue colored with ink or commercial dyes. . . . These can be used on the table in place of flowers."

Although it would be stupid to dream of giving any adequate suggestion of the extent of this gold mine of schemes for getting art into the home and philosophy into life, here are one or two bits of the genuine ore: "If we are really humane, we can have a smallish cushion dedicated to the service of the kitchen cat; even if it is only a china cat, it may help us to relax through association of ideas." . . . "Sometimes one can harmonize odds and ends of furniture by covering it with cretonne." And this for philosophy, "In spite of the fact that things around us most always seem mixed up and confused, we must keep our vision clear." Indeed yes, for "we may be the advance guard that is waiting for some other part of the world to catch up with us."

ELIZABETH LOCKETT.

THE DIAL

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The DIAL is conducted and supported for the benefit of writers and readers of refinement: that the former may be heartened by knowledge of the presence also in this age of at least one journal devoted wholly to the writing of those who know how (a small group, obviously, but one not limited by race or language, by creed religious or political, or by the field or direction of the individual writer's work); that the latter may be buoyed up by the not unjustifiable hope of the presence upon the nearest newsstand of an immediate clean exit from all the shrieking and asphyxiating vulgarities of a period so generally abandoned to the now dominant ruck, and to suppliers to the trough thereof. An exit from the market-place and from the railway station: an entrance to the hard thinking and the high imagining of all the most able and the most living contemporary artists and men of letters.

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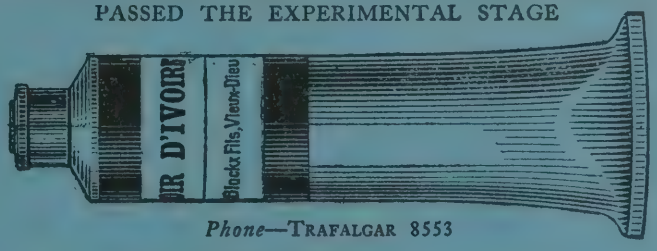


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